



HERGÉ

THE ADVENTURES OF TINTIN

THE RED SEA SHARKS



MAGNET



THE RED SEA SHARKS

One evening, at the cinema...



Did you enjoy the film, Captain?

Oh yes...so-so, so-so.



The chap who played the lead is a good actor...

He looks like Alcazar; don't you think so?



...but the end was too improbable. The old uncle hasn't seen his nephew for twenty years...he starts thinking about him...the door opens, and hey-presto, who's there? The nephew!



It's as if I was thinking of... I don't know, someone or other...



For example, take General Alcazar, whom you mentioned just now. He completely vanished from our lives years ago...



Well, d'you suppose, if I just think about him he'll pop up on the street corner, like that, bingo!?



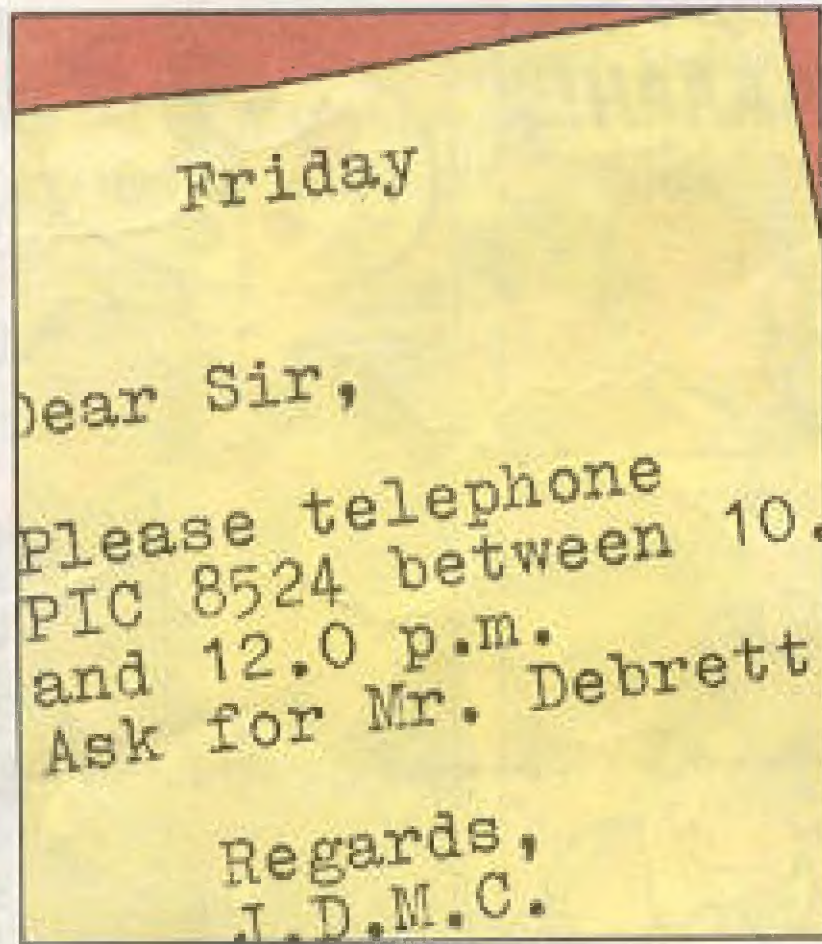
Look here, you misguided missile, you! Can't you watch where you're going?

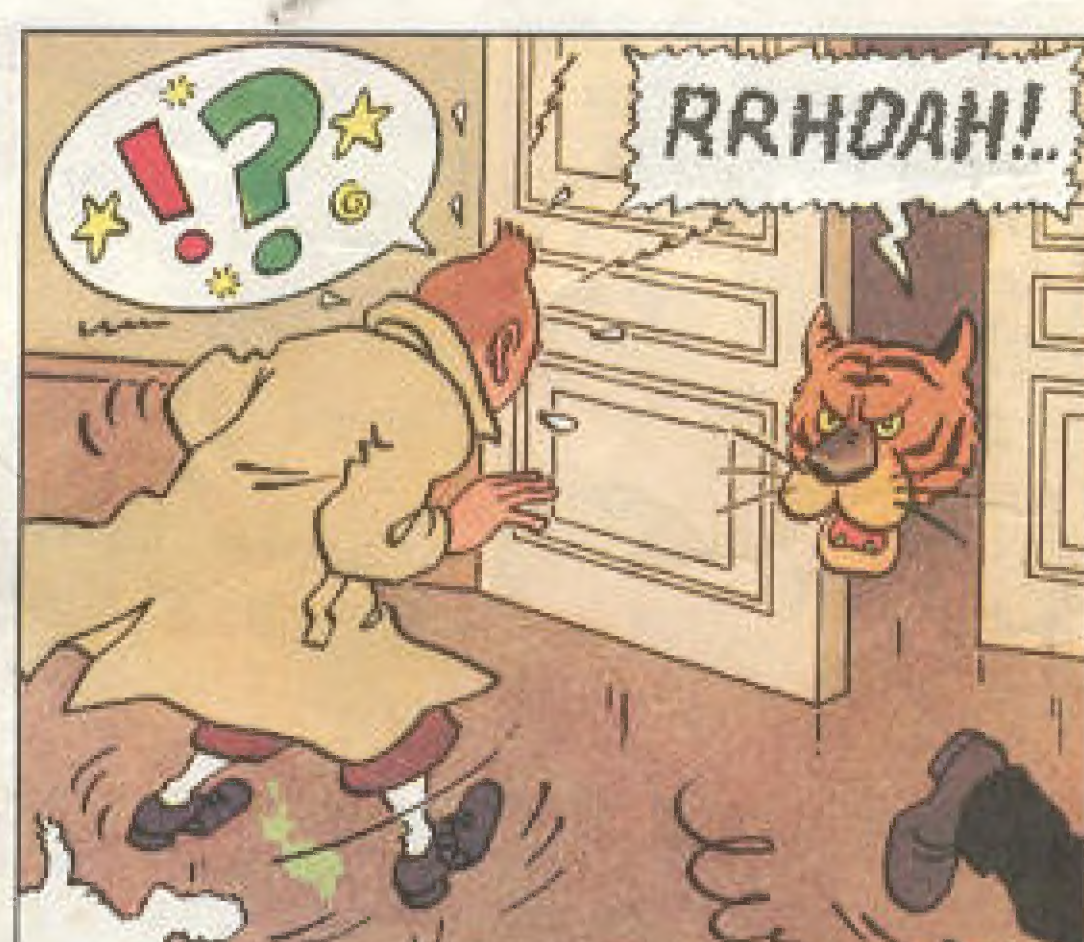
It's GENERAL ALCAZAR!

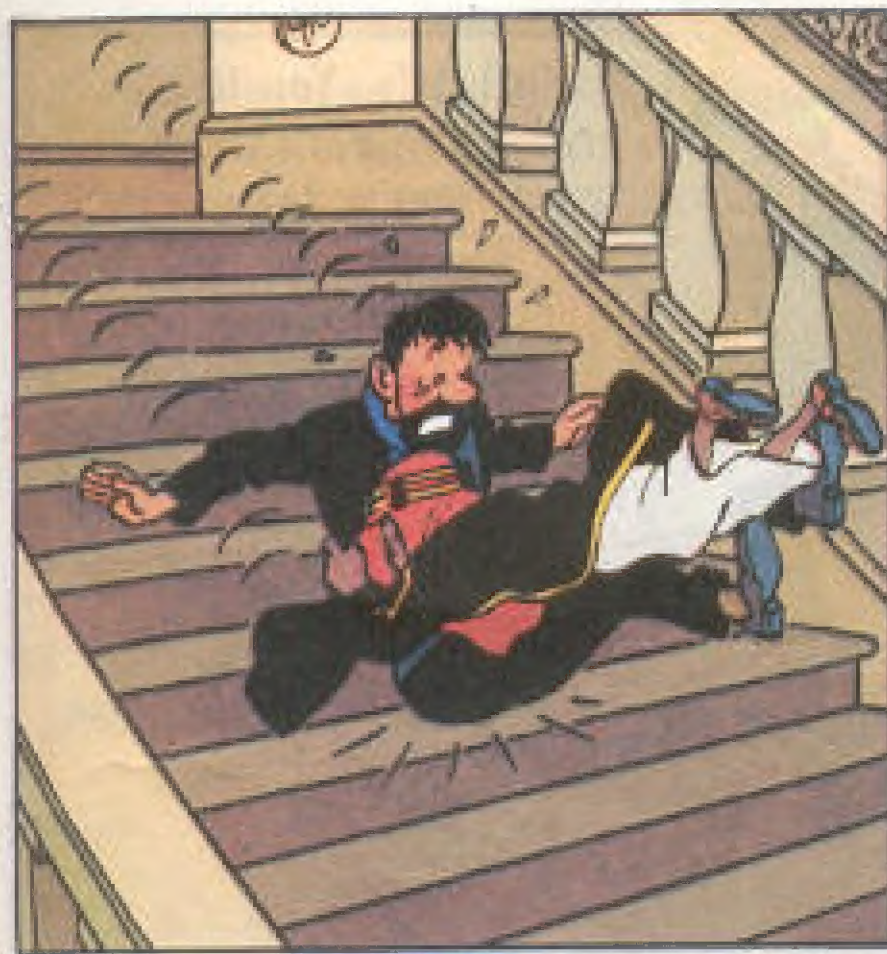
Caramba!









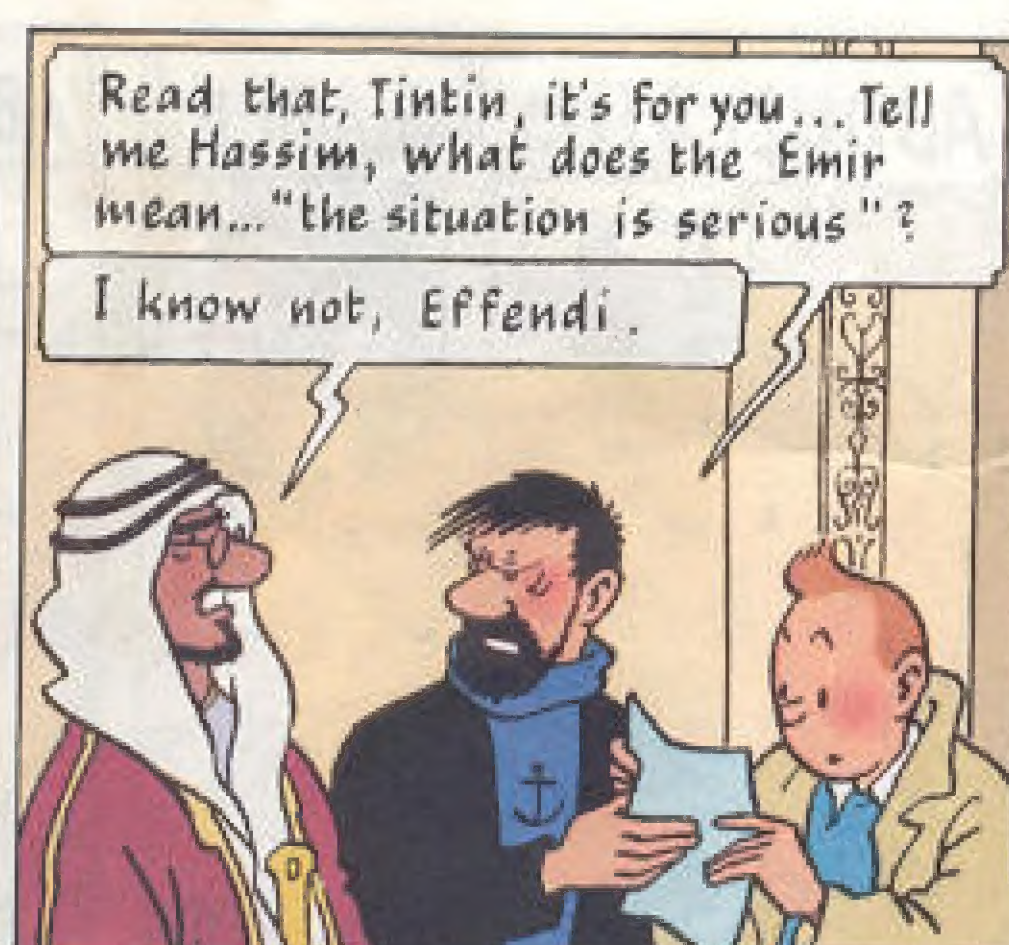




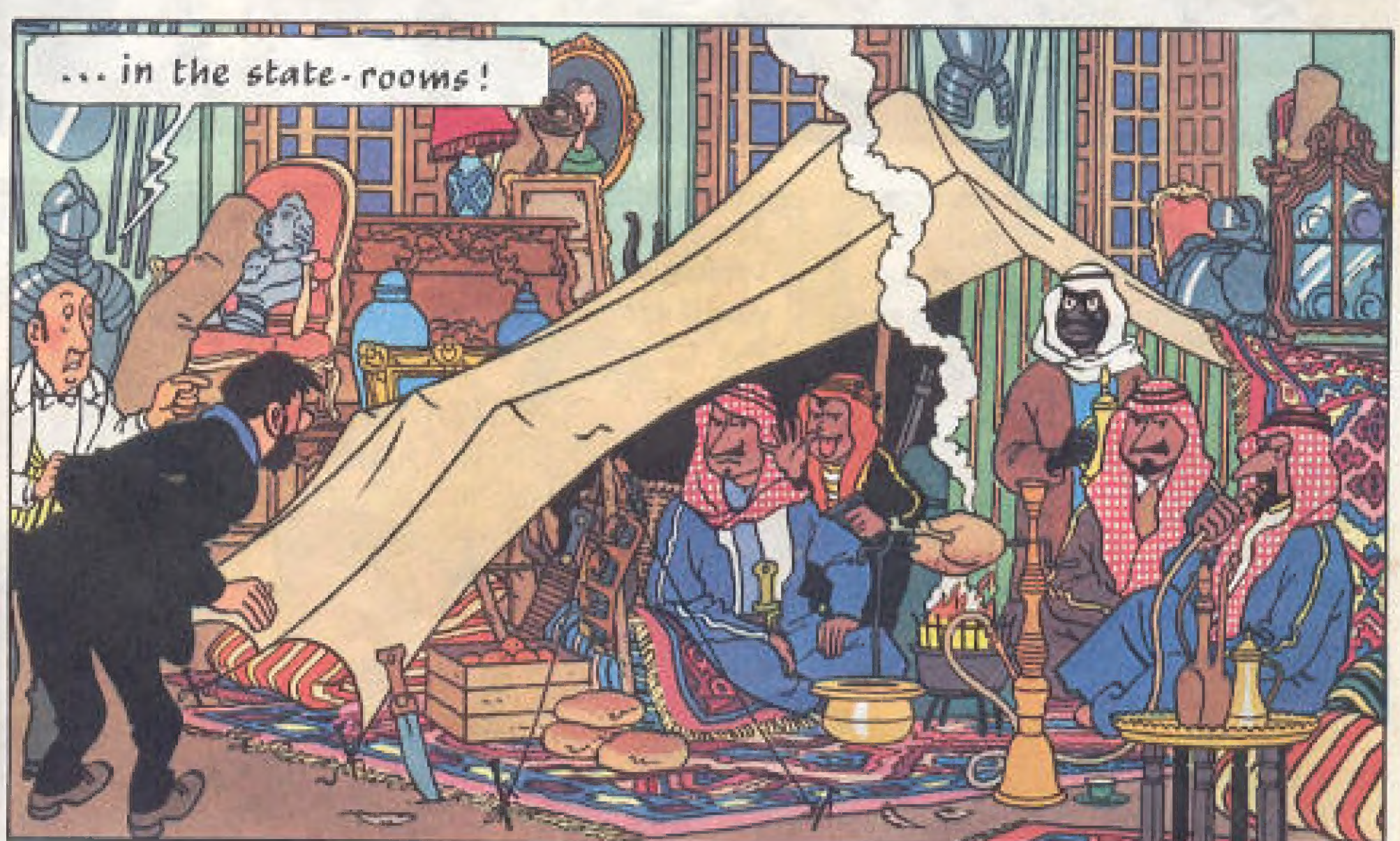
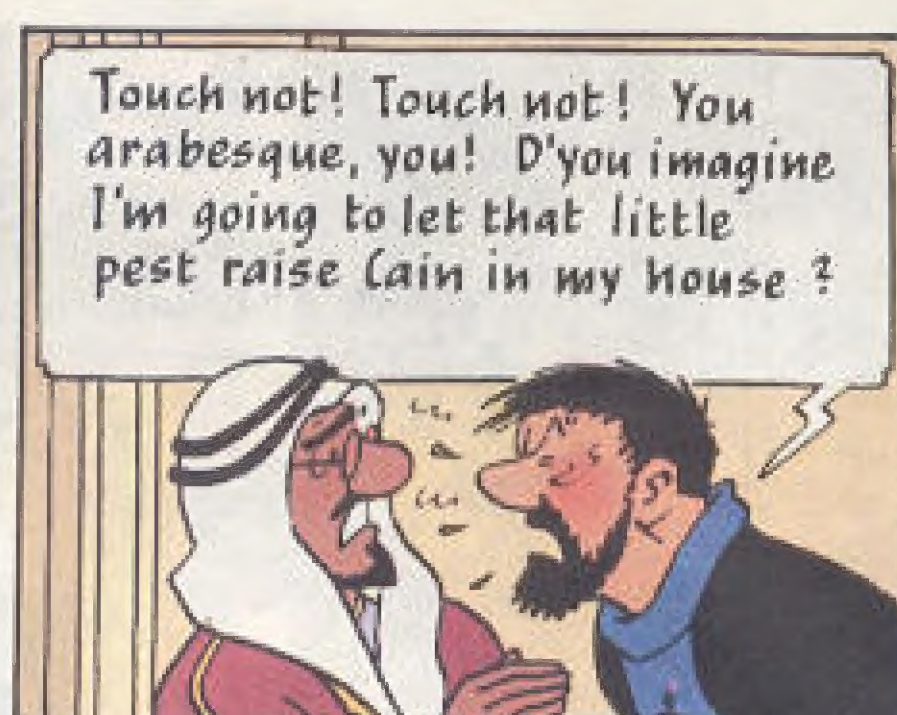
Most esteemed and well-beloved friend,

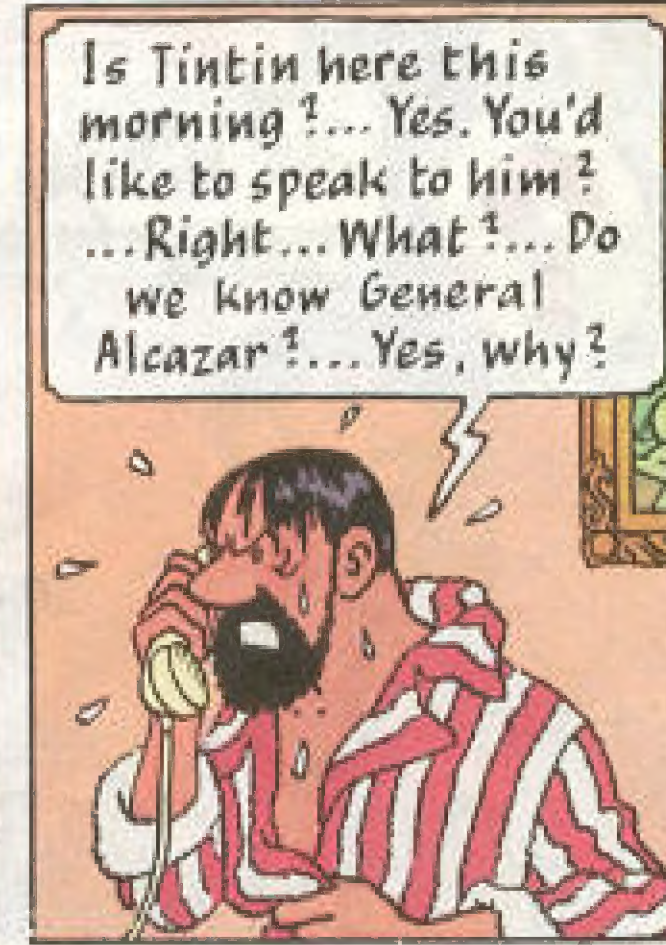
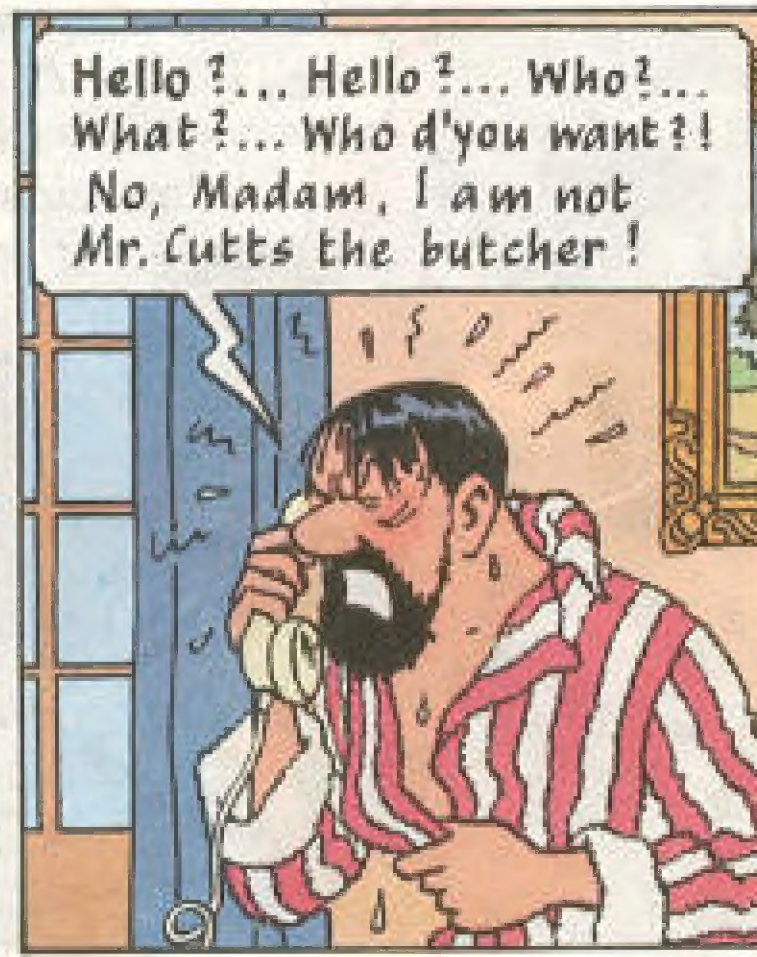
I entrust to you my son Abdullah; to improve his English. Here the situation is serious. Should any misfortune befall me I count on you, my friend, to care for Abdullah.

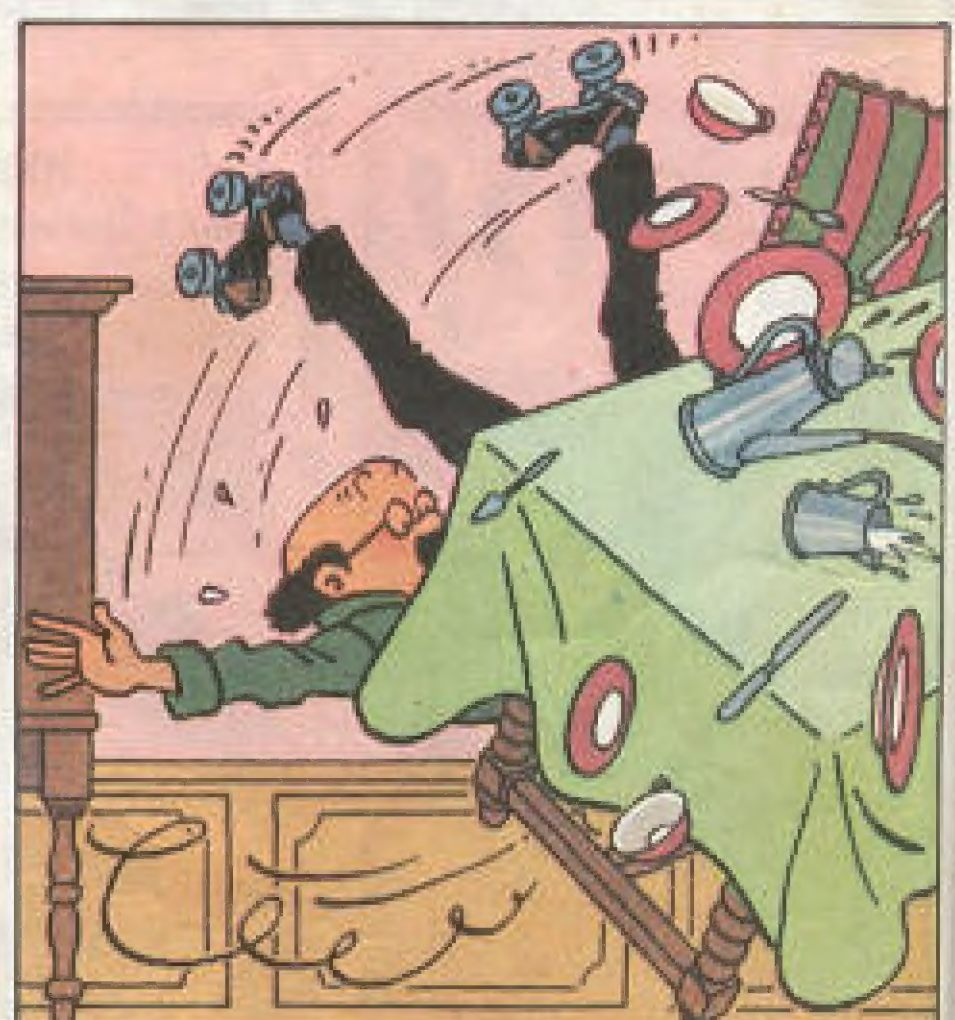
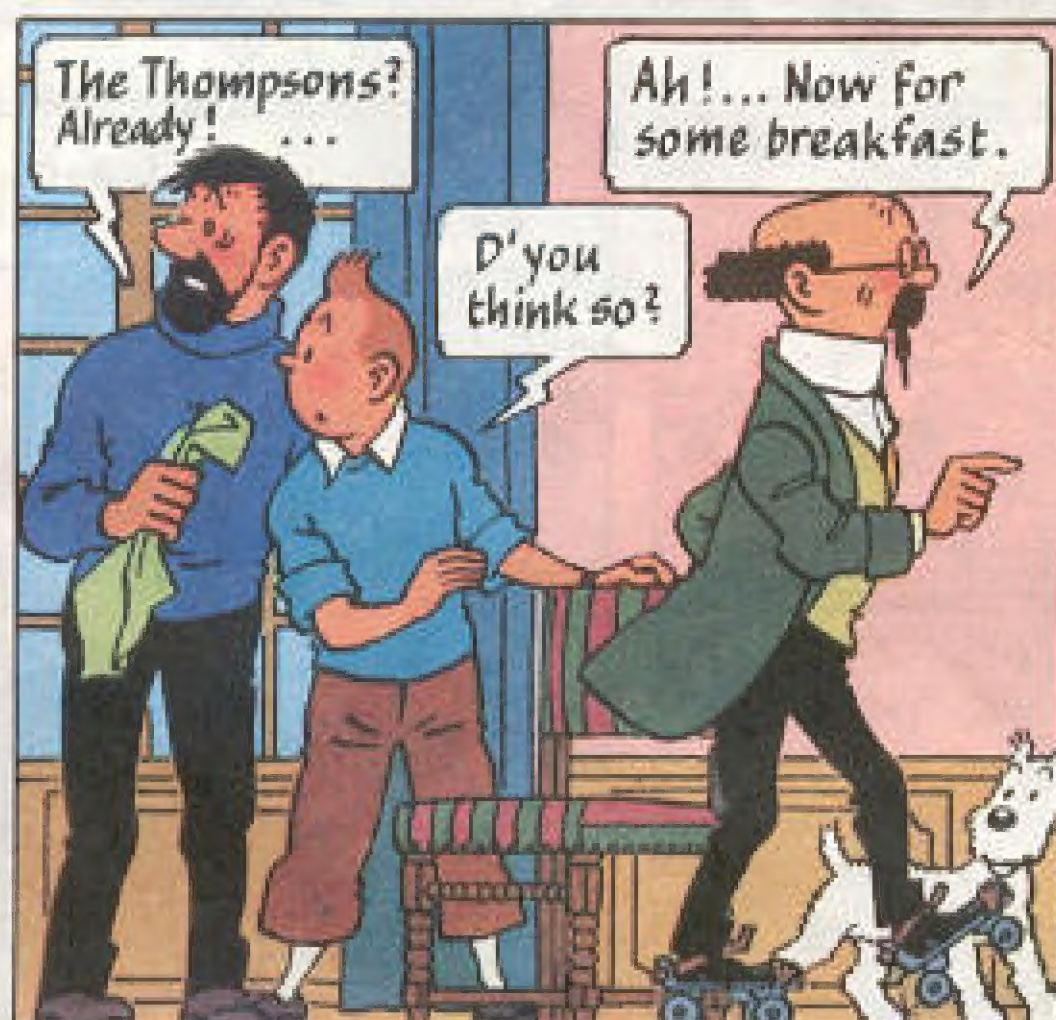
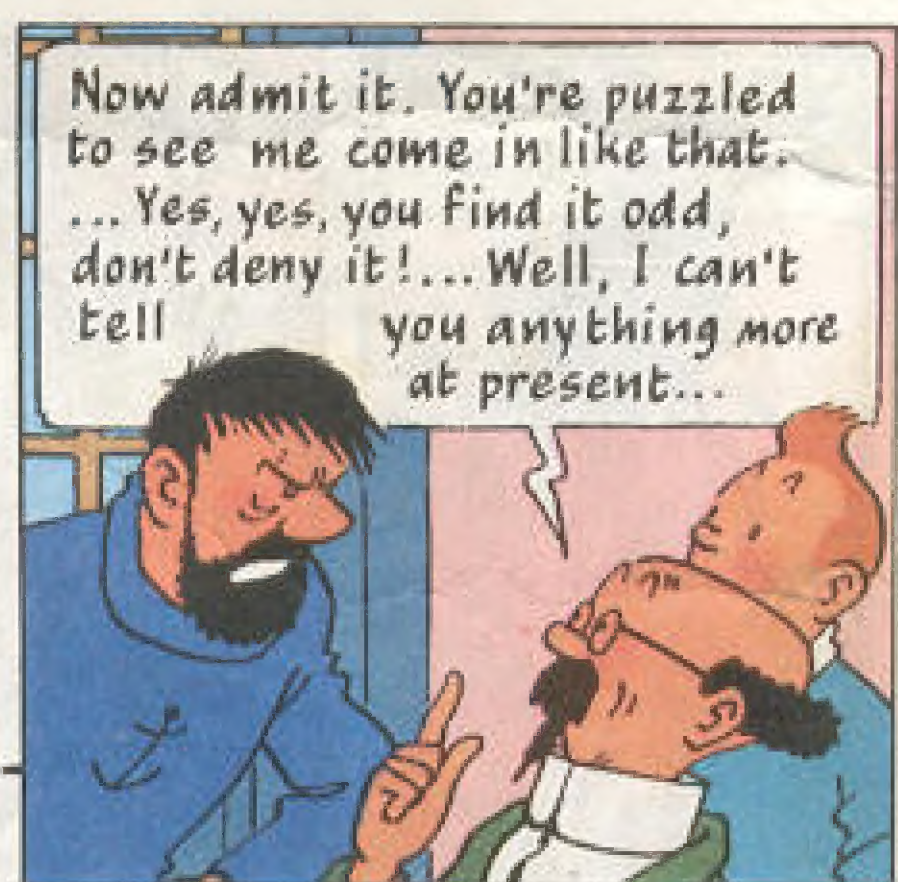
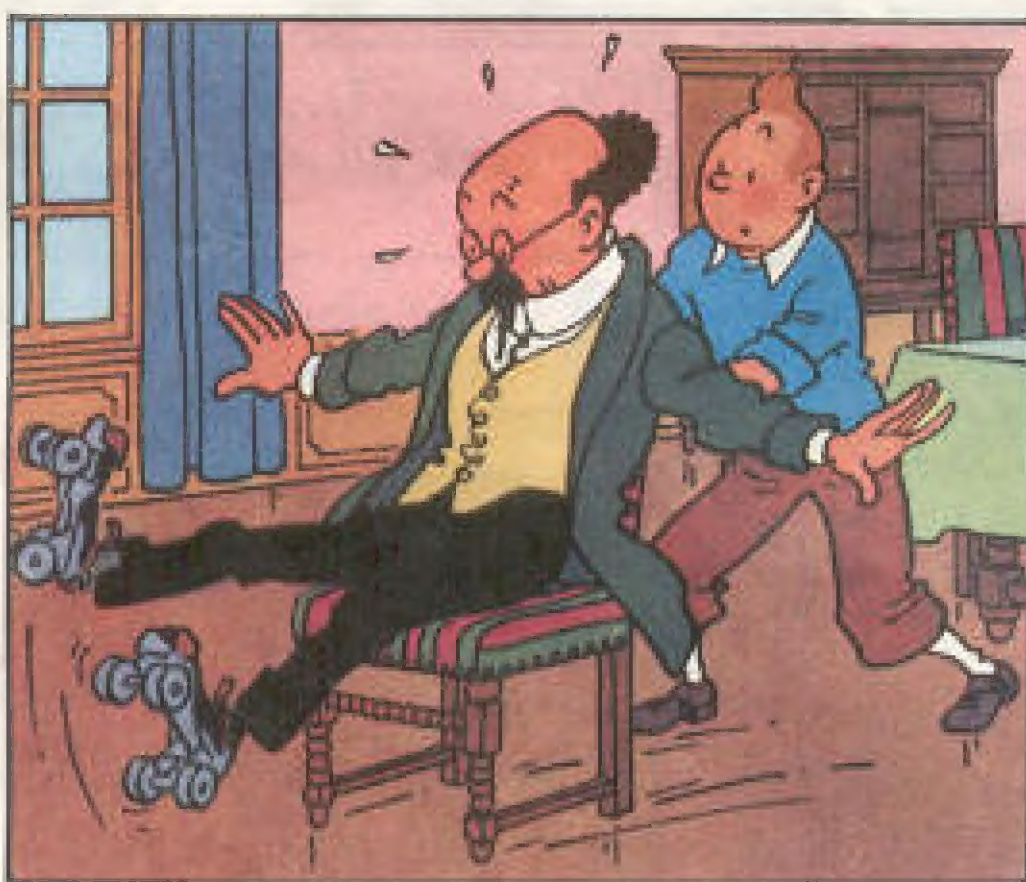
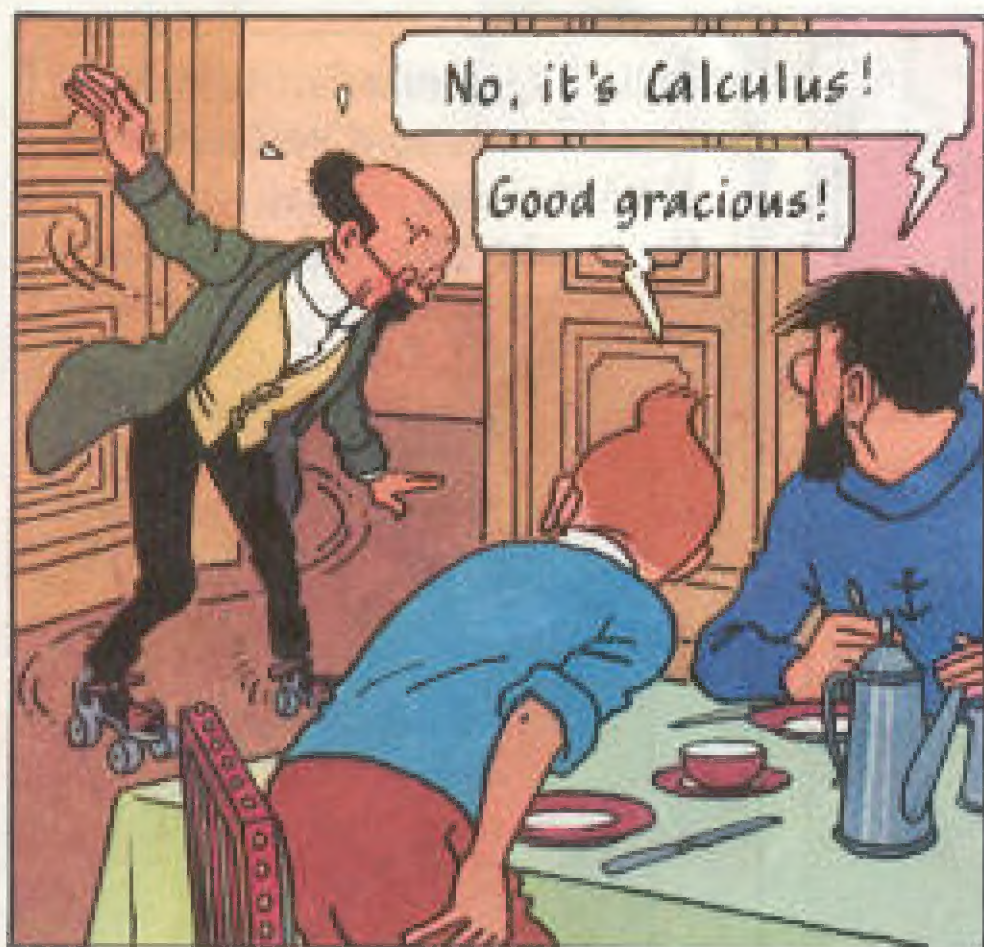
Emir Ben Kalish Ezab

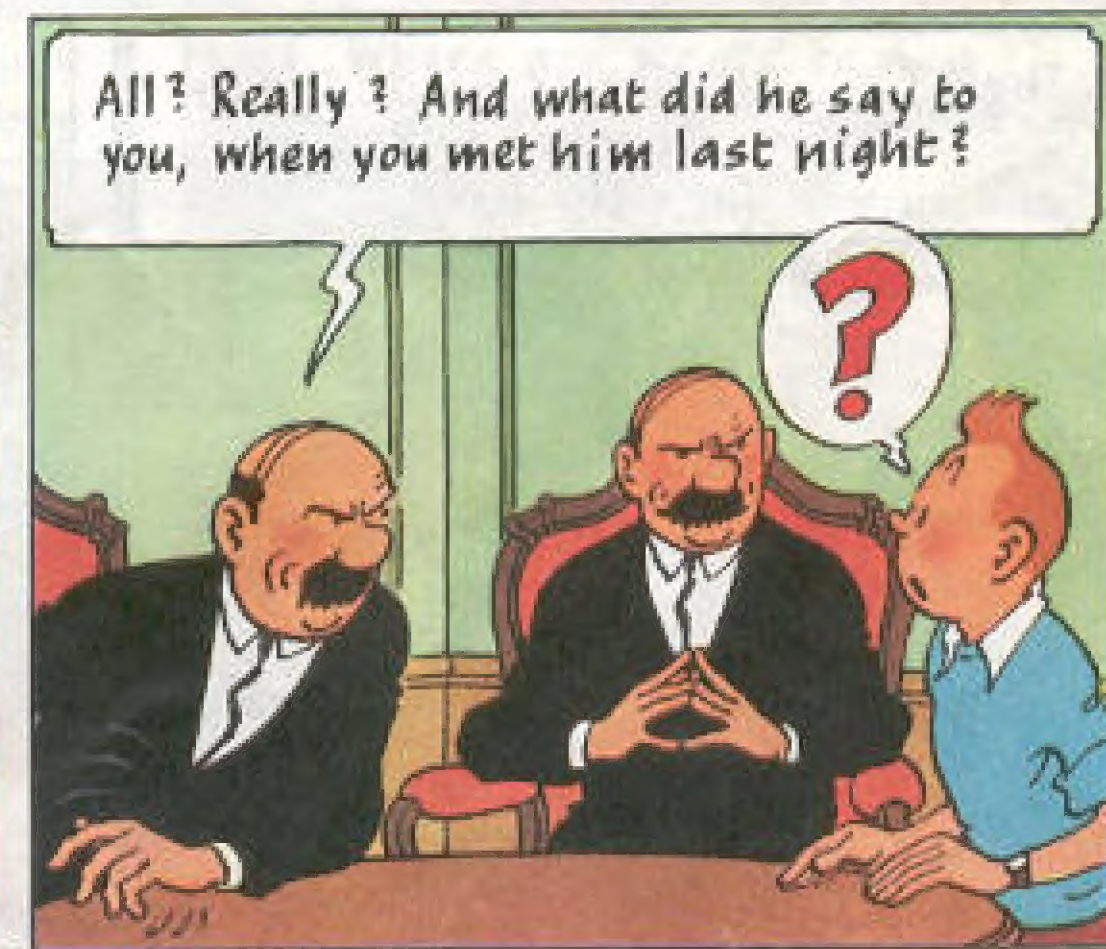
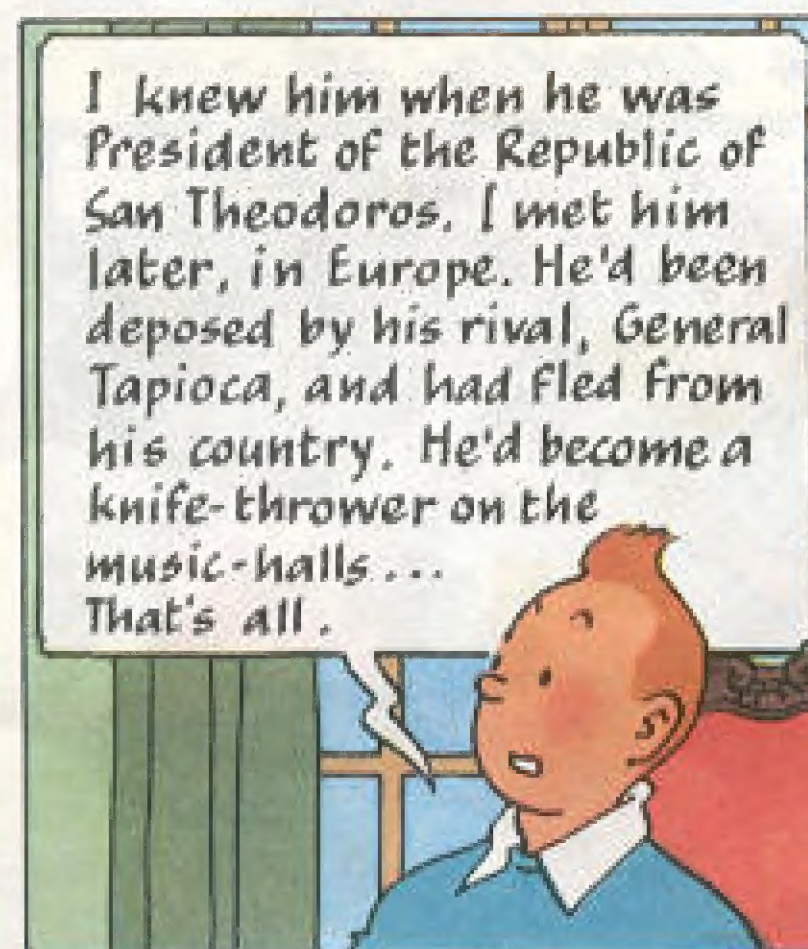
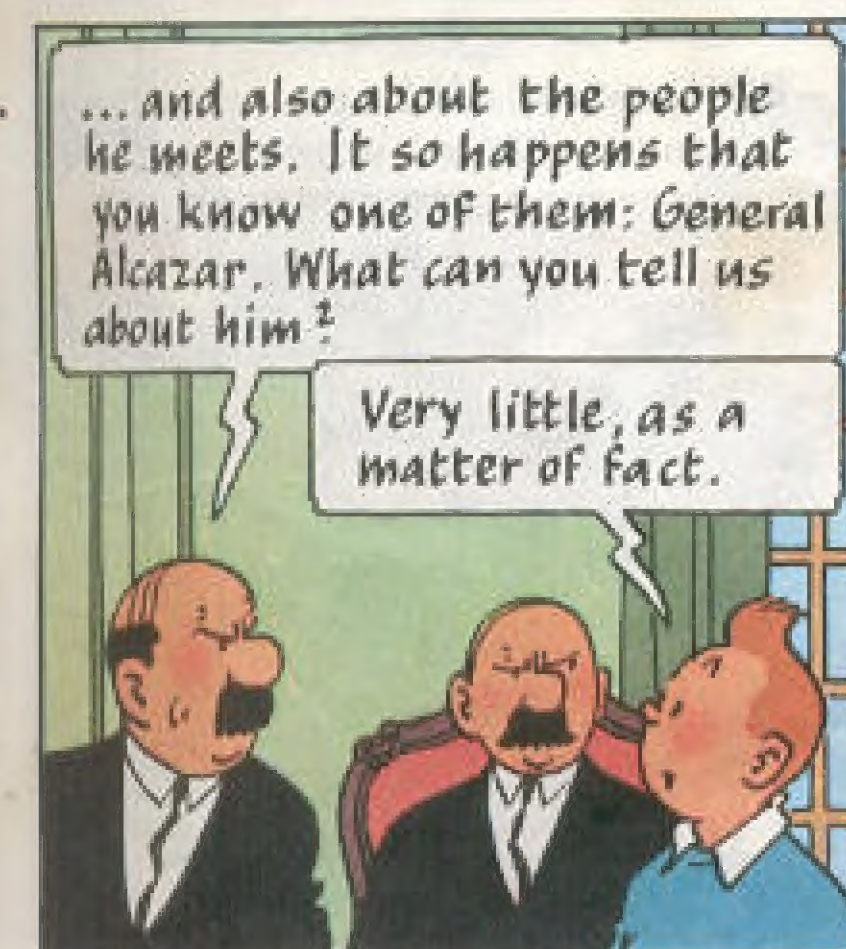
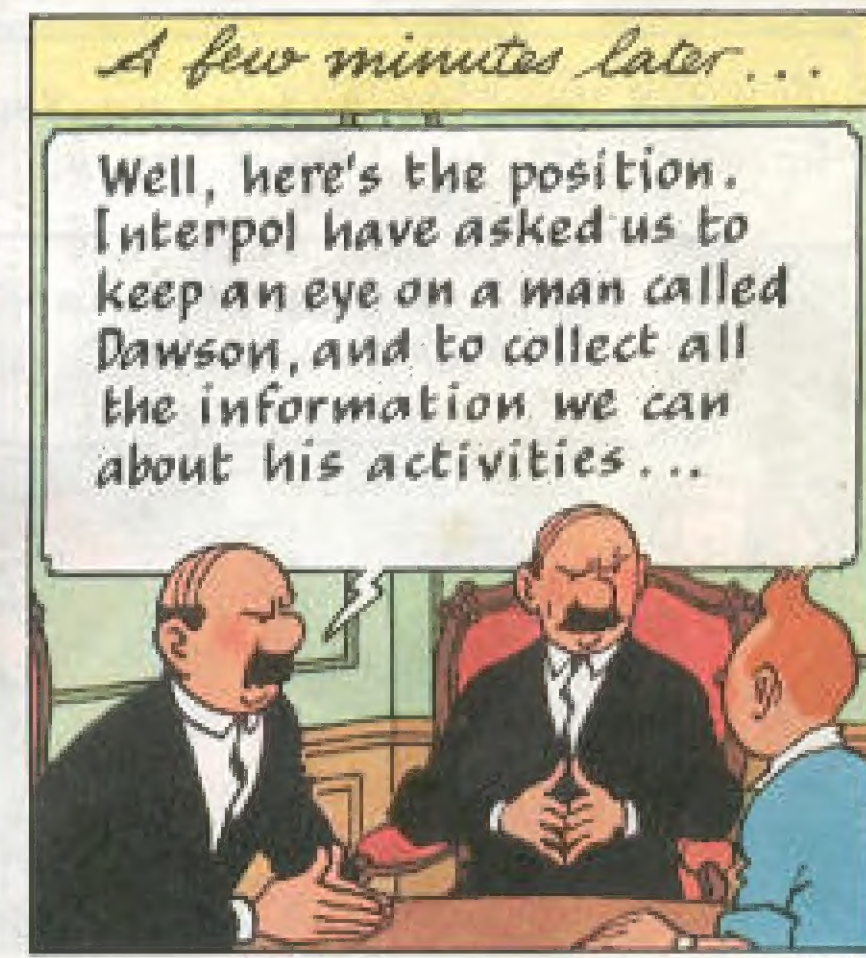


What d'you make of it? One thing's clear: we've got Abdullah on our hands. We'll have to bring the young scamp to heel.









Aha! That surprised you, eh? You forget, my friend, in our job there's nothing we don't know.

To be precise: we know nothing in our job!



It's true that we met him last night. I was going to tell you... He said he was travelling, he was in a hurry, and he was staying at the Hotel... er... the Hotel...

Excelsior: yes, we know.



Oh? Well, that's the lot... He didn't say anything else... But what have you against him? What do you suspect?

Why are we suspect? I mean, what do we suspect? My dear fellow, if you imagine we'll tell you he's smuggling aircraft, you're much mistaken. "Mum's the word", that's our motto.



Well said!... To be precise: "Dumb's the word", that's our motto. The general may have come to Europe to buy up old aircraft, but you won't learn that from us! Now we must be going. Goodbye, Tintin.

Goodbye.



Ah! Here comes Nestor with our hats and sticks.



What a very peculiar thing: my hat has shrunk.

How strange. With me it's the opposite; I've got a swollen head...



Oh, I see. We've got muddled up. You have my hat and I have yours.

That's it: our hats are in a huddle. In short, we're contrarywise...



But it still isn't right!

Nor is mine!

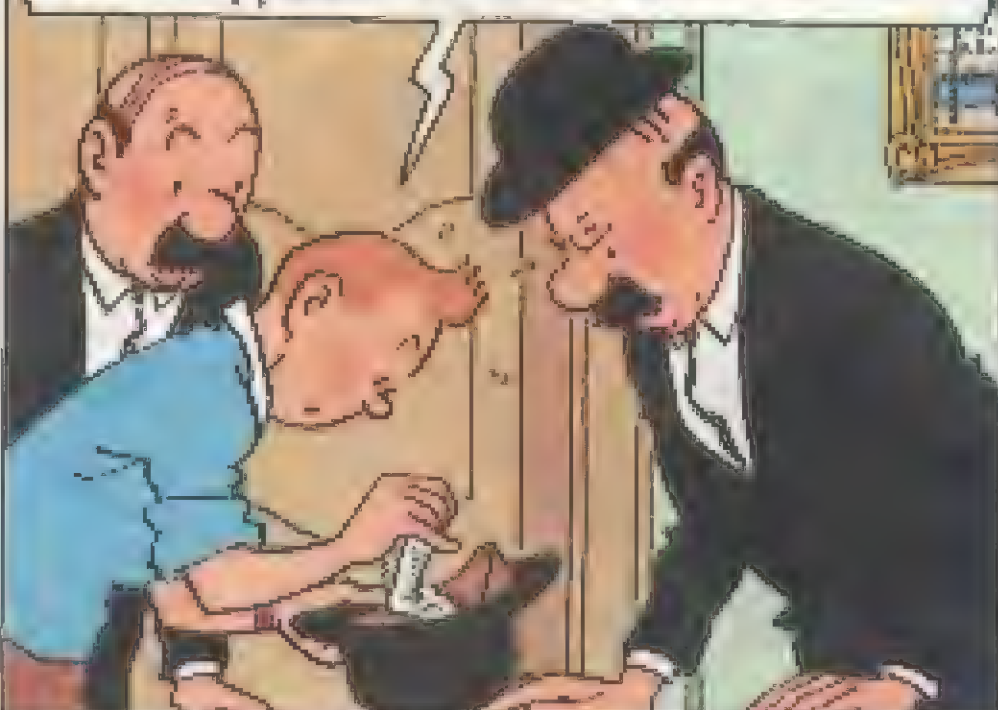


May I see?... You can bet Abdullah's behind this...

Abdullah?



There!... I thought as much. It's an old joke: newspapers folded up and slipped into the band.



A little later on...

Abdullah and his tricks!



Well, what did our Siamese twins want?



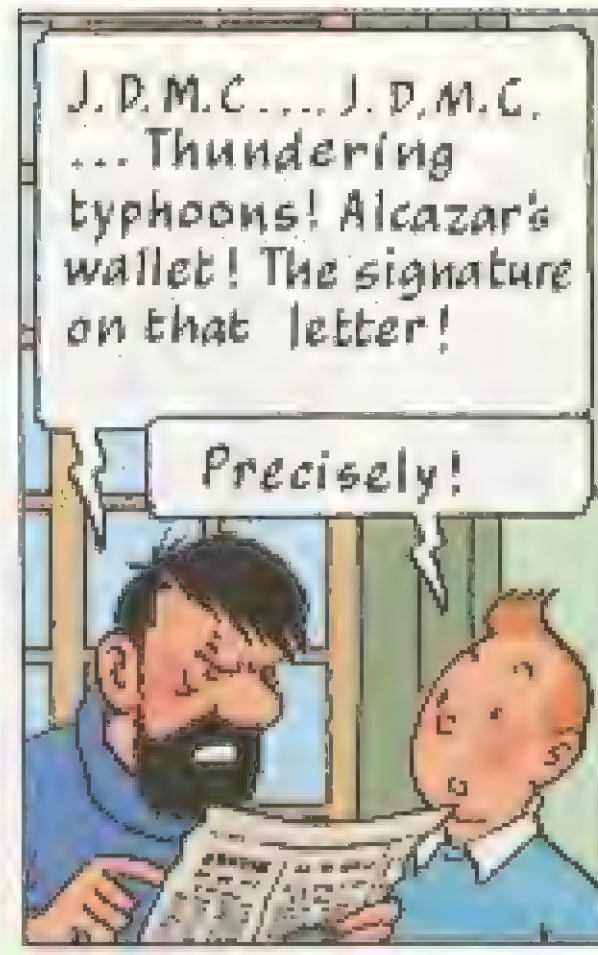


Just read this advertisement I've found in an old newspaper!



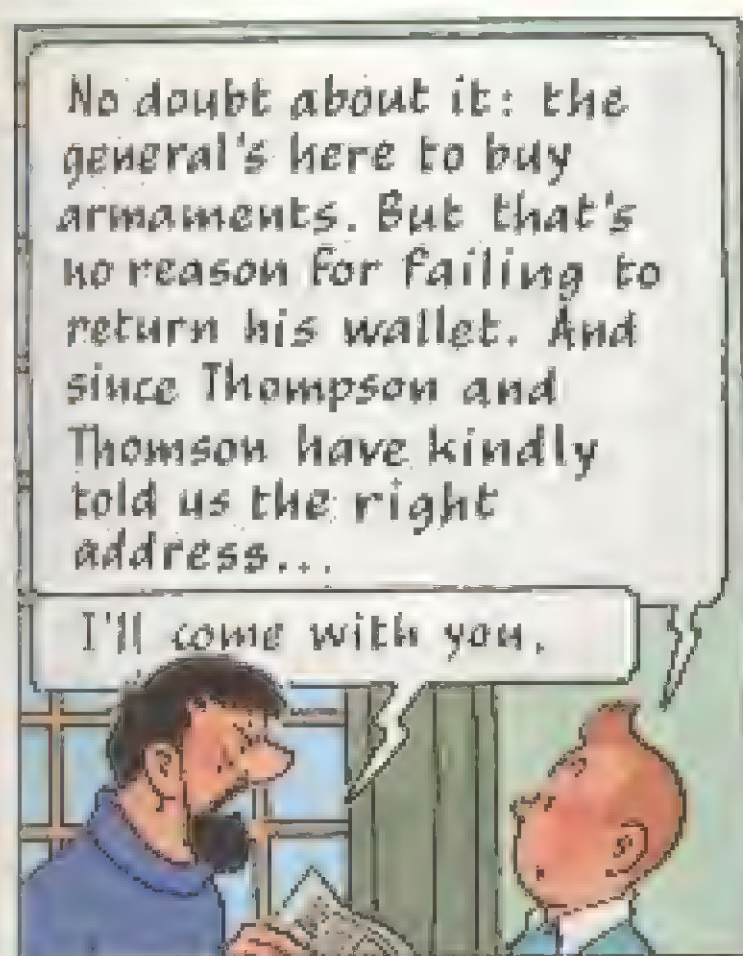
Extraordinary!...Why don't they add: "on easy terms". You'll see, we'll end up buying a battleship or the 'Queen Mary' on the never-never!

Maybe. But did you notice the initials?



J.D.M.C.... J.D.M.C.... Thundering typhoons! Alcazar's wallet! The signature on that letter!

Precisely!



No doubt about it: the general's here to buy armaments. But that's no reason for failing to return his wallet. And since Thompson and Thomson have kindly told us the right address...

I'll come with you.



Later, at the Hotel Excelsior...

General Alcazar? Yes, he's here, sir. I just saw him go past. You'll find him in the lounge.

Thank you.



There...



Look... he's talking to someone. But... good heavens! It's Dawson. I've met him before. He was police chief in the International Settlement in Shanghai.



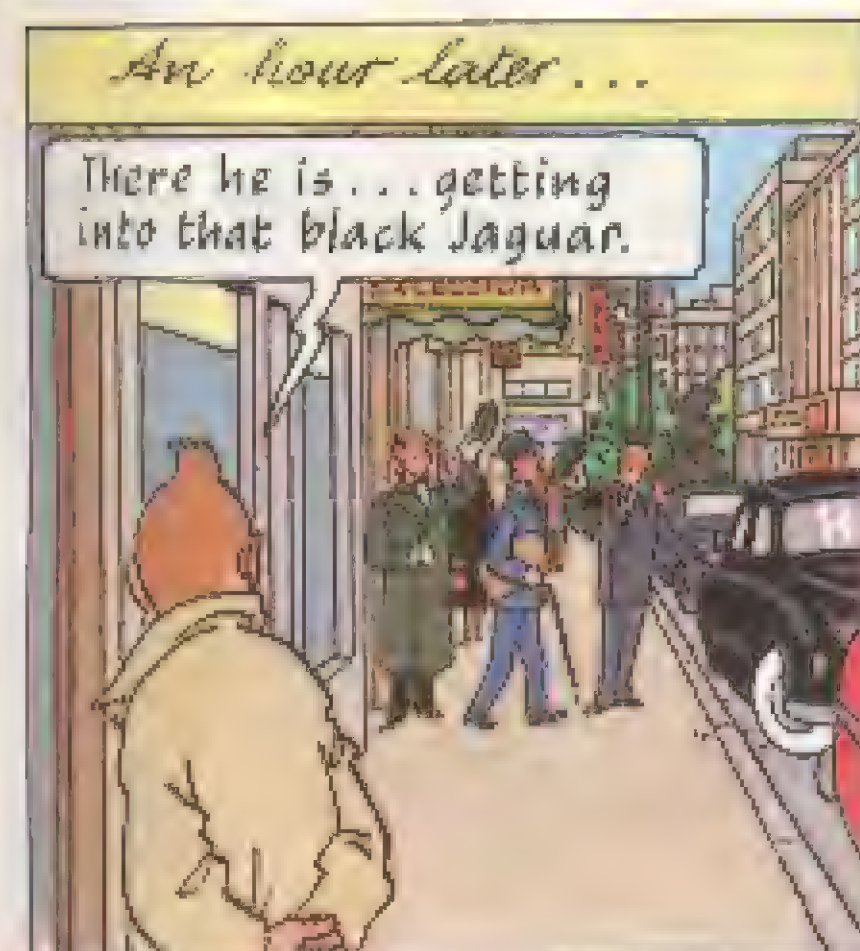
And there in the background, lurking behind their newspapers...

The Thompsons!



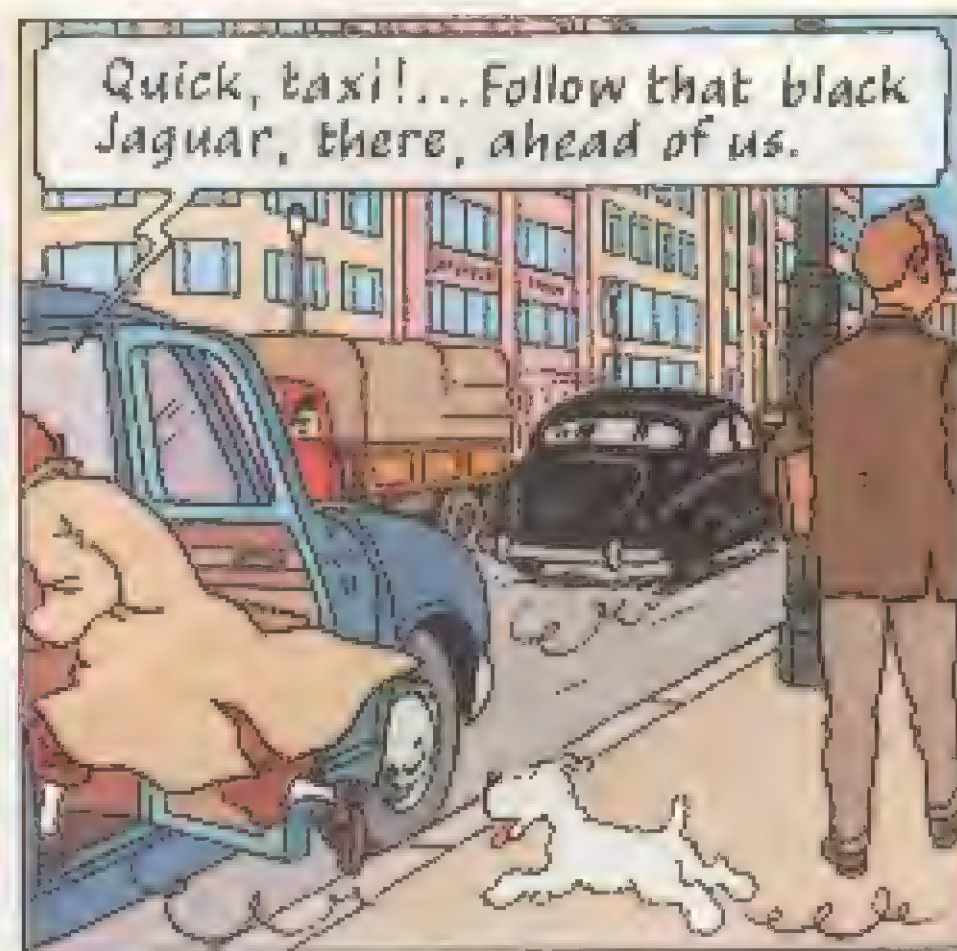
This all looks pretty fishy; I'd like to know a bit more about it. Listen, Captain; you stay here, and as soon as Dawson goes, you return General Alcazar's wallet. I'll follow Dawson. We'll meet at Marlinspike.

O.K.



An hour later...

There he is... getting into that black Jaguar.



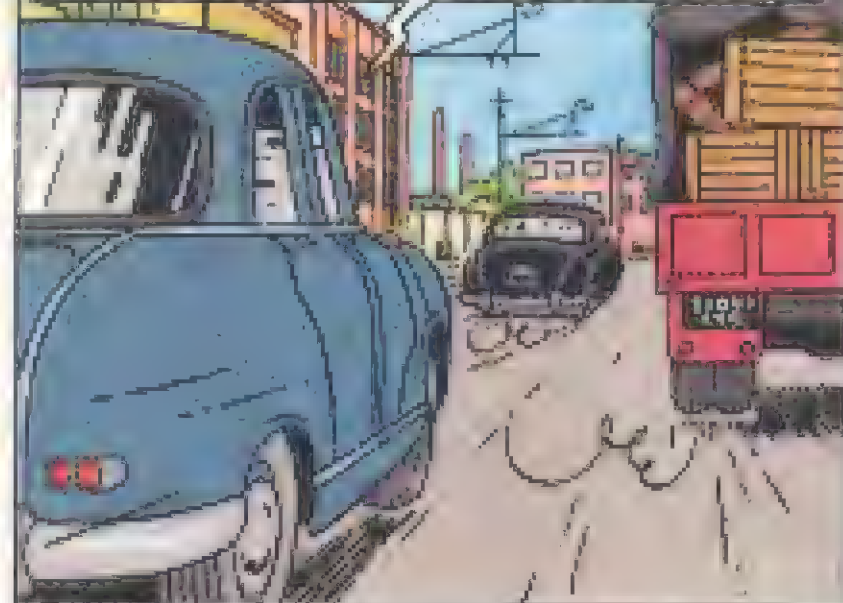
Quick, taxi!... Follow that black Jaguar, there, ahead of us.



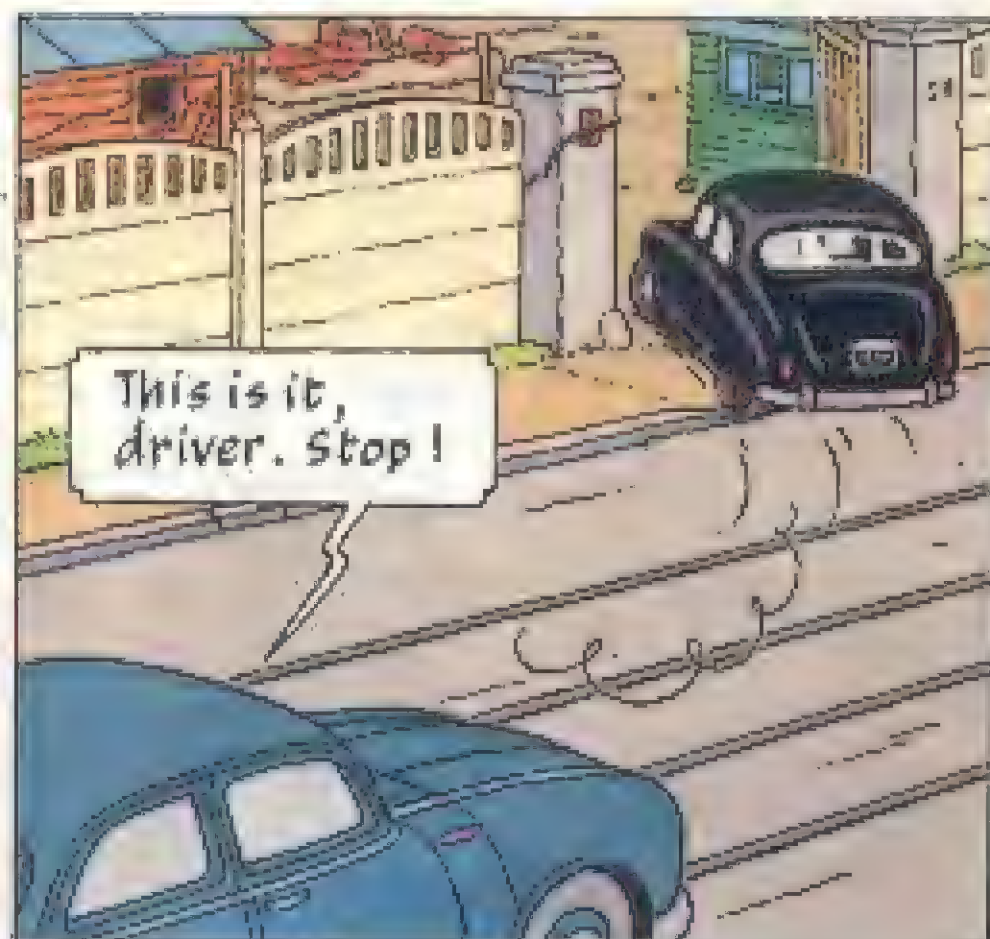
Where are we off to now?

Fifteen minutes later...

We're on the outskirts of town already... Ah, he's slowing down. He's going to turn off.



This is it, driver. Stop!



Oh! A watchman!



How can I get in without being seen? ... Perhaps ... Yes, I know ...



We're over the first hurdle. Now let's see...



Aircraft! So we were right!



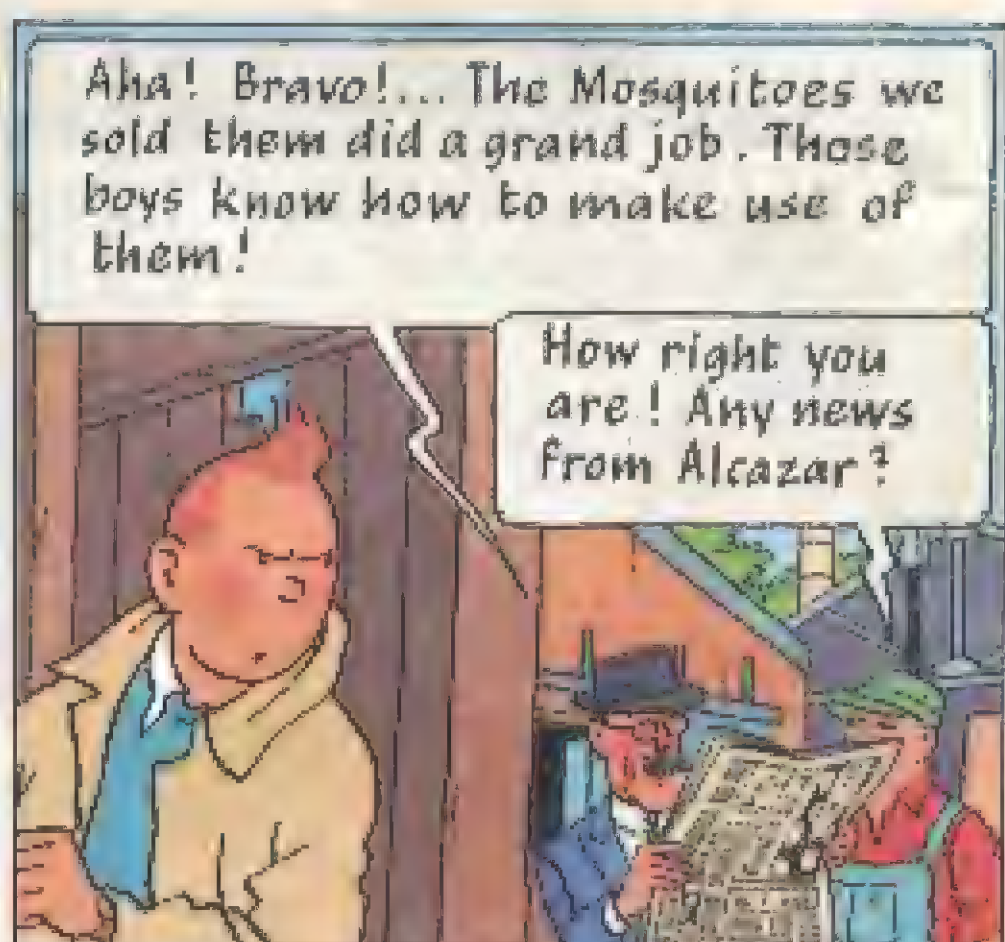
Careful! Footsteps!



'Morning guv'. Seen the "Reporter" today?... No?. Well, read that...



Aha! Bravo!... The Mosquitoes we sold them did a grand job. Those boys know how to make use of them!



How right you are! Any news from Alcazar?

It's in the bag! Twelve Mosquitoes there, too. To help him chuck out his rival, General Tapioca... Suits us. Let them fight. So long as we can unload our junk on them, why worry?



You've said it!... Well, I'll see to the packing of those DC3 spares for Arabair. Now that they've got the green light over there, they're going to need them. It looks to me...





What's that?... What on earth's going on?... What's this confounded thing?



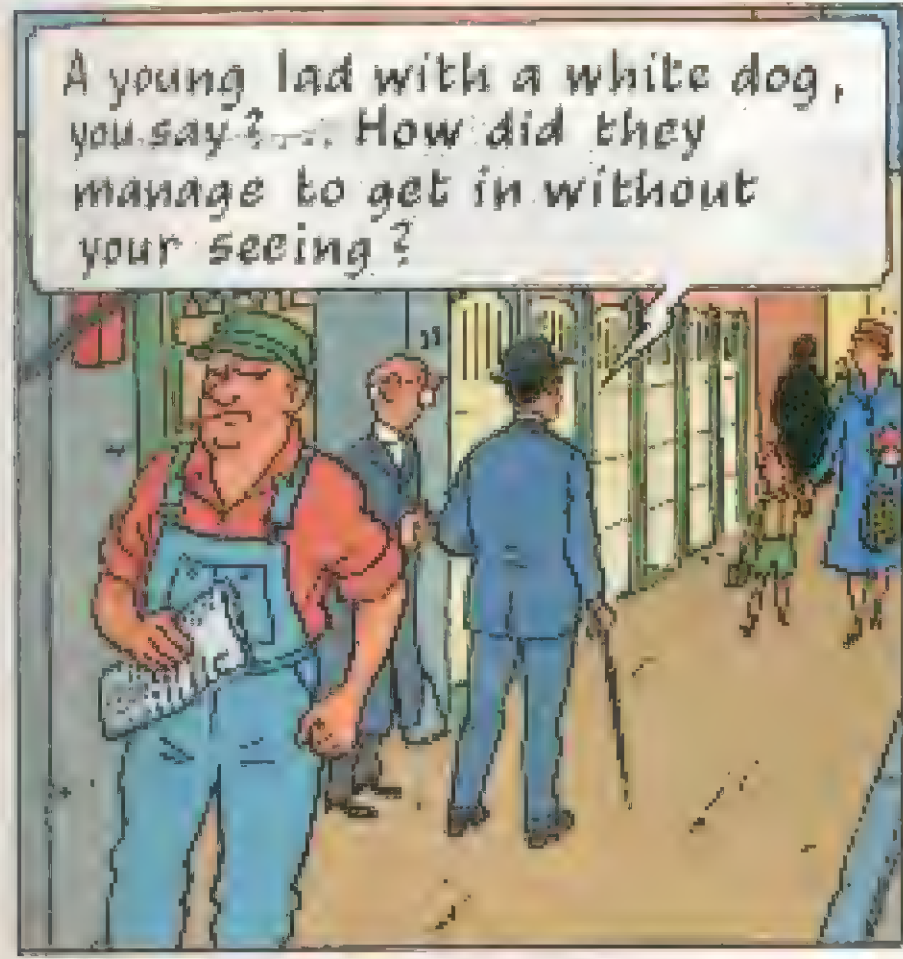
Where the devil's that row coming from?!



An alarm-clock!



Abdullah, the little pest! I'll bet he put that alarm-clock in my pocket!

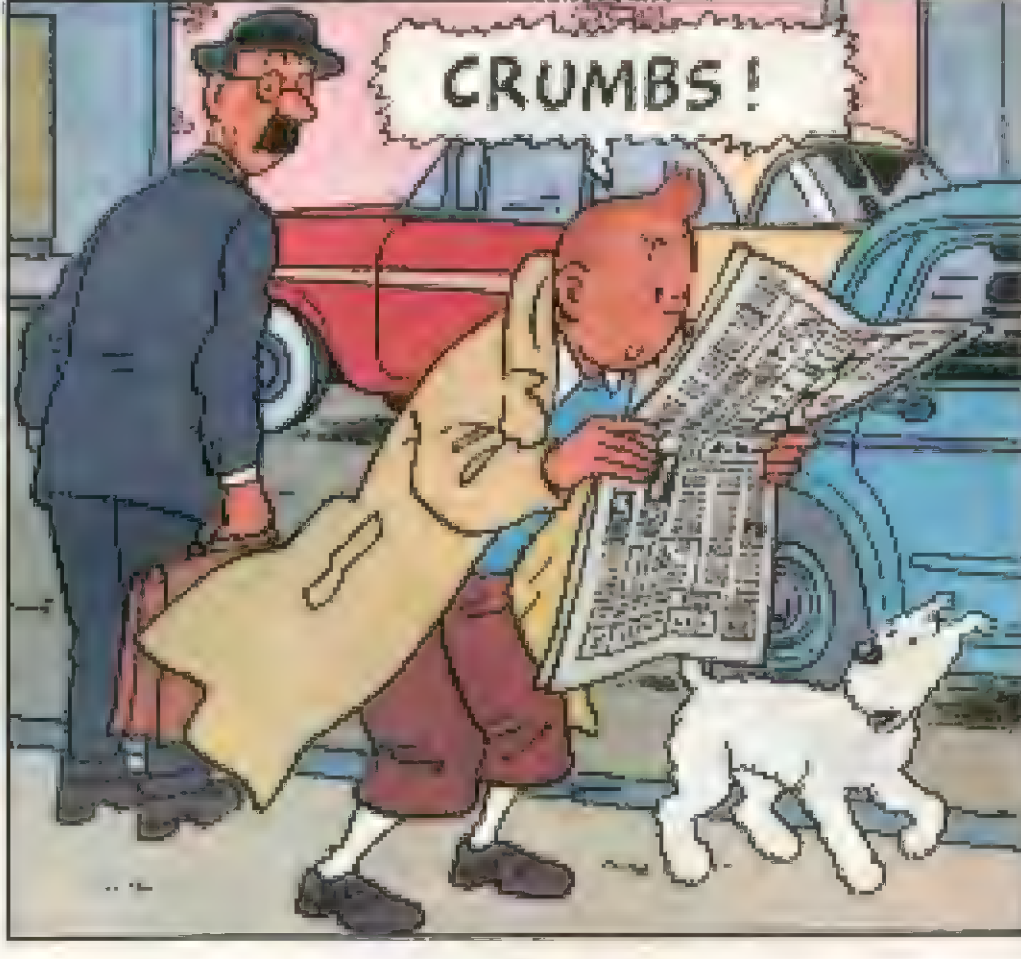


A young lad with a white dog, you say?... How did they manage to get in without your seeing?



"Daily Reporter" sir...

Thanks.



CRUMBS!

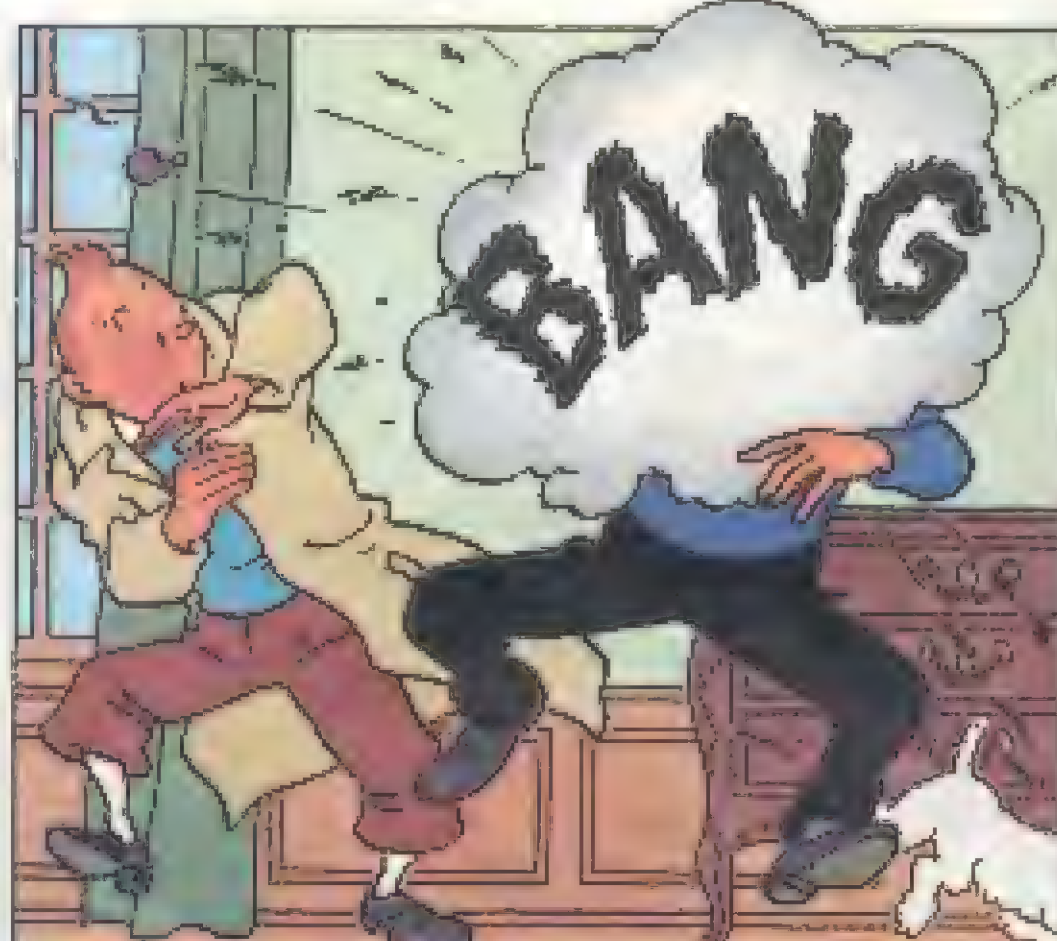
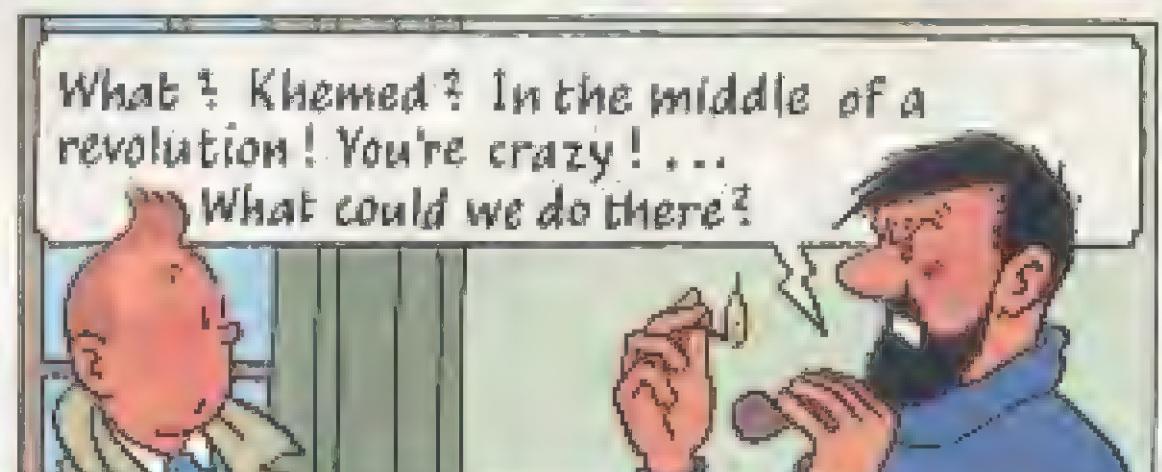
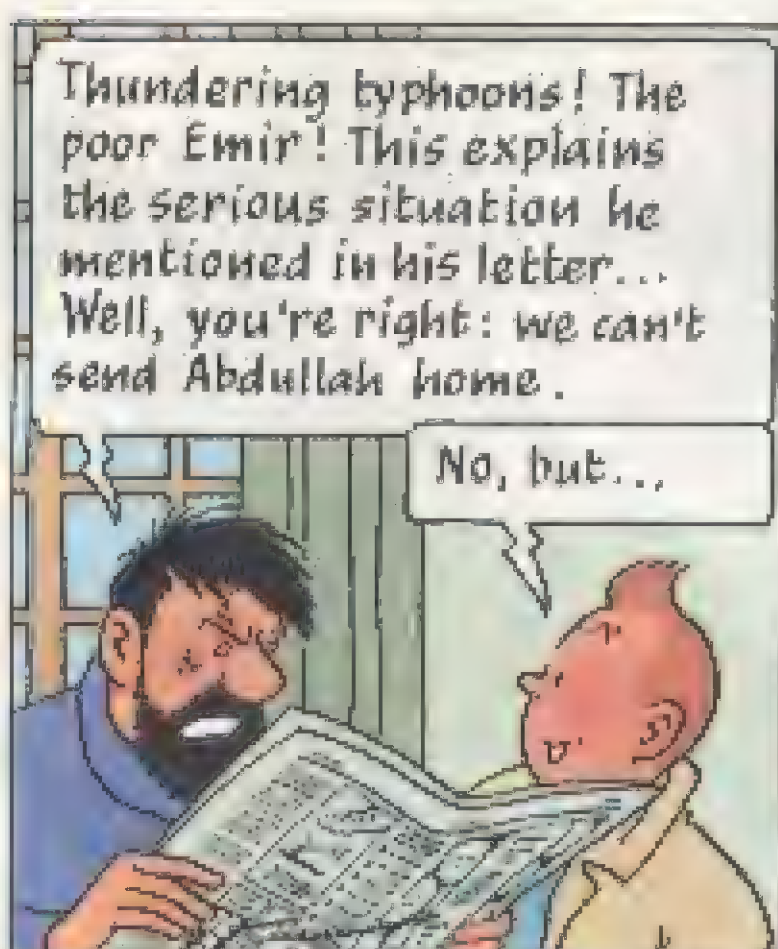


Great Scot! What will the Cap-tain think of this?



A little later...





A youngster with a white dog? That reminds me of something... but what?

RRRING
RRRING

Hello?... Who's that?... Oh, it's you, General... What?... Oh, your wallet... You've got it back?

Yes, they bring him back. This Captain Haddock, who I meet yesterday with one of my friends... Tintin... Qué?... Si, Tintin. You know him?... Qué? The telephone call you receive last night?... Yes, it was him. He find your number in my wallet.

Tintin!... So he's the one sticking his nose into my business!... I'll soon take care of him.

The airport at Wadesdah, capital of Khemed, three days later...

Here comes the plane from Beirut.

You understand? If he's aboard, you put this briefcase in the baggage compartment.

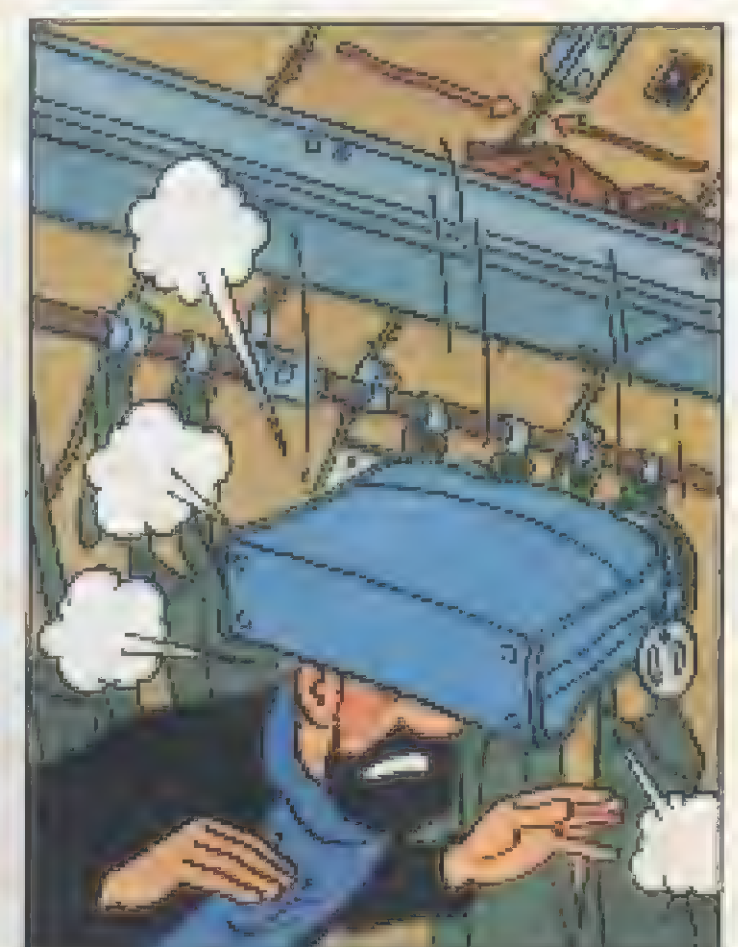
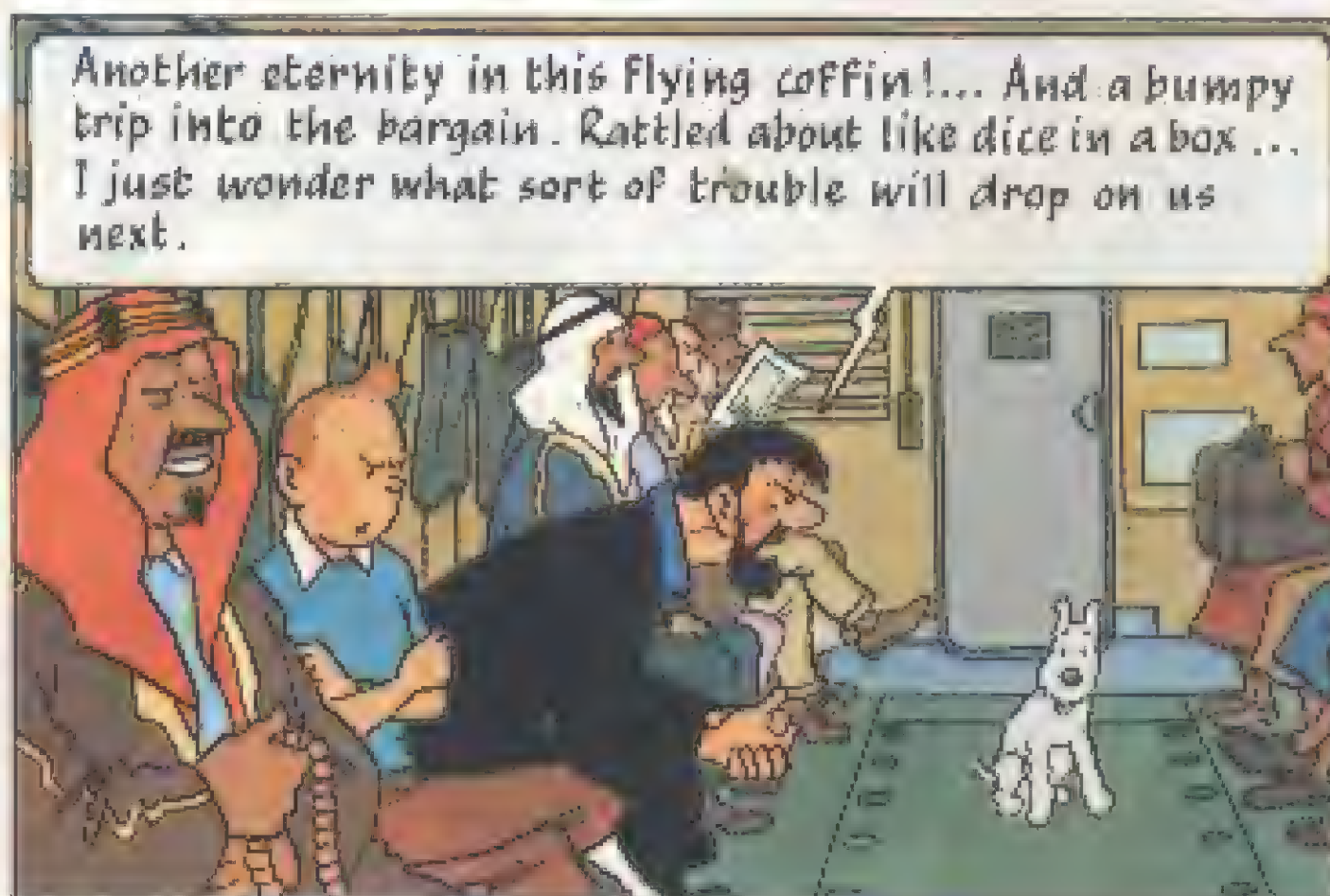
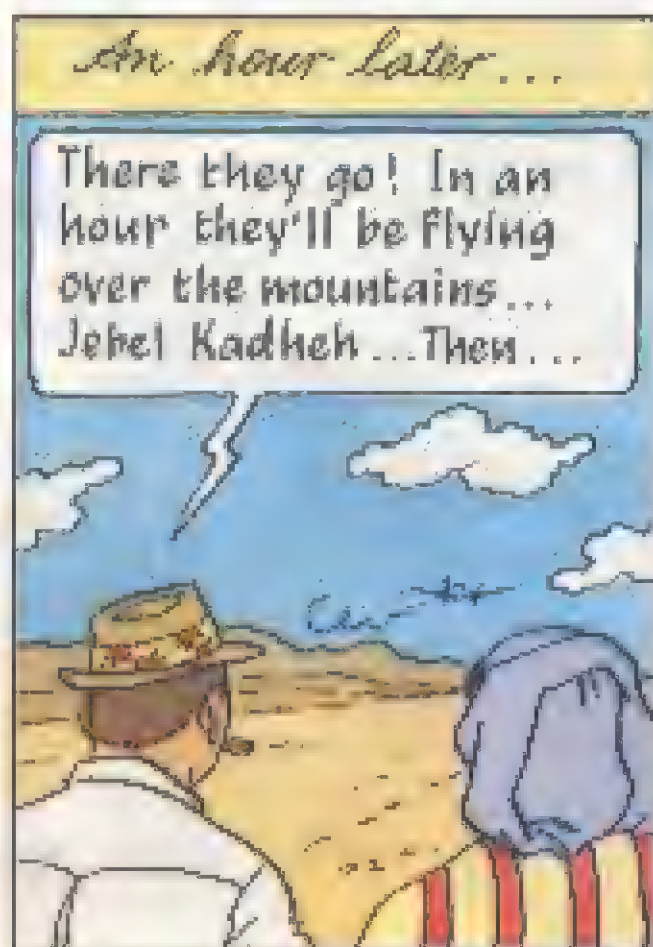
WADESDAH AIRPORT

I'm not sorry to get here... With these old crates you can never be sure...

I say, have you noticed?... Armed men all over the place.

Passports, please gentlemen.

I am sorry, gentlemen; you have no permit to stay in Khemed. You must re-board the plane, and return to Beirut.





Golly! I can smell trouble. There's something sinister going on here. I must warn Tintin at once.



I'm wondering WHO warned the authorities at Wadesdah of our arrival, and WHO persuaded them to deport us?



Hello, Snowy, what's the matter?

WOOAH! WOOAH!



Here, will you stop that! You know, he... yes, he wants to show me something. All right, I'll follow you...



WOOAH! WOOAH!



In there? It's the luggage. You want me to go in? All right, I'm coming.

Wooah! Wooah!



PH-E-E-E-T



PH-E-E-E-T

What's that siren for?



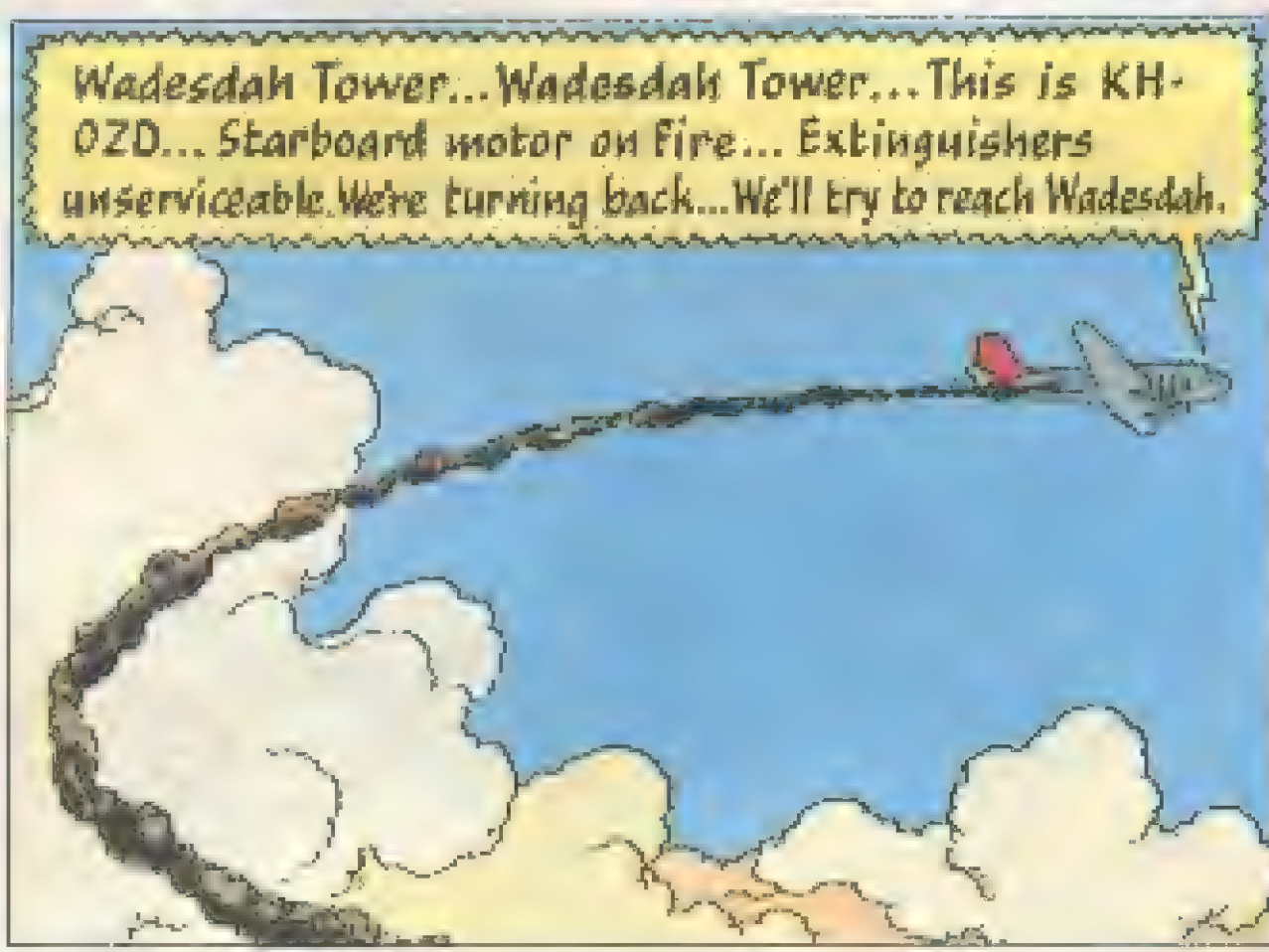
الخروج!



An engine on fire! That's the alarm for the extinguishers!



Thundering typhoons! The extinguishers haven't worked; it's burning more fiercely than ever!

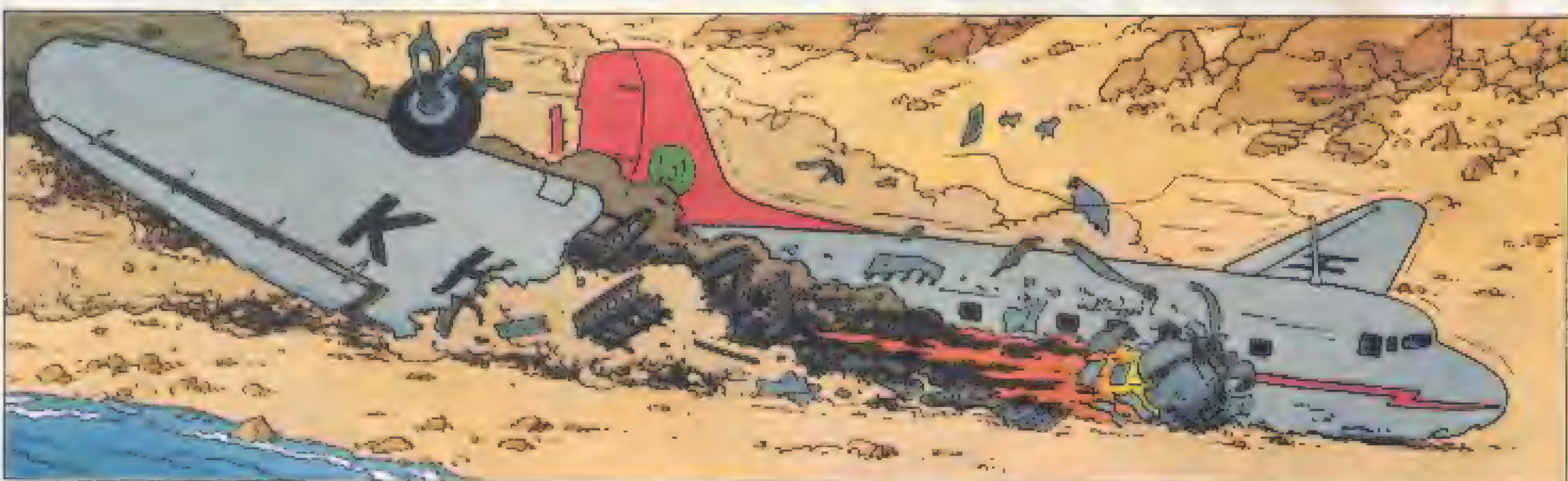
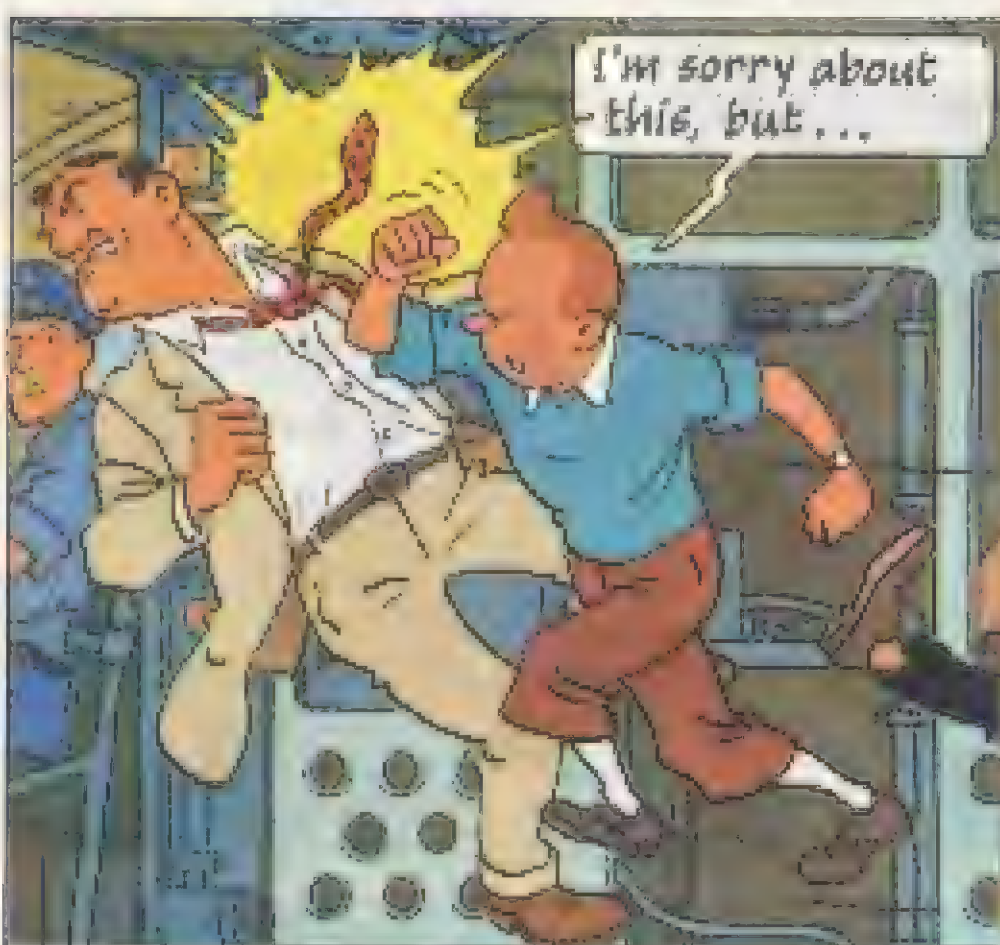
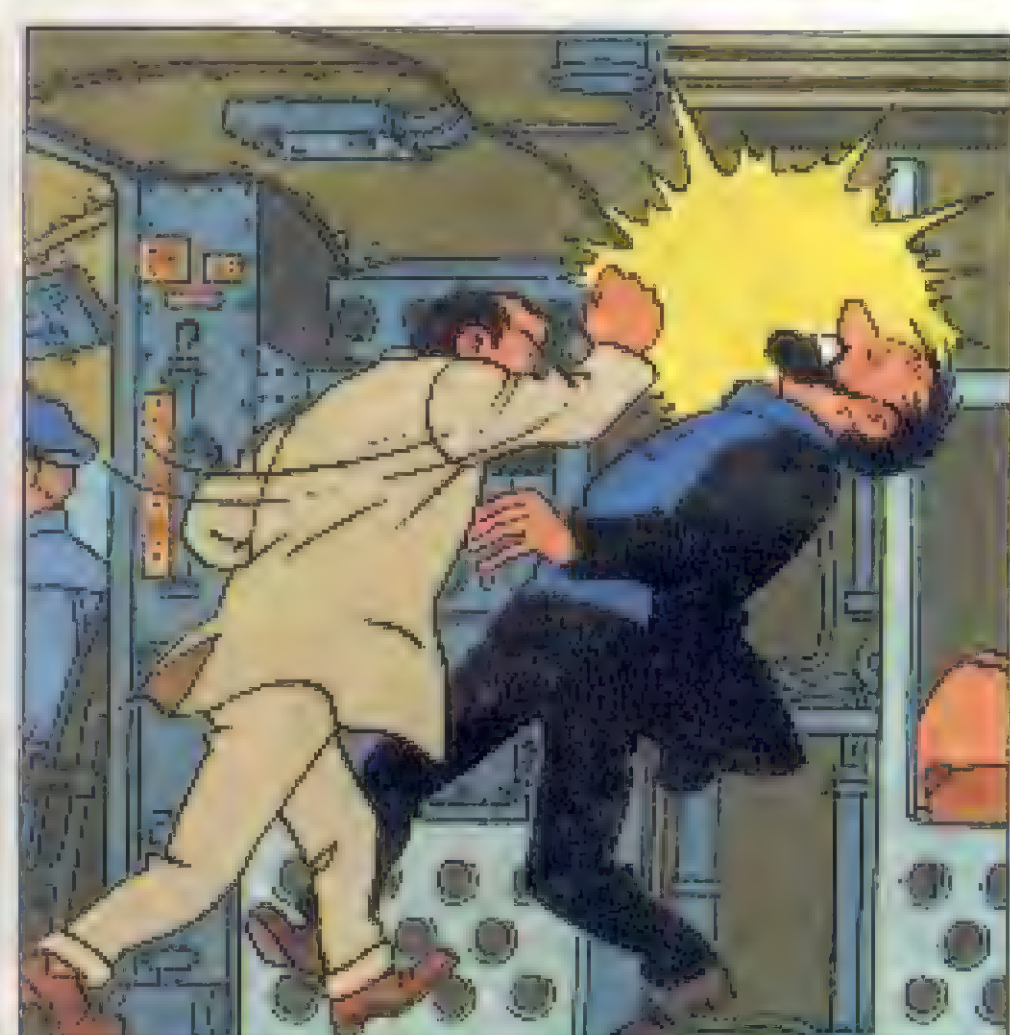


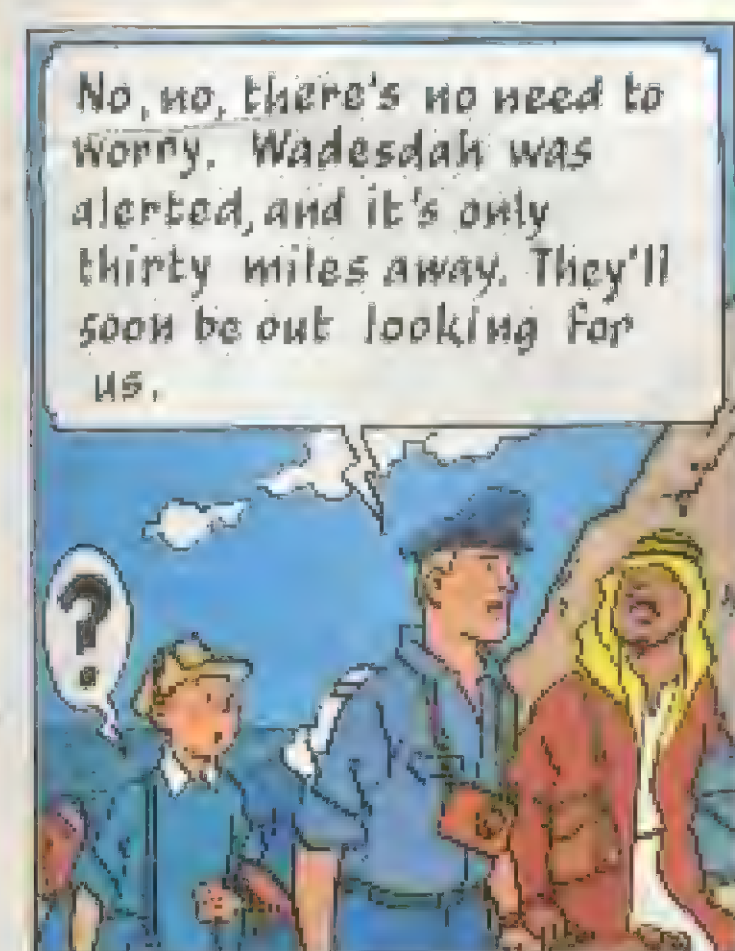
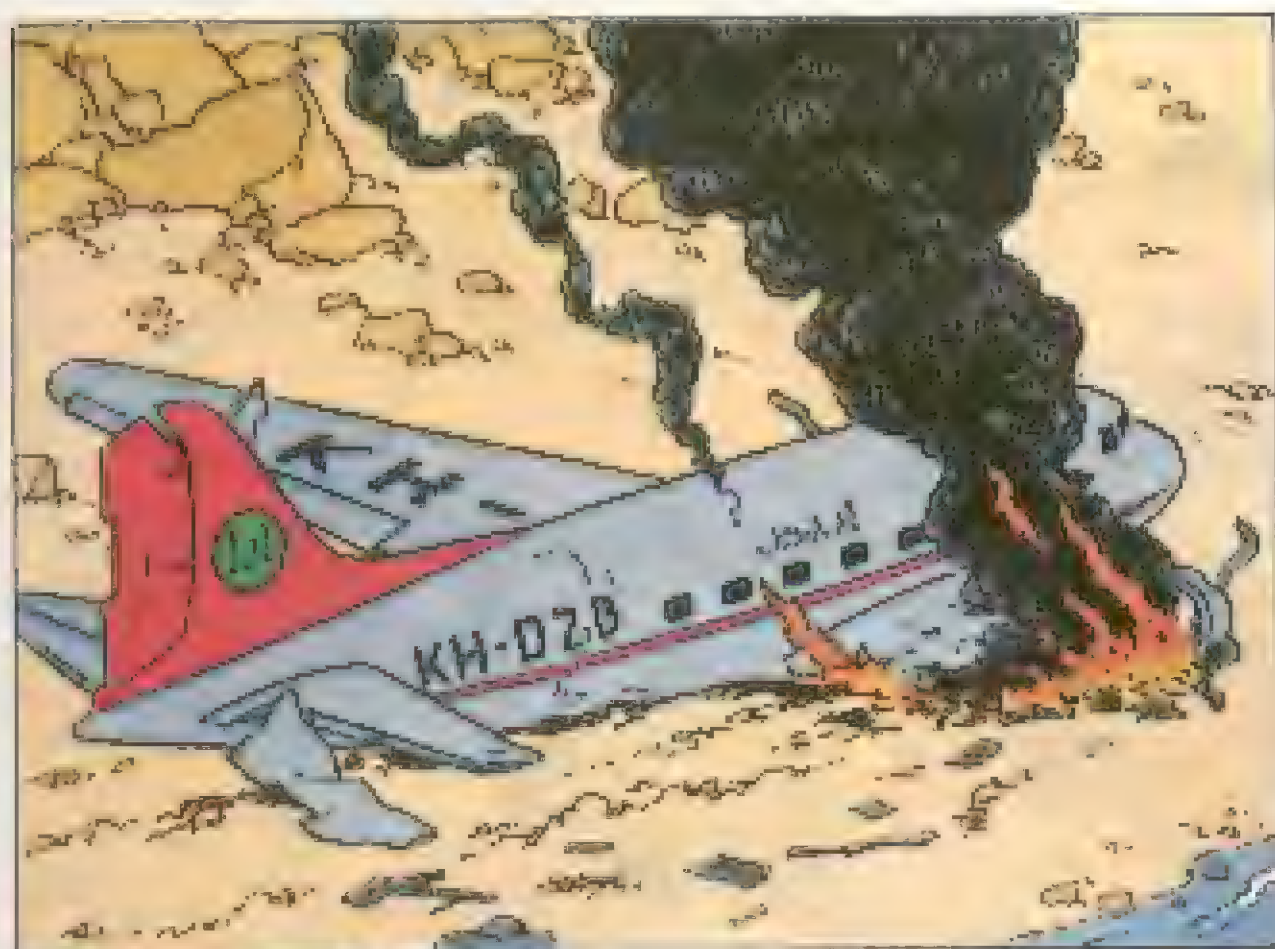
Wadesdah Tower... Wadesdah Tower... This is KH-OZD... Starboard motor on fire... Extinguishers unserviceable. We're turning back... We'll try to reach Wadesdah.

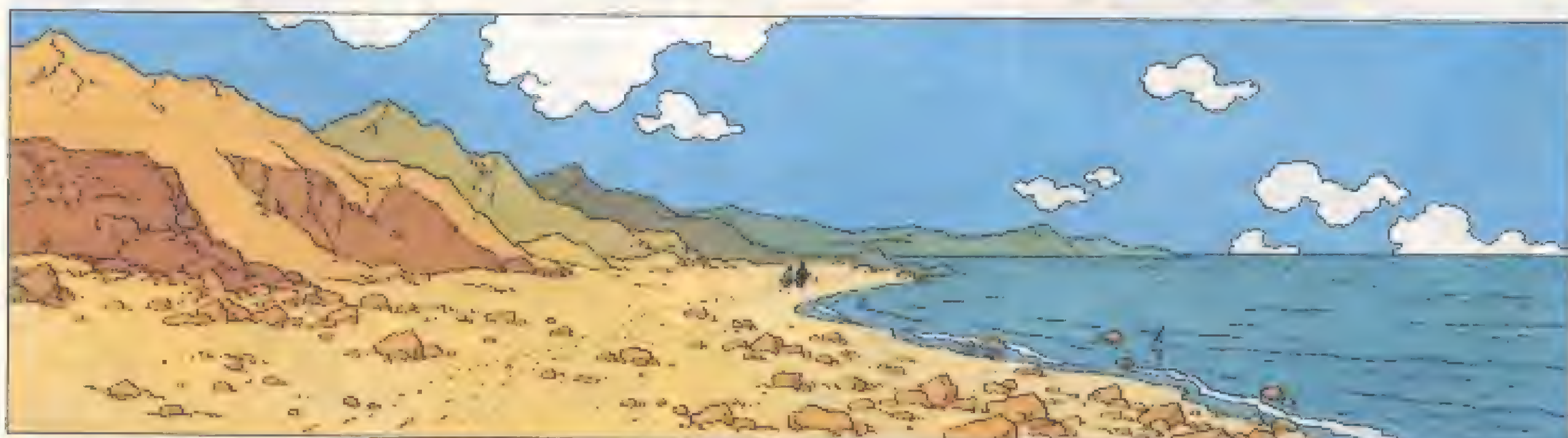
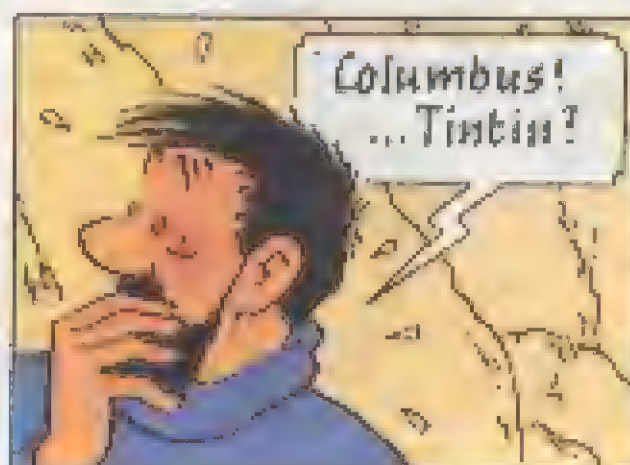


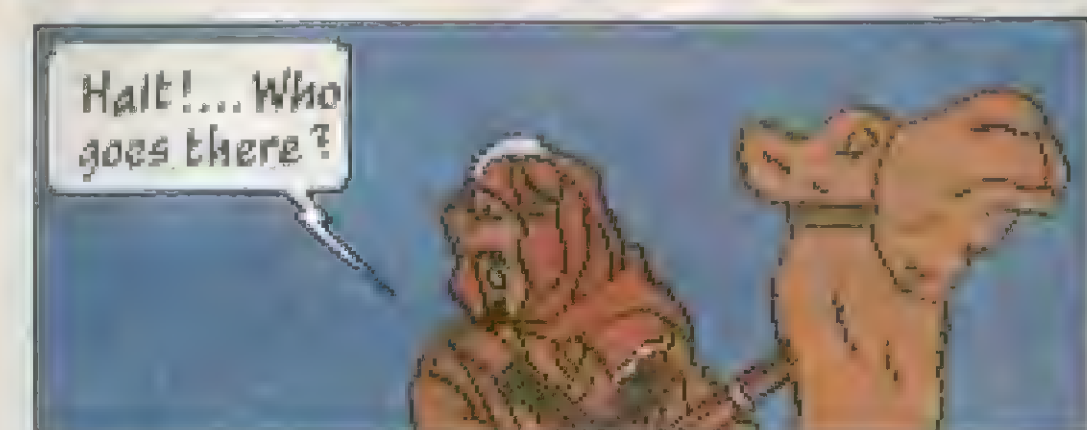
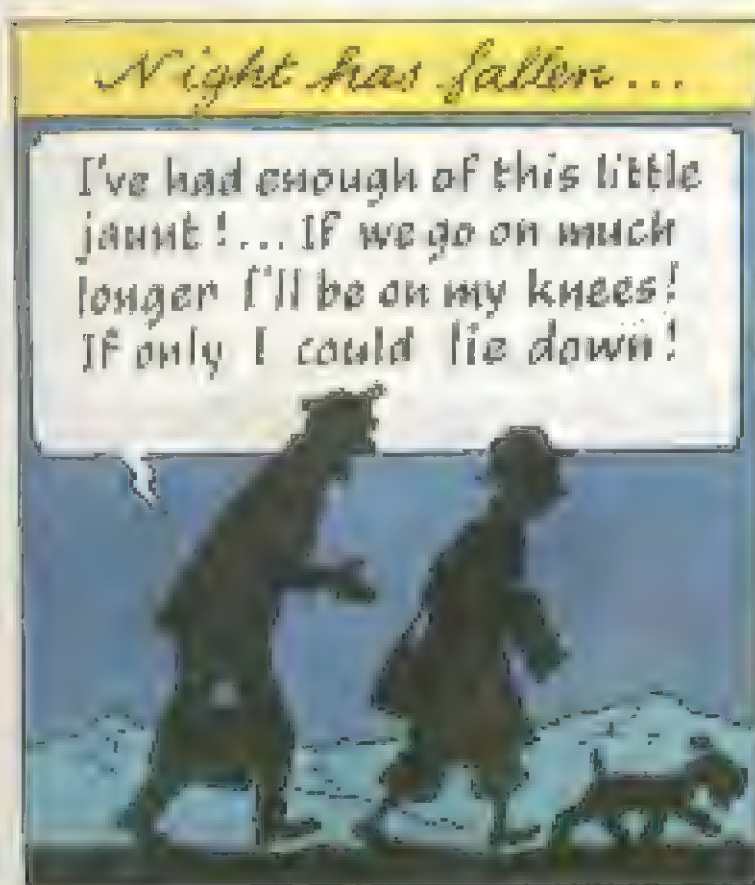
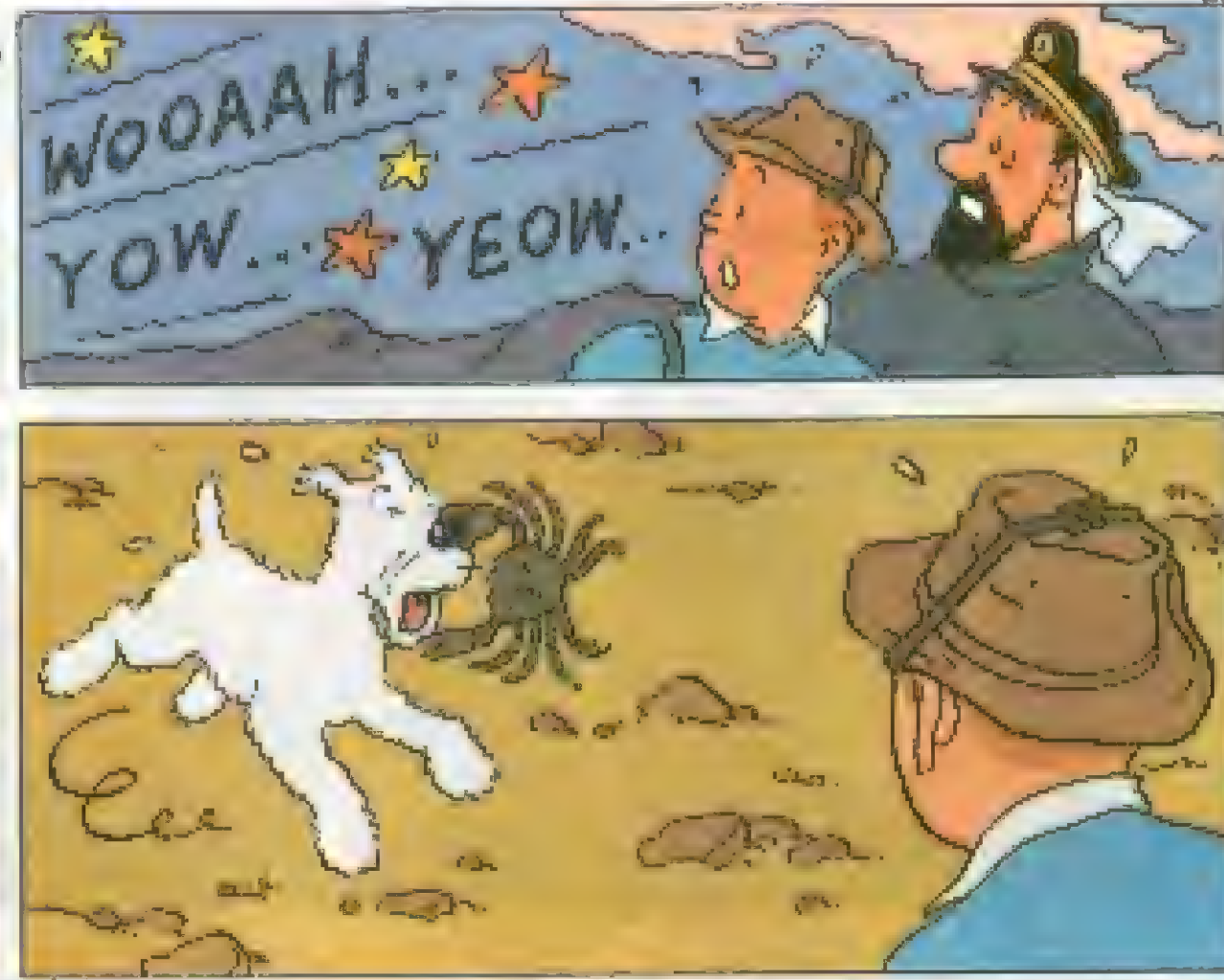
It's no good! It's too heavy. I shall just have to...

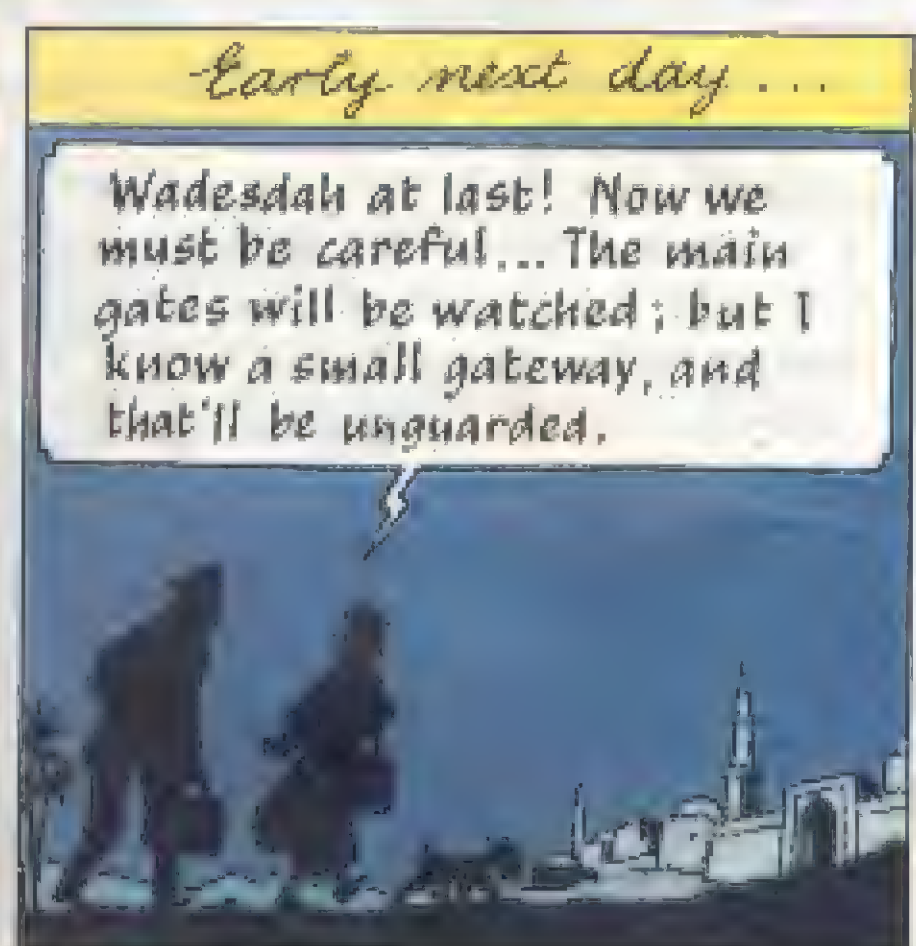
TICK TOCK TICK TOCK TICK TOCK

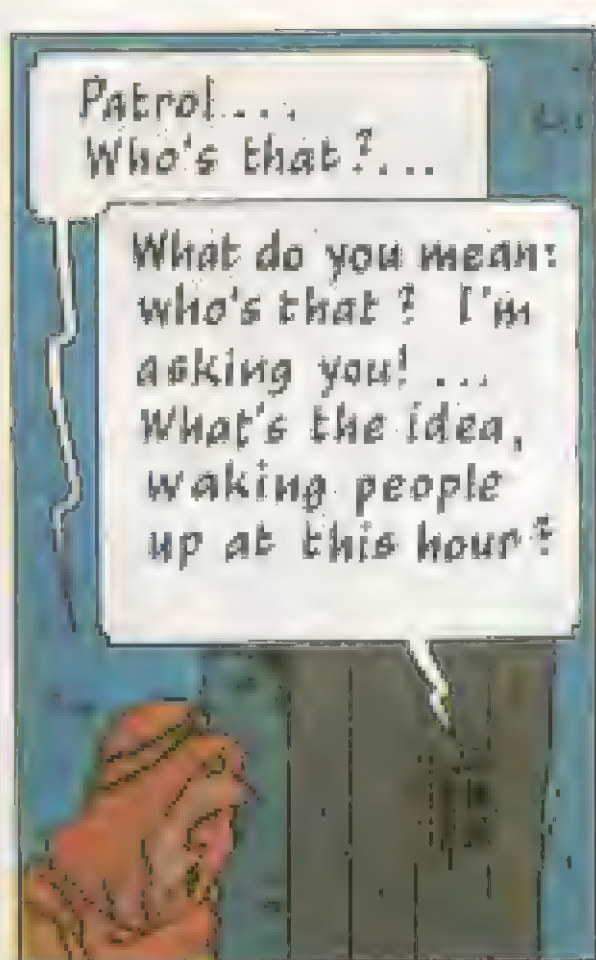






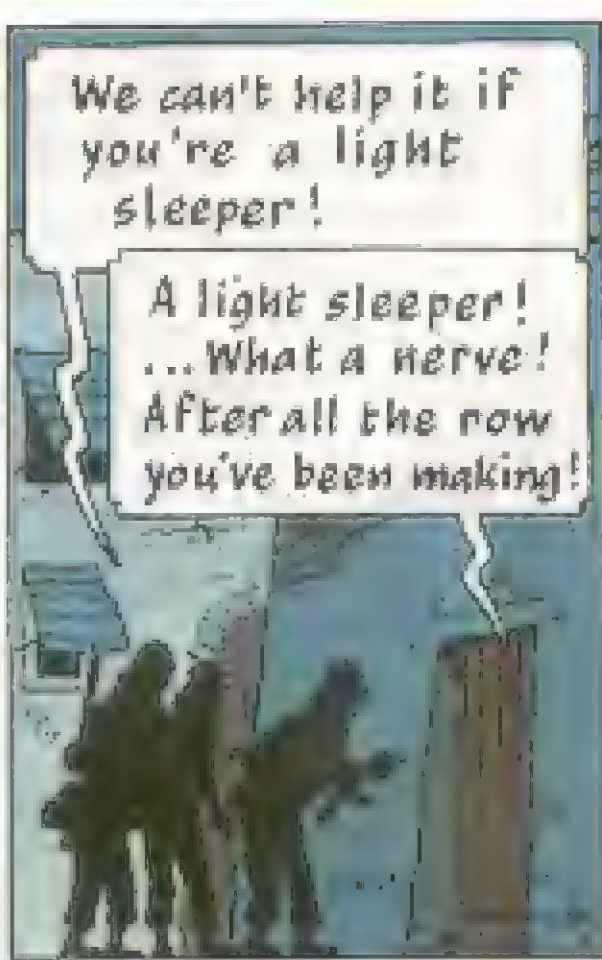






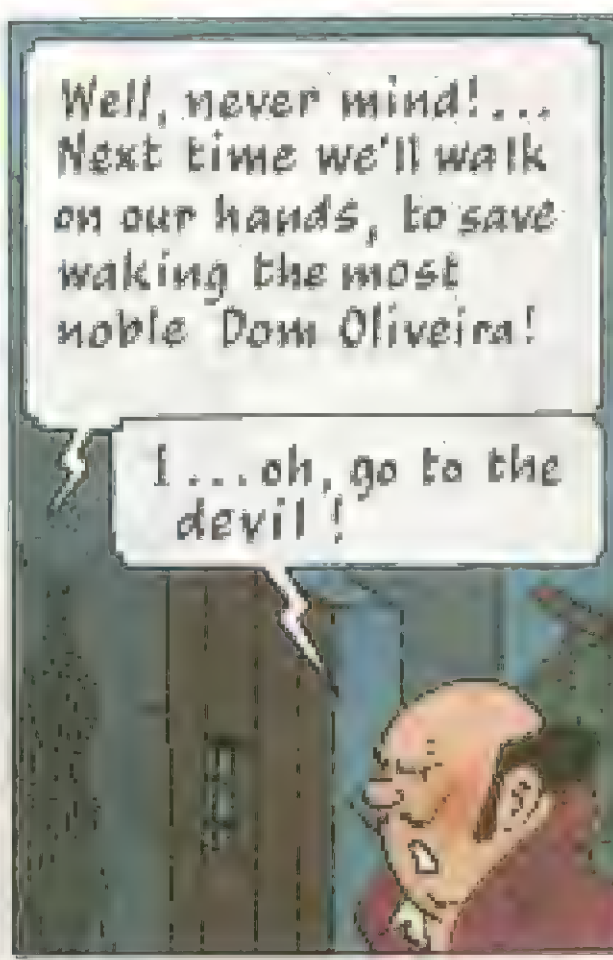
Patrol...
Who's that?...

What do you mean:
who's that? I'm
asking you! ...
What's the idea,
waking people
up at this hour?



We can't help it if
you're a light
sleeper!

A light sleeper!
...What a nerve!
After all the row
you've been making!



Well, never mind!...
Next time we'll walk
on our hands, to save
waking the most
noble Dom Oliveira!

I... oh, go to the
devil!



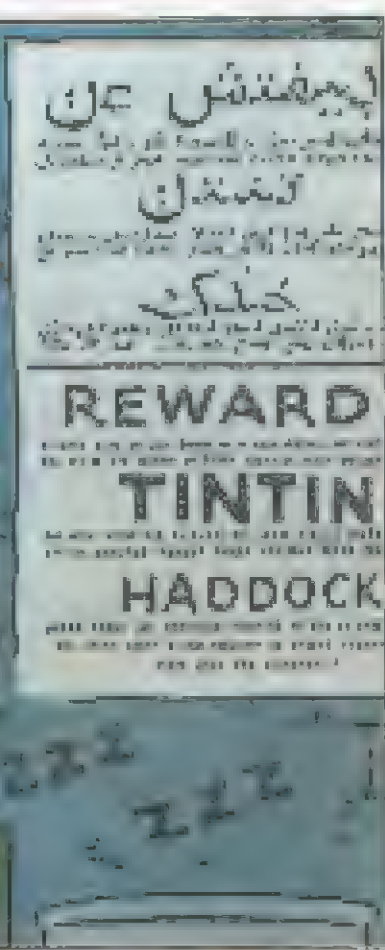
Just listen to that! There's one
we haven't woken up, anyway!
...What a din!... Ha! ha! ha! ha!

He! he! he!

Ha! ha! ha!



Whew! They've
gone! That
gave me a fright!
Come on, Cap-
tain, stop snor-
ing for goodness
sake!



REWARD
TINTIN
HADDOCK



Again!!!



By the beard of your
Prophet, will you go away
and let me sleep!

Open the door,
Senhor Oliveira! It's
Tintin! Please open up!



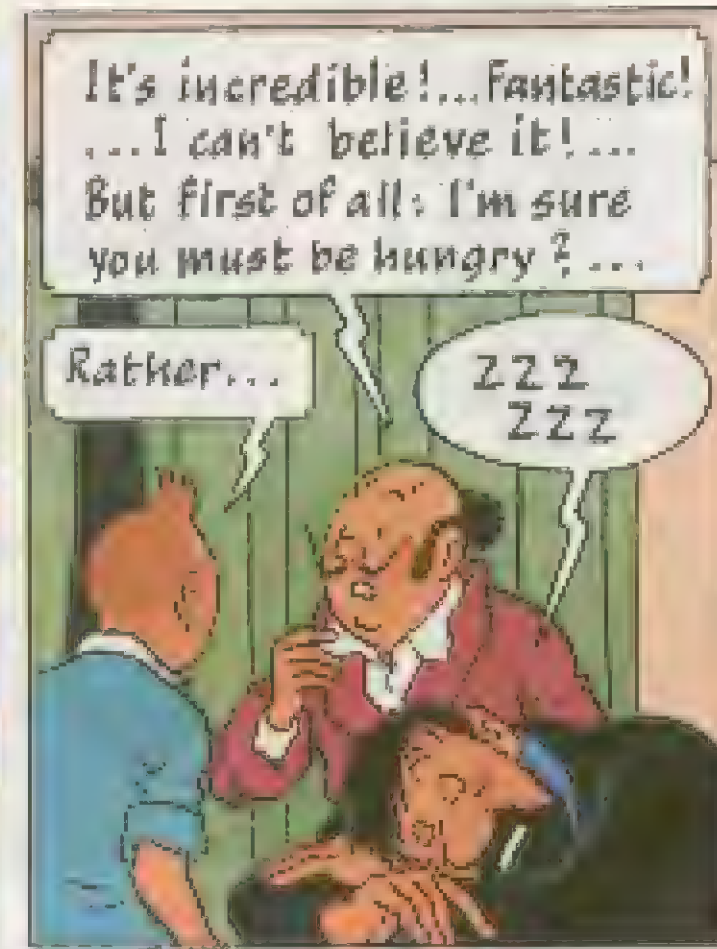
Tintin... You here!... Come
in quickly... quickly!



What are you doing here?
Don't you know there's a
price on your head?

I know... I've just
seen the poster.

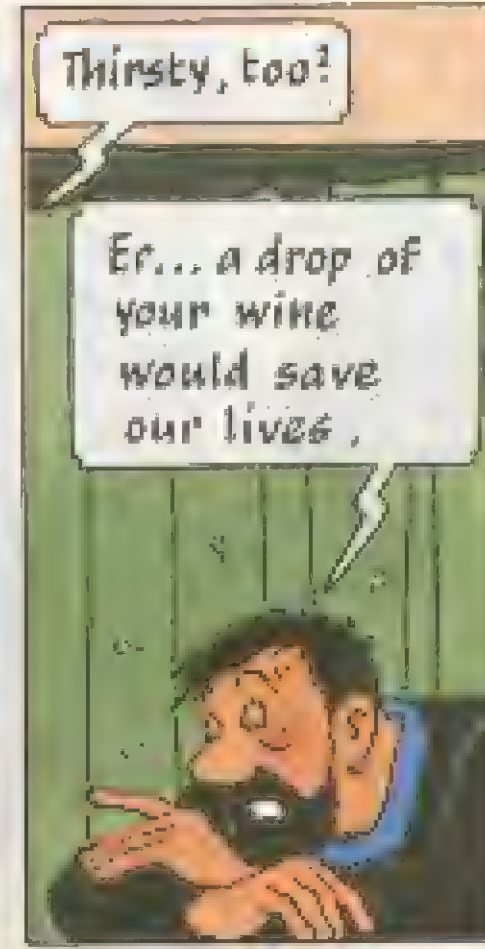
Goodnight,
everybody.



It's incredible!... Fantastic!
...I can't believe it!...
But first of all: I'm sure
you must be hungry?...

Rather...

ZZZ
ZZZ



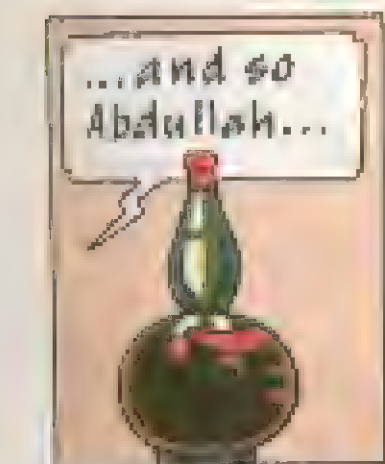
Thirsty, too?

Er... a drop of
your wine
would save
our lives.



Now then, tell me what
you're doing in
Khemed.

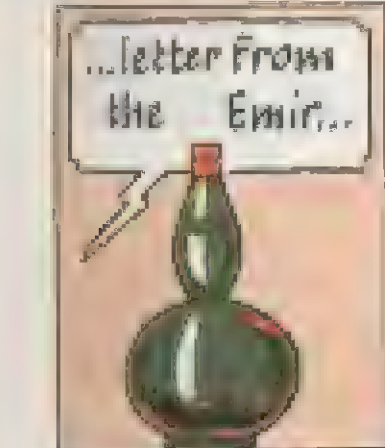
It's like this...



...and so
Abdullah...



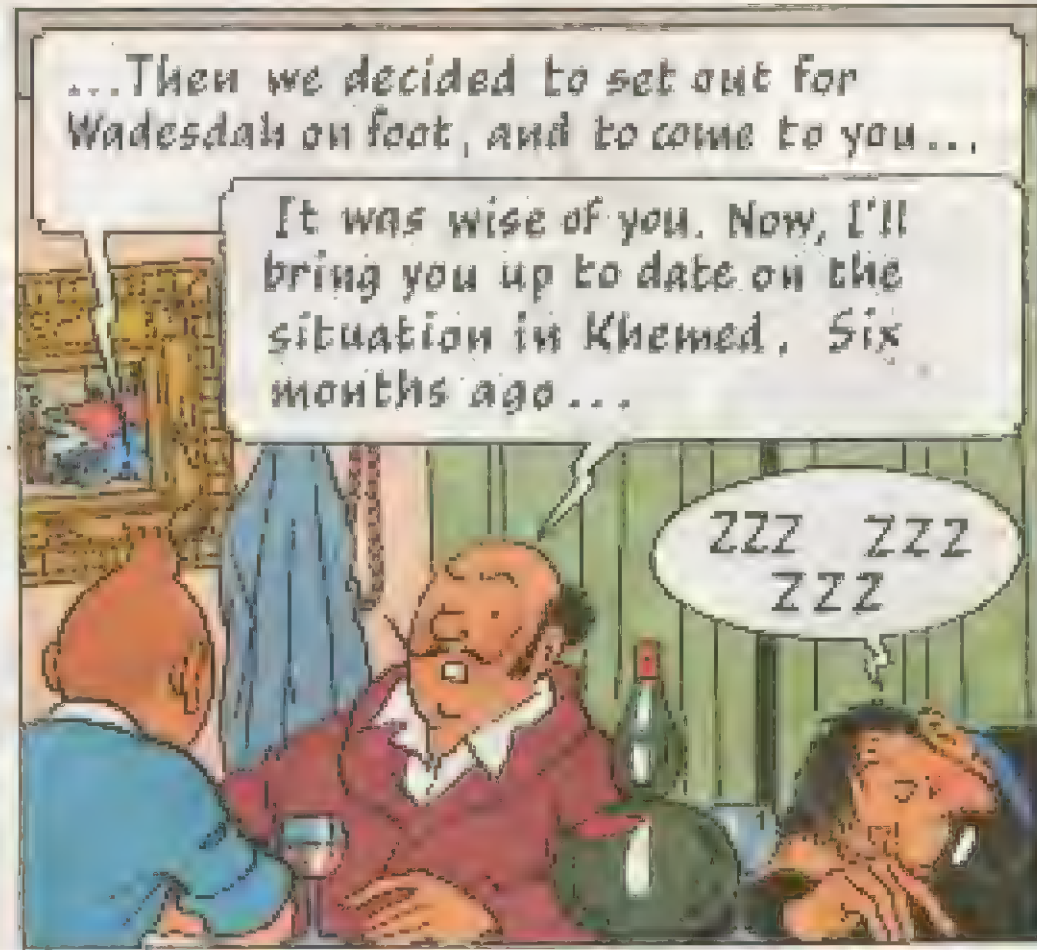
...aircraft
for sale...



...letter from
the Emir...



...Flew to
Wades dah...



...Then we decided to set out for
Wadesdah on foot, and to come to you...

It was wise of you. Now, I'll
bring you up to date on the
situation in Khemed. Six
months ago...

ZZZ ZZZ
ZZZ



ACTION STATIONS!

I... What was that?... Er...
forgive me... I... I think I was
dreaming... A nightmare... Pirates...

Oh, well...

I'll light up. That'll
help me to stay
awake.

Good idea.

Where was I?... Oh yes... I was saying that
six months ago, as a result of an agree-
ment between the Emir and Arabair, Wadesdah
became an important link in the air route
to Mecca. Then, a few weeks ago, it seems
that trouble blew up between Arabair
and the Emir. The situation began to
deteriorate...

... As if by chance, trouble
flared up all over the country,
and Sheik Bab El Ehr took com-
mand of the rebels. These rebels
were supported by a powerful
air force which, so to speak, came
out of the blue. The rebels marched
on Wadesdah, and seized power.

It all puzzles me, Senhor Oliveira.
You see, the rebel Mosquitoes
and the Arabair DC3's came from
the same source... And I'd like to
know what touched off the dispute
between the Emir and Arabair.

Er... I've no idea
at all.

Oh?... Well... We'll go into that
later. The most urgent thing is to
help the Emir. What's become of him?

He had to flee. He took
refuge in the Jebel with
Patrash Pasha, whose
fierce tribesmen remained
loyal.

HAAAAAH!

!

What... what... what...
what happened?

Your pipe, Captain.
It set fire to
your beard.

Come, it's time for
sleep. Tomorrow we
will find some way
for you to leave the
city, and join the Emir.

Yes. Good.

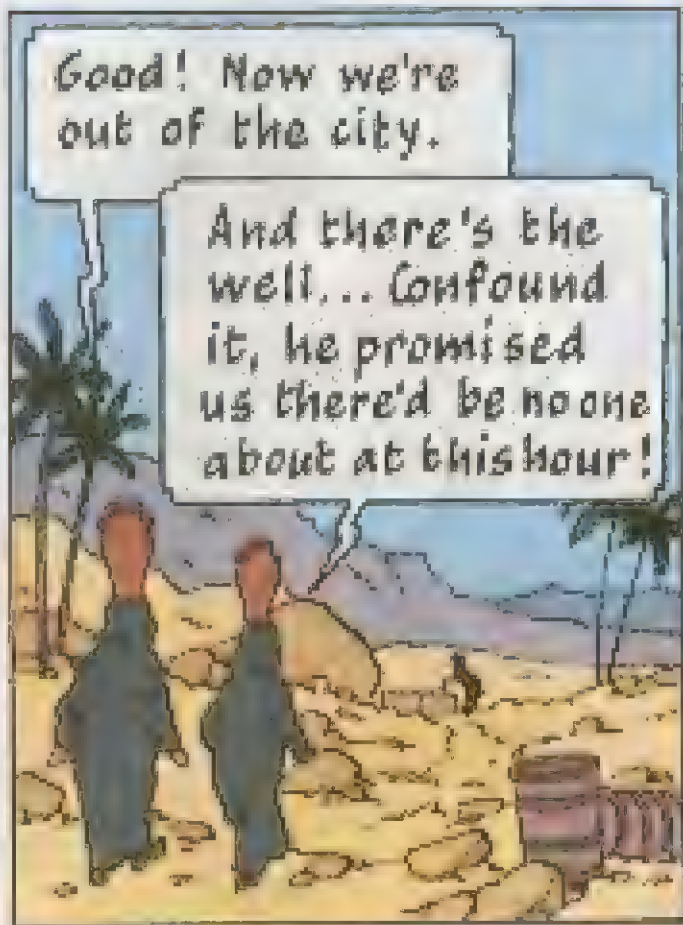
Two days later...

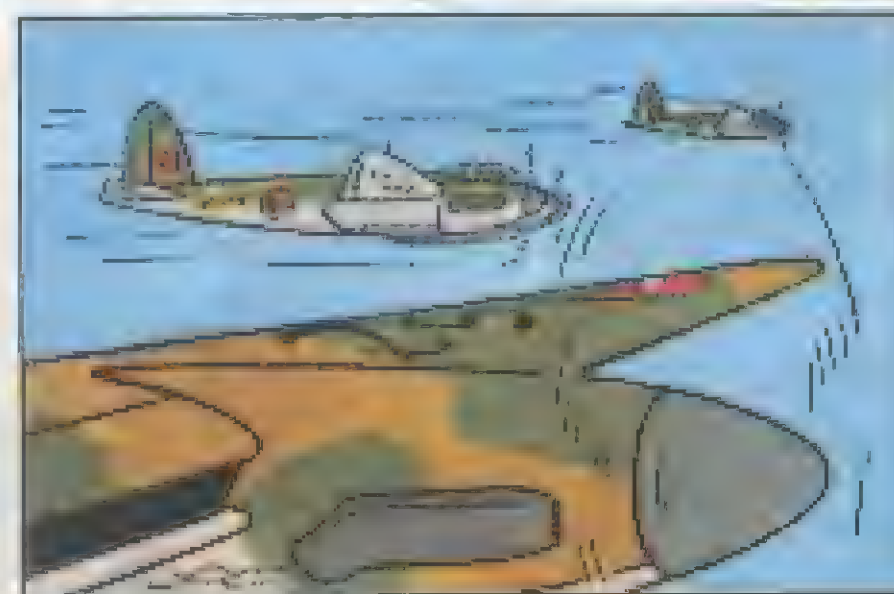
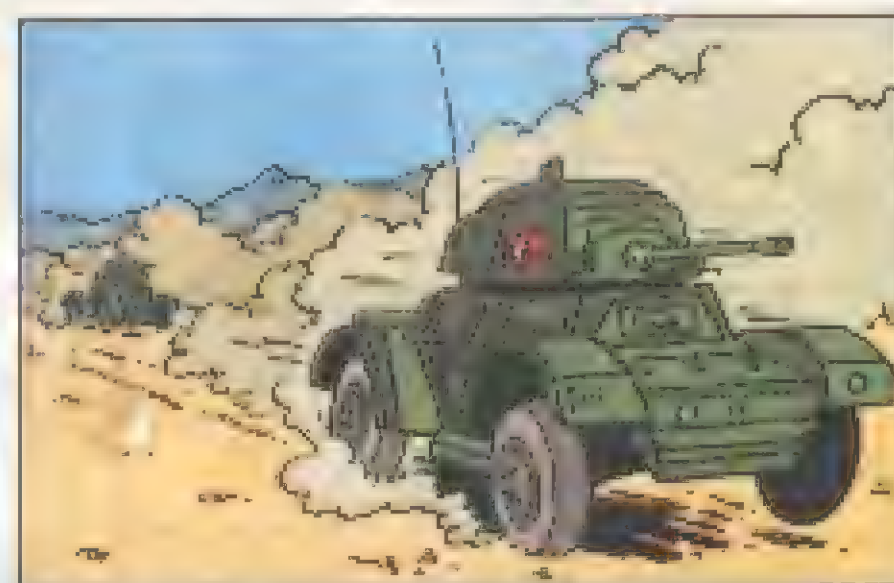
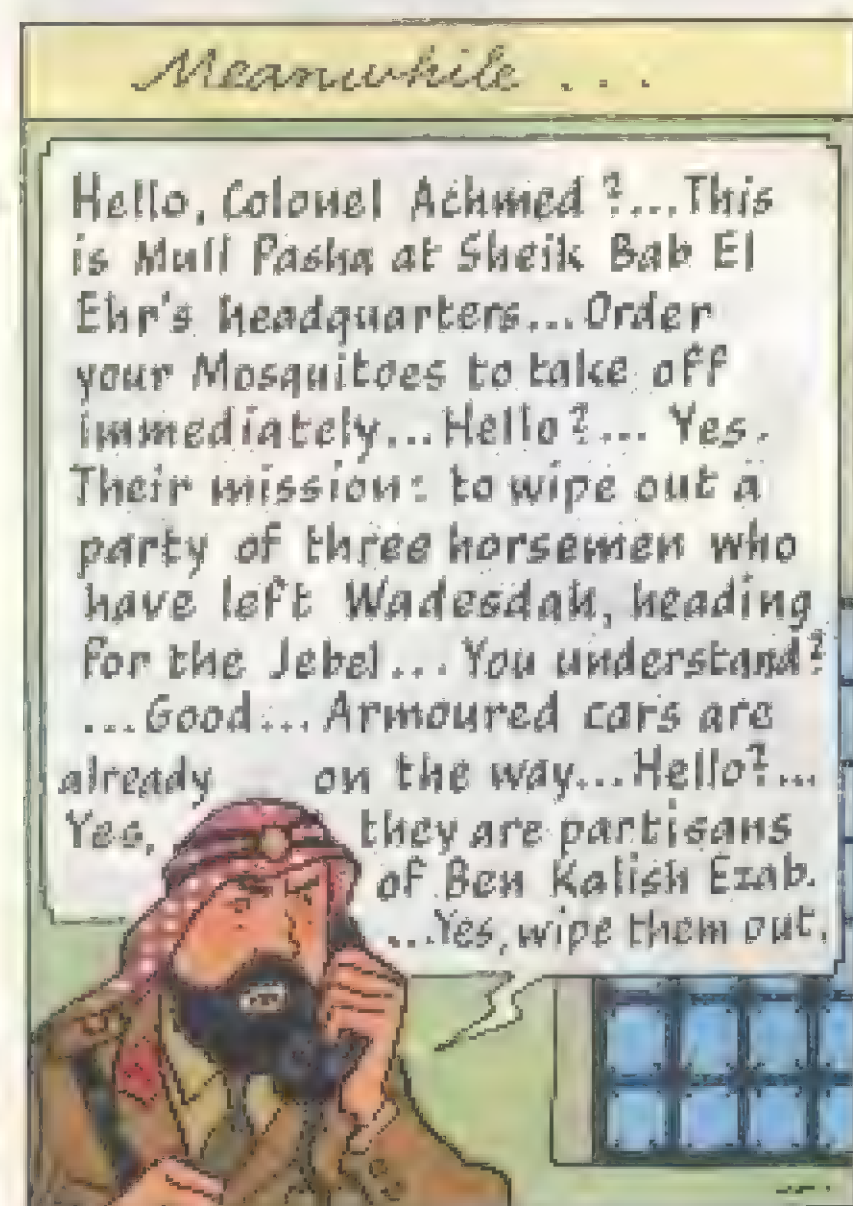
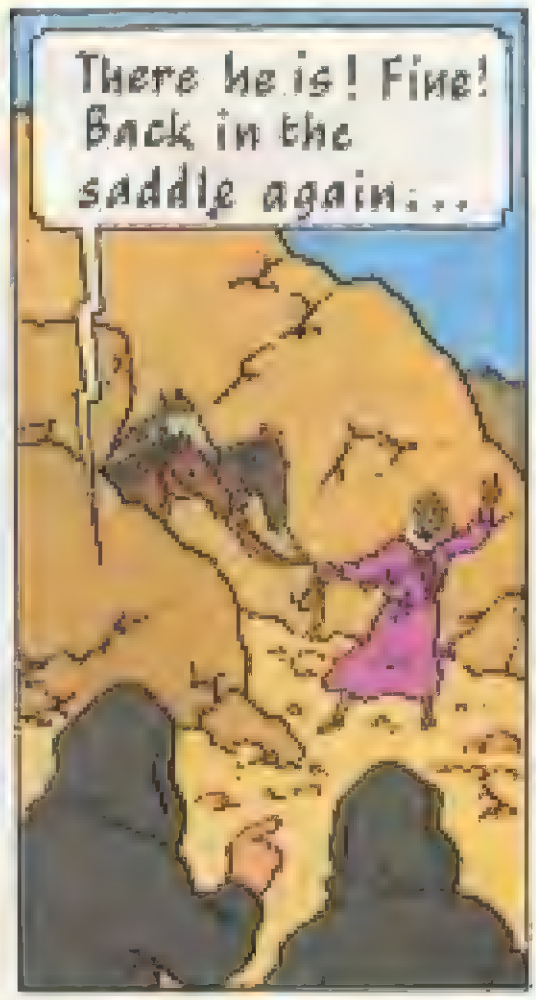
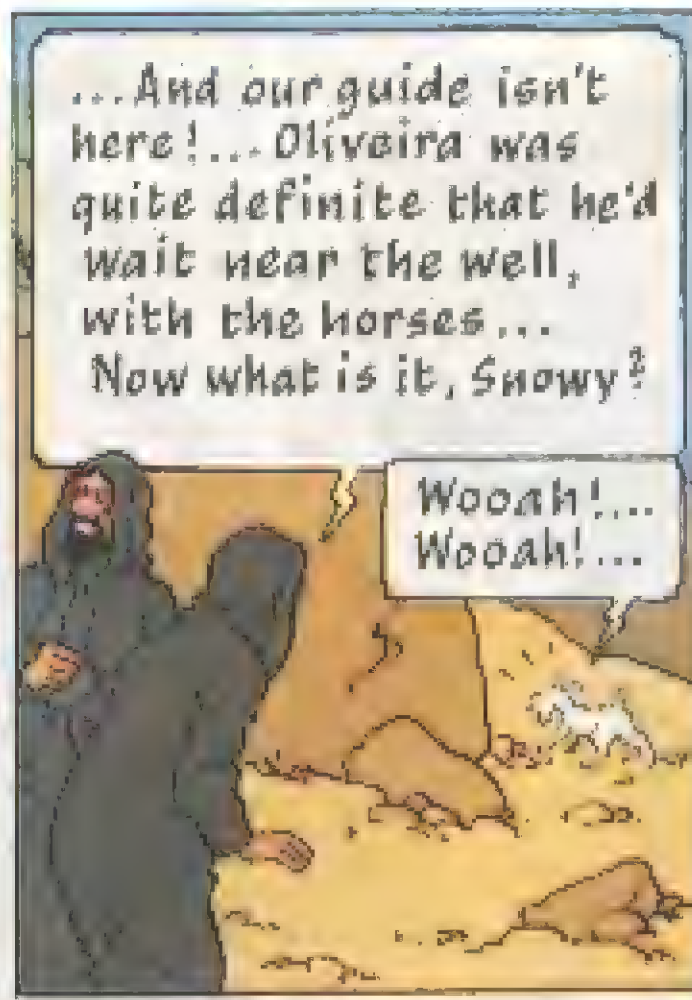
D'you see, there?...
A patrol coming...

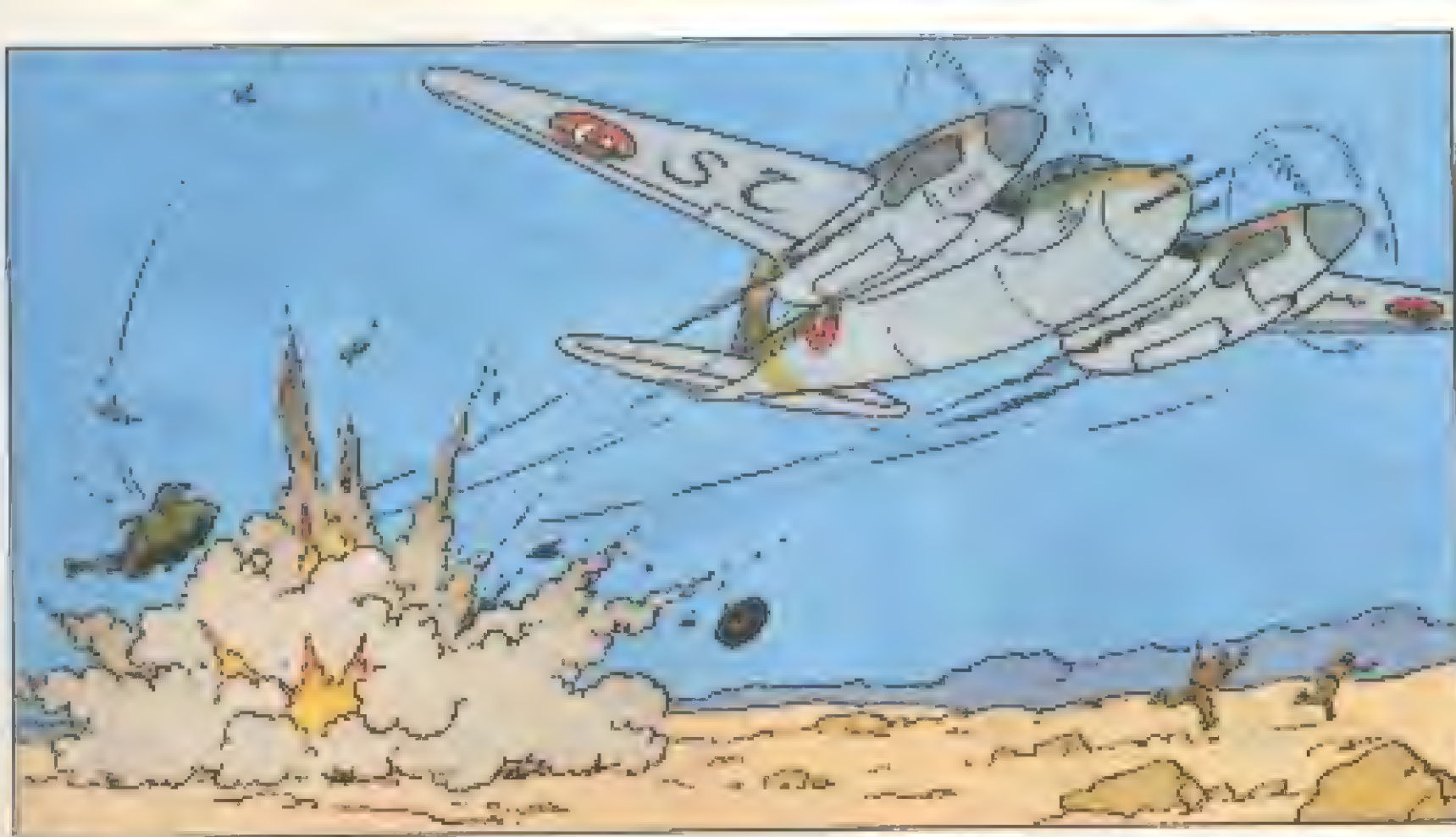
I know...
Keep calm!

**TEN
THOU...**

?



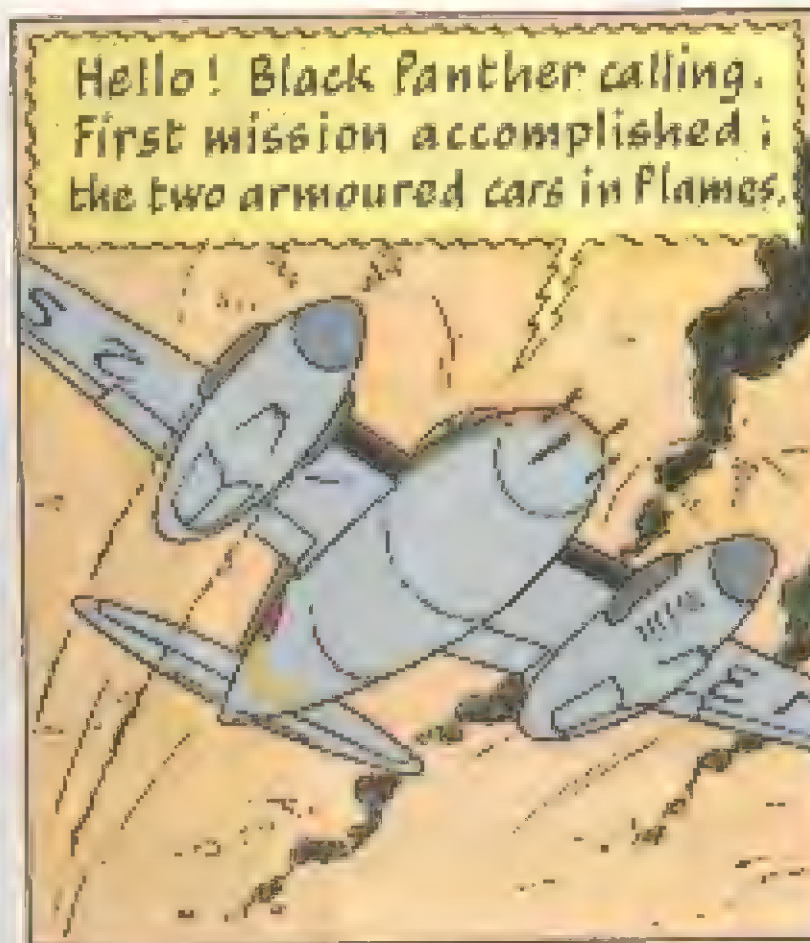




Oh!... Listen!... Gunfire somewhere in the desert.



Our own aircraft!
They're mad!!



Hello! Black Panther calling.
First mission accomplished;
the two armoured cars in flames.



Hello, yes... Ah,
mission accomplished.
... Excellent... The
two armoured cars
destroyed?...
Congratulations,
Colonel Achmed. Real
aces, your pilots!



The armoured...
WHAT?...



Quick, put me
back to Colonel
Achmed... Ah,
it's you... Er...
I think I mis-
understood. You
didn't say that
the armoured cars
...



...were destroyed.
... Yes, just as you
ordered. I've
already passed
on your con-
gratulations to
the pilots...
Pardon? ...



What?? I ordered
it???... You bungling
oaf! Only the horse-
men were to be
wiped out!



... Military
tribunal...
Court-martial
... Dismissed...
Reduced to
the ranks...

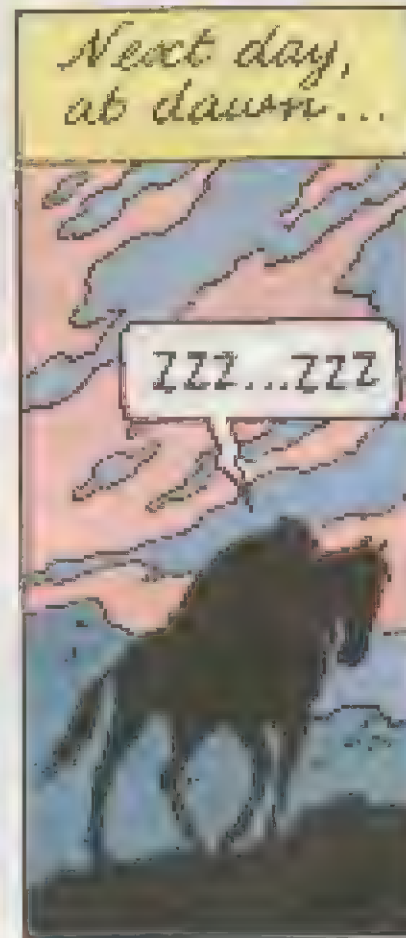
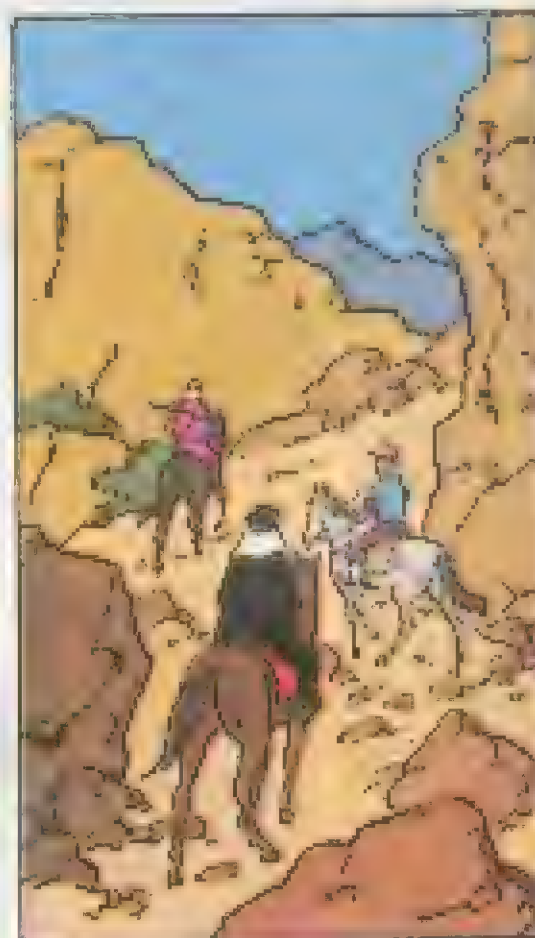


Meanwhile...

I wouldn't be
surprised if
they're looking
for us.



Whew! They've gone
over. Into the saddle:
we've a long way to go.

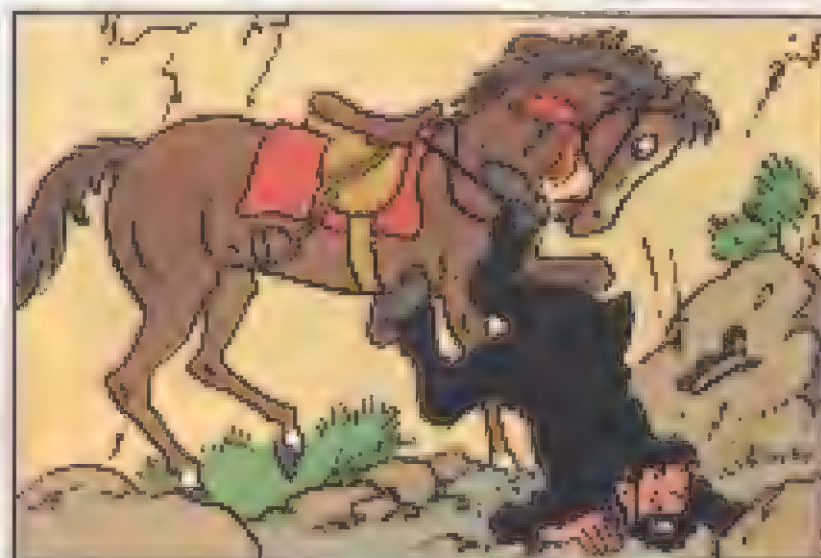


Next day,
at dawn...

zzz...zzz



Careful!... Every man pick his target!



Thundering typhoons!... A Roman temple, hewn from the rock!... Incredible!

We have arrived.

A few minutes later...

How stupendous! An entire city carved out of the mountain.

Tintin!... Captain!... You here?... It is unbelievable!

And my son?... My own little treasure? My precious darling... Where is he?

Ah, yes... We left him at Marlinspike, Your Highness. But rest assured, he is in good hands.

Poor little lamb! How sad he must be, so far from his Papa.

And now I'll leave you tied to the palm tree, so the crocodiles can come and eat you. Ha!ha! We're having fun, aren't we, Nestor?

Confounded brat!... Ah, someone's coming. They'll set me free.

Ah, Nestor. I was looking for you. Could you give me a hand? It's nothing much: simply give me a little push.

Mmm!... Mmm!

It's to test the new steering mechanism I've fitted to my roller-skates. ... Quite simple, really. They use the same principle for steering model cars.

Mmm!... Mm!

For instance, at the moment, my skates are locked right over to the left... If someone were to push me now I should turn round more or less on the same spot.

Mmm!... Mmm!

But I'm quite sure that despite his sadness my cherub is a little ray of sunshine, bringing life and gaiety into your old home.

Undoubtedly!

And you, what brings you here?... Come along in and sit down. You must be tired. And you'll certainly be hungry and thirsty. I will have some refreshments brought to you.



Well, Your Highness, we are here to try and help you; also, to get to the bottom of a mystery, in which Arabair seem to have an important part.

Arabair? The dogs!... They will pay dearly for their treachery... I gave them permission to establish a base at Wadesdah, an important link on the route to Mecca...



One day, about three months ago, my little Abdullah, my Flawless jewel, expressed a wish to see the Arabair planes loop the loop a few times before landing at Wadesdah...

Loop the loop! ? But Highness...



Nothing simpler, don't you agree?... And it would have given my lambkin such pleasure!... Well, instead of seizing this opportunity of pleasing my little sugarplum, they refused, on some trumped-up excuse...

But Highness...

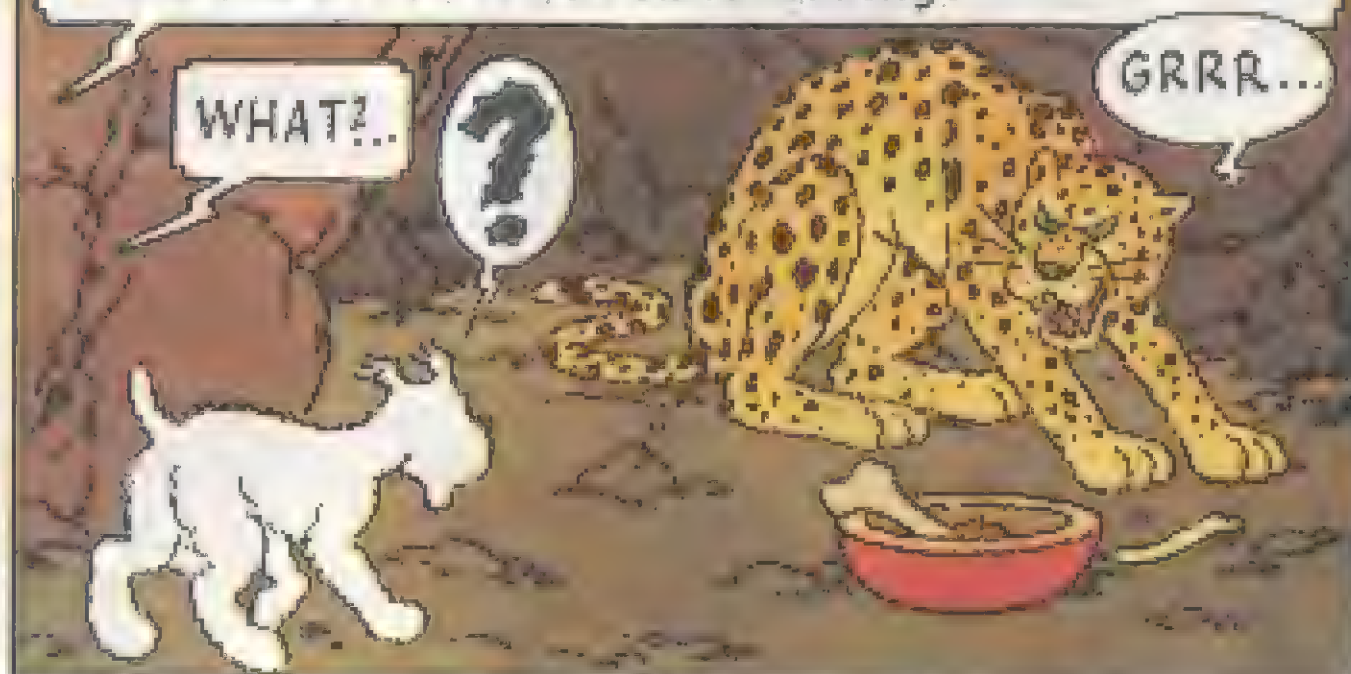


Naturally, I was very angry and threatened to terminate our agreement. I also used another threat: that I would reveal to the world that Arabair are involved in slave trading.

WHAT?!



GRRR...



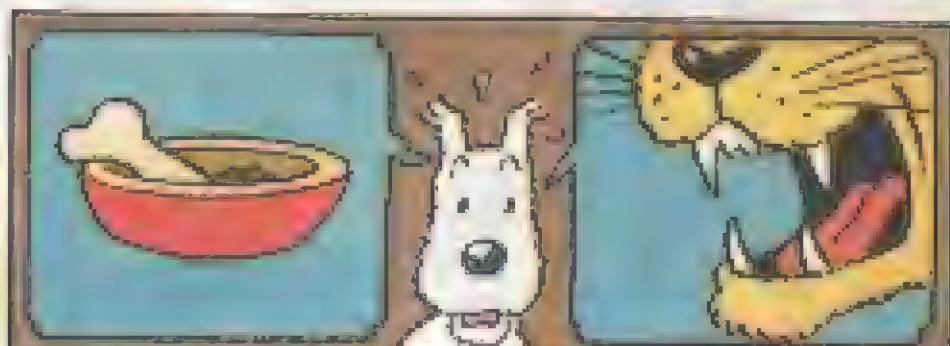
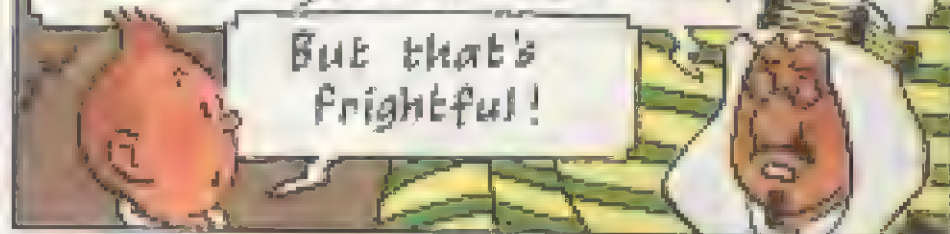
Slave trading, no less... Their planes touching down at Wadesdah on the way from Africa are always full to bursting with native Sudanese and Senegalese. These are Mohammedan converts, making their pilgrimage to Mecca.

Yes, go on...



On the other hand, on the return journey their planes are mostly empty... Why?... Because somewhere between Wadesdah and Mecca these unfortunate negroes are sold as slaves.

But that's frightful!

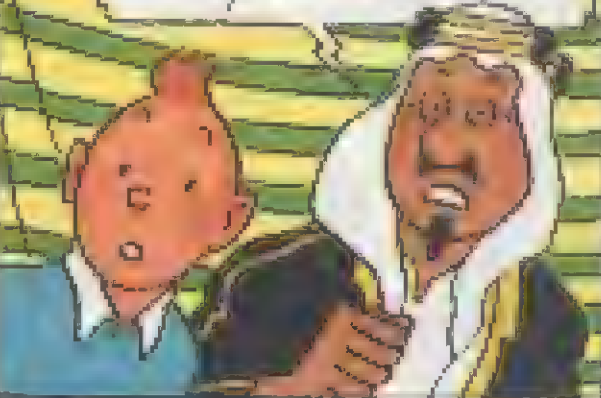


Er... Yes... But to get back to Arabair: these jackals stirred up trouble in my country, and thanks to their support, the accursed Bab El Ehr was able to seize power... But it won't be for long... I'll throw him out, that mangy dog, that stinking hyena, that slimy serpent, that...

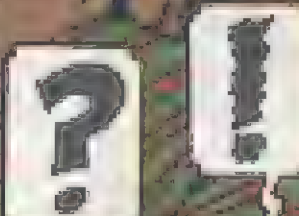


GRAOW

By Allah!... Let us hope your dog hasn't gone near Ayesha!

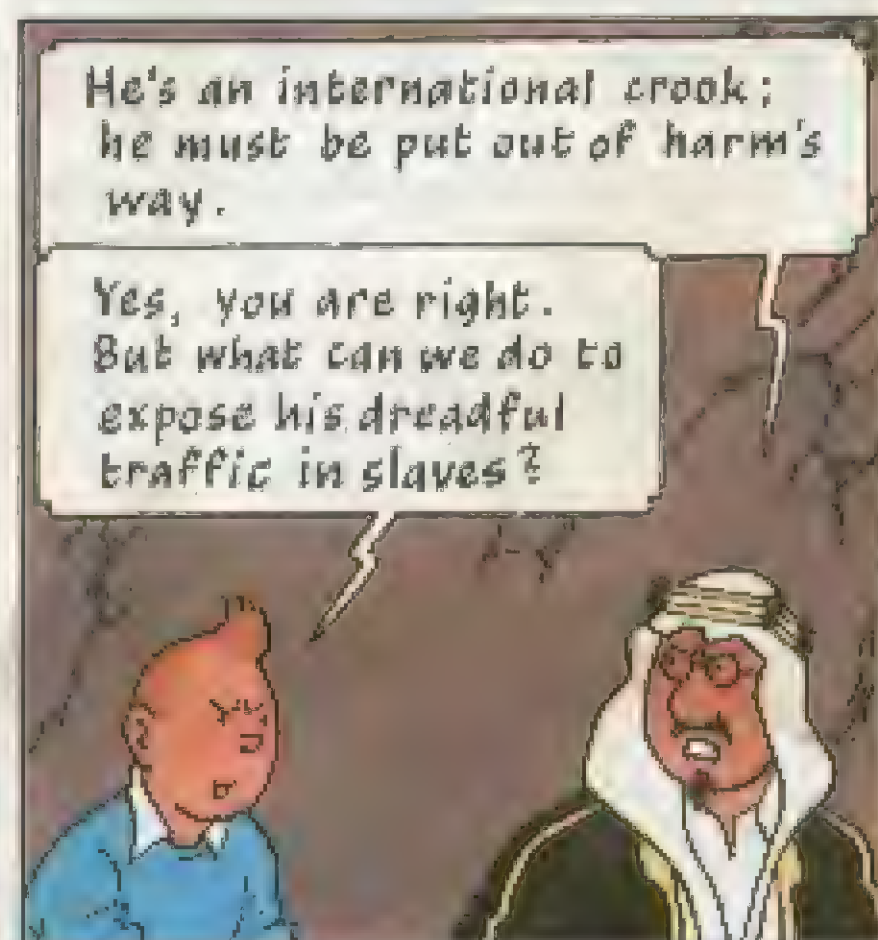
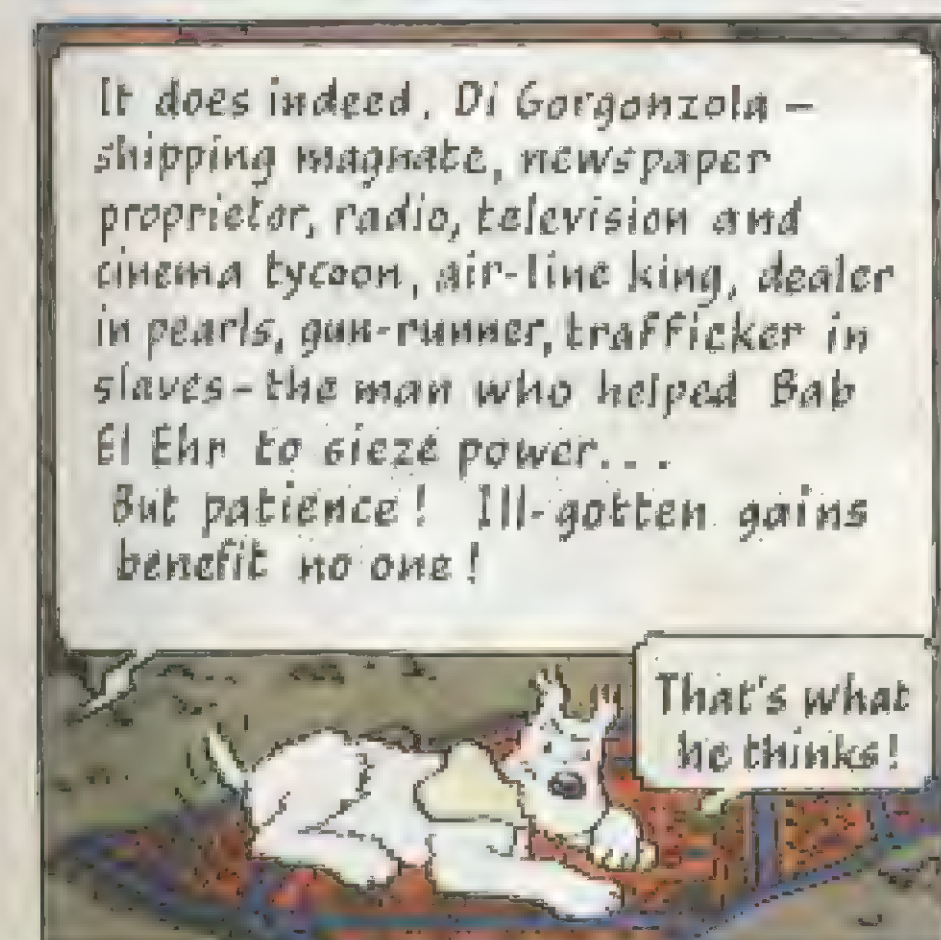
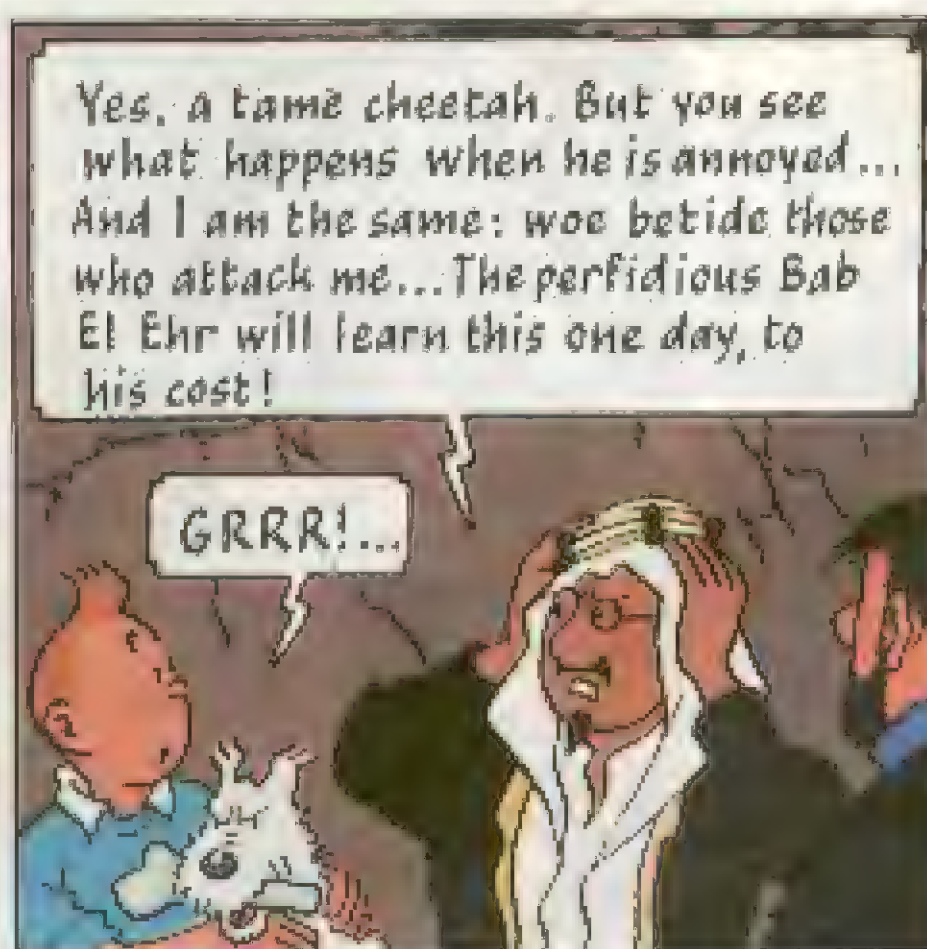
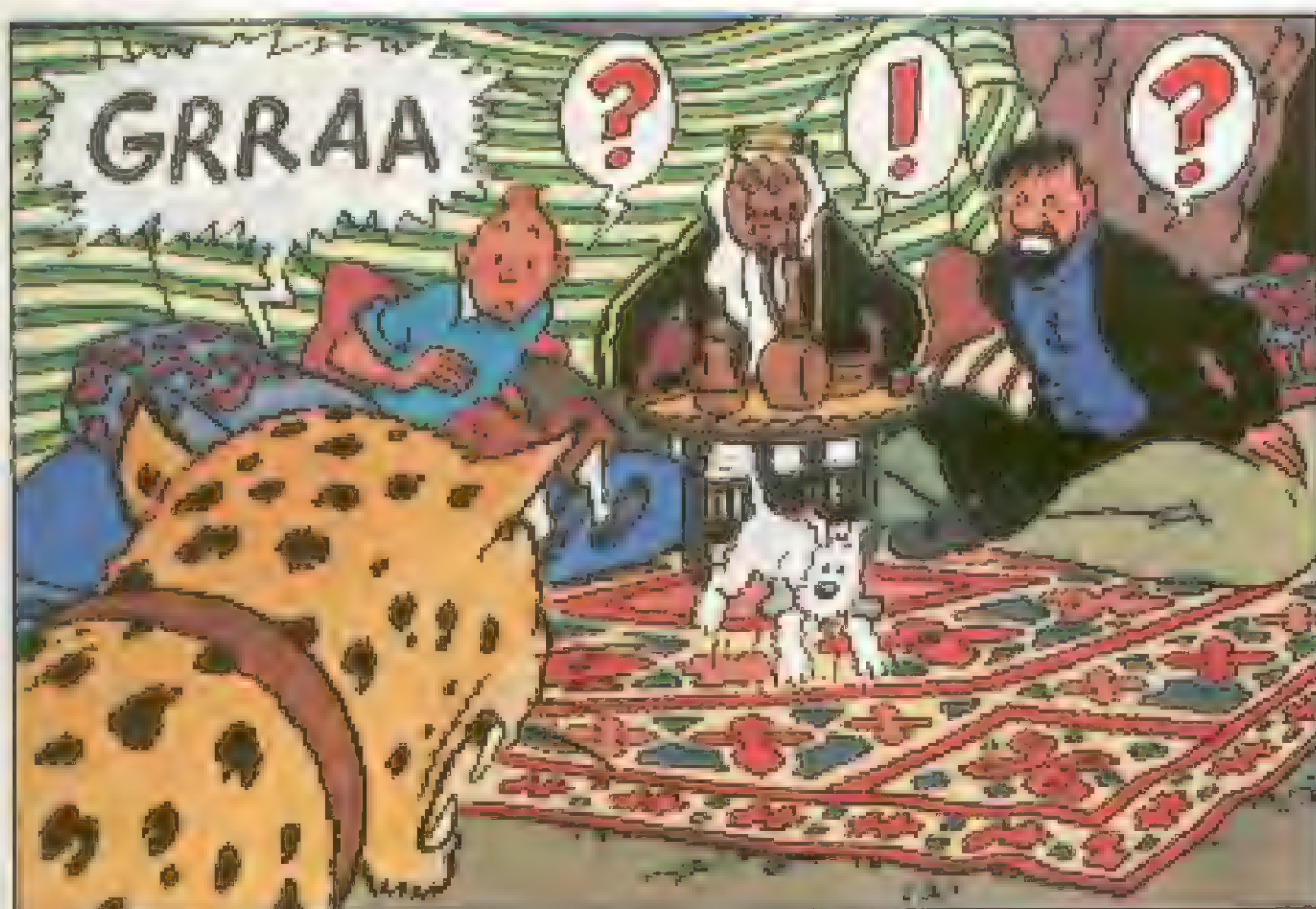


GRRRAOW



CRACK GRAOW





To Mecca? That's not easy at the moment. But if you will give me two or three days, I will find means of putting you aboard a sailing-ship, which will take you there.

Thank you, Highness.



Aha! This will please Bab El Ehr...



GRAOW!



Again? What has happened now?



It is Ben Yussef, O Master... Ayesha jumped on him... See, it will be at least three weeks before he is well... It seems that he trod on Ayesha's tail...

Oh, poor creature!



Three days later...

There, everything is arranged. You leave tomorrow at dawn, with two trusted men. They will lead you to a point on the coast where a small vessel will be waiting to take you to Mecca. But be on your guard. Di Gorgonzola is a dangerous man.

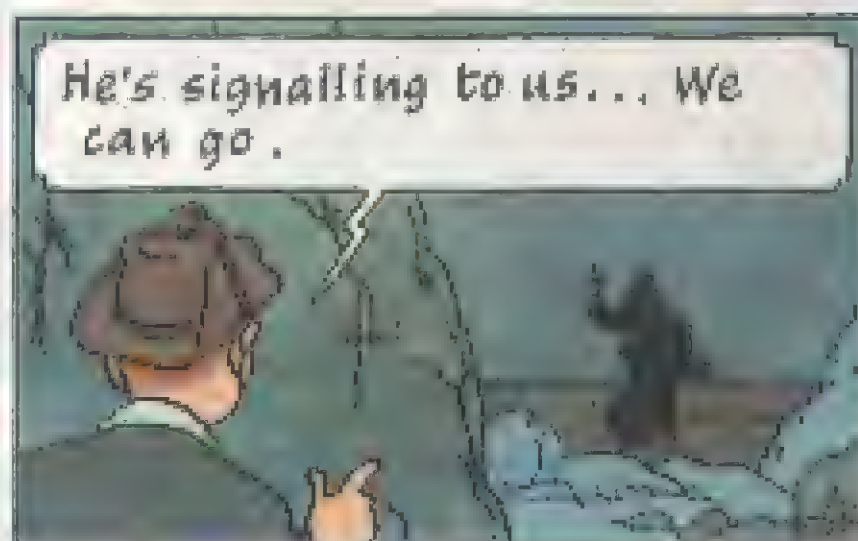


Two days have passed...

Here we are... You may dismount... But stay while I make sure that the boat has arrived.



He's signalling to us... We can go.



Ah, so that's the tub we're going to board. It's a dhow... No; I beg your pardon: a sambuk.



Look, they have just put a boat out.



Danger! Danger! A mounted patrol!





By the beard of the Prophet, something suspicious is going on over there.

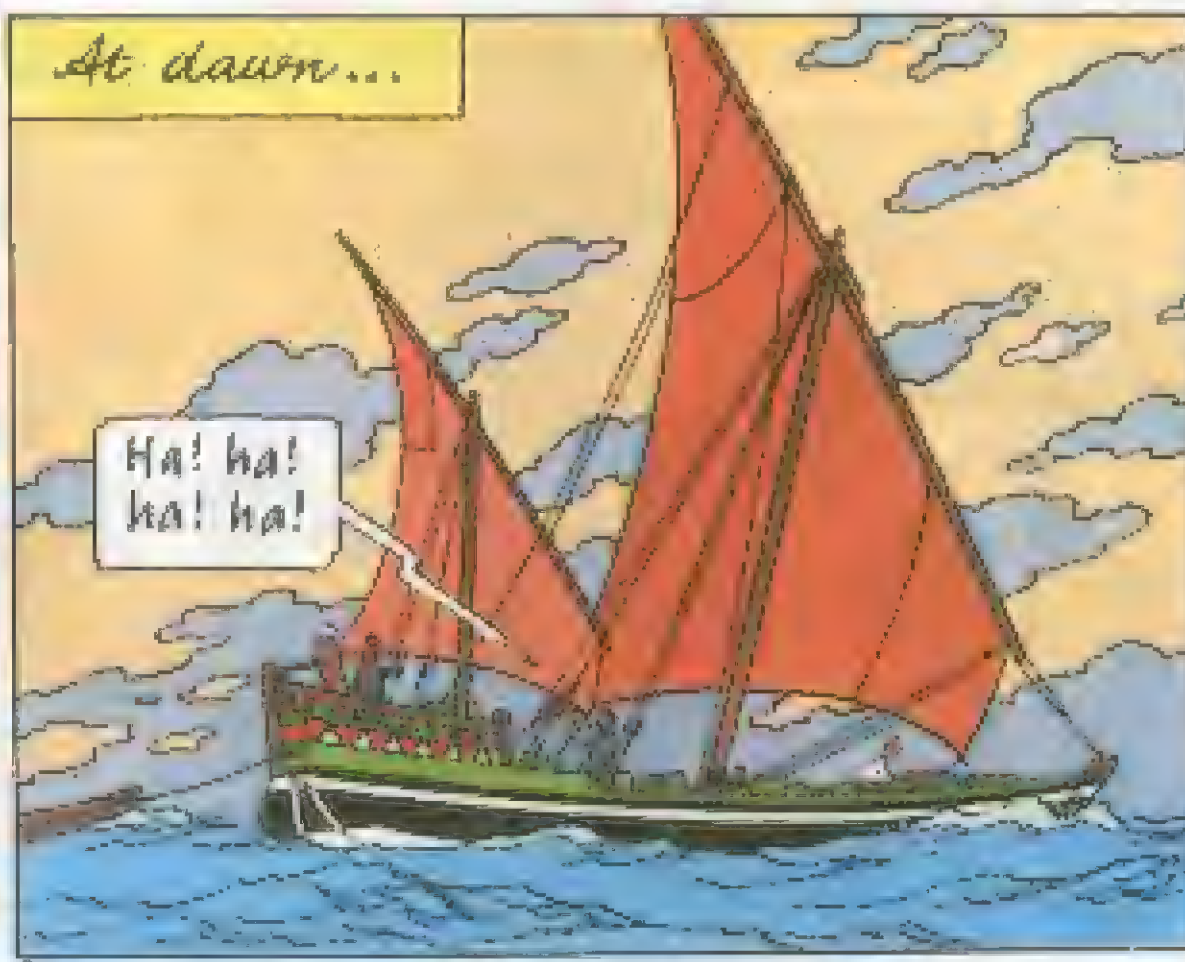
Halt!... Who goes there?



By Allah!... They have stumbled on a patrol!...

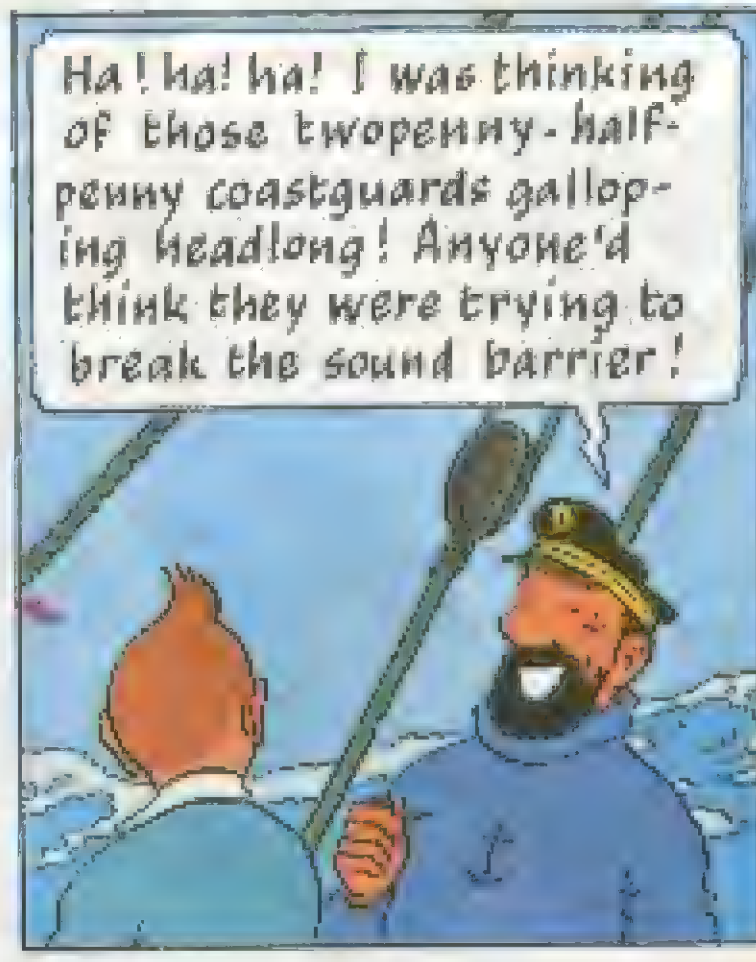


Ha! ha! ha! Soldiers? Them? ... Don't make me laugh! One shot into the air and they bolted like rabbits!

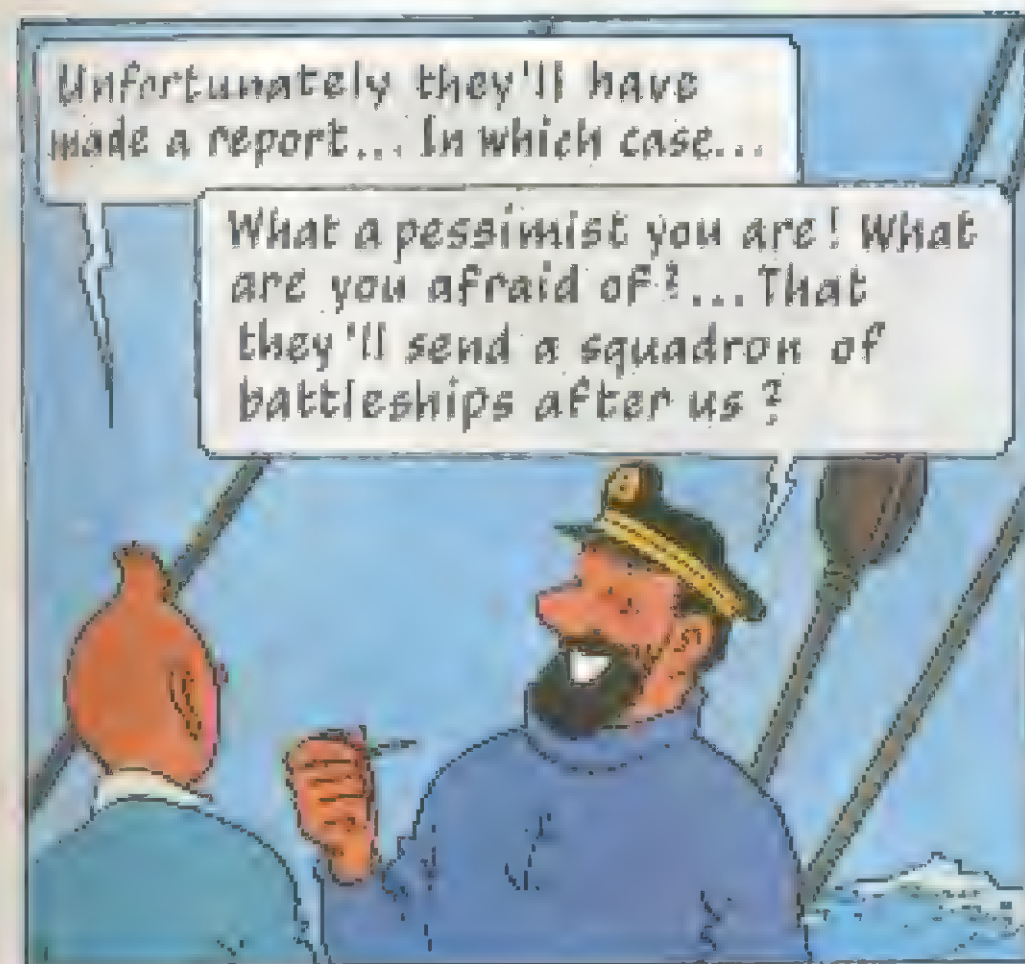


At dawn...

Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!

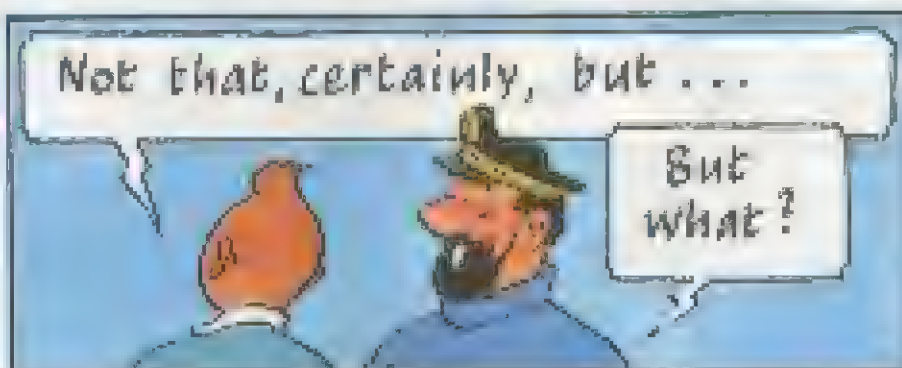


Ha! ha! ha! I was thinking of those twopenny-halfpenny coastguards galloping headlong! Anyone'd think they were trying to break the sound barrier!



Unfortunately they'll have made a report... In which case...

What a pessimist you are! What are you afraid of?... That they'll send a squadron of battleships after us?



Not that, certainly, but...

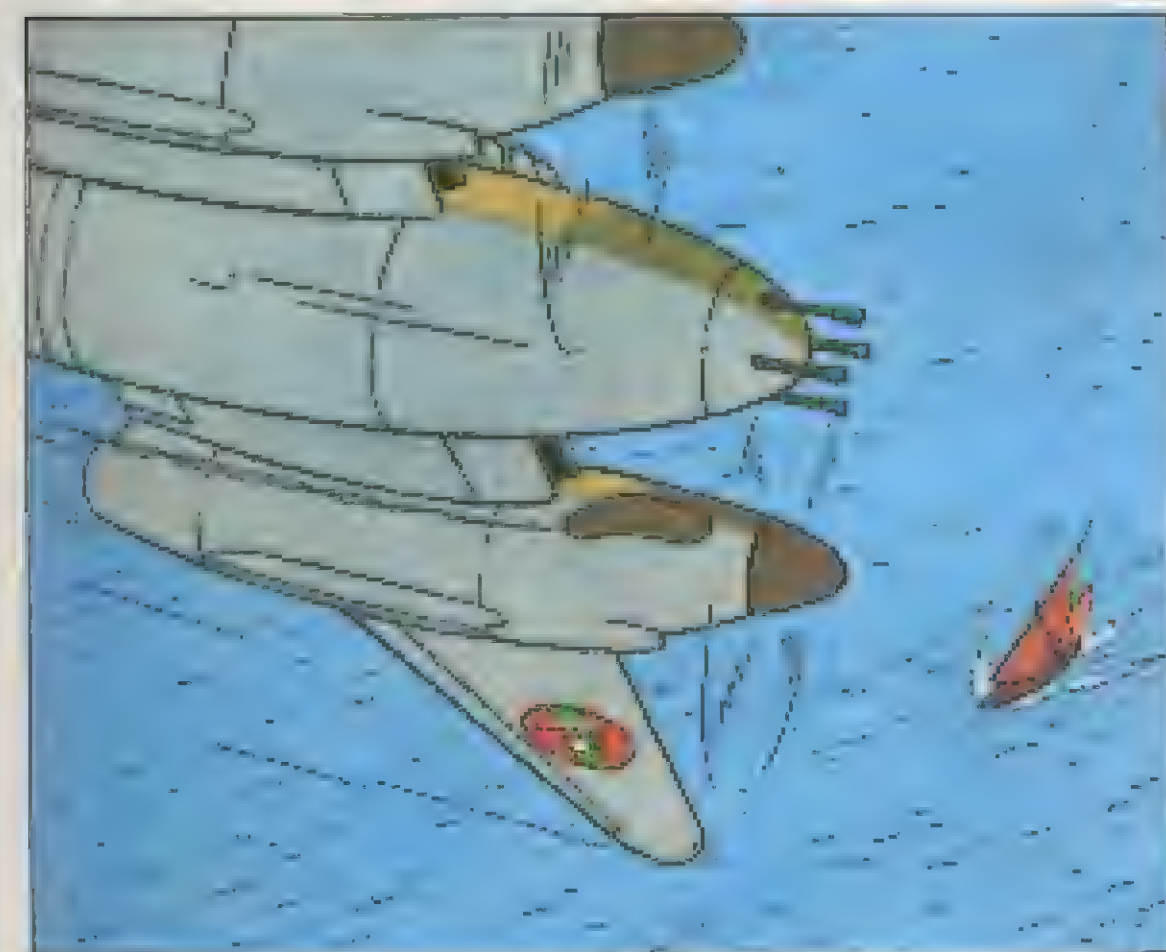
But what?



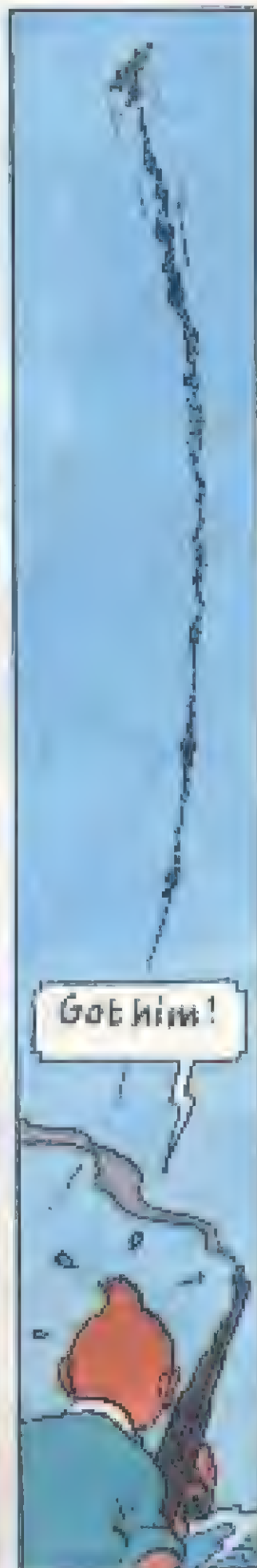
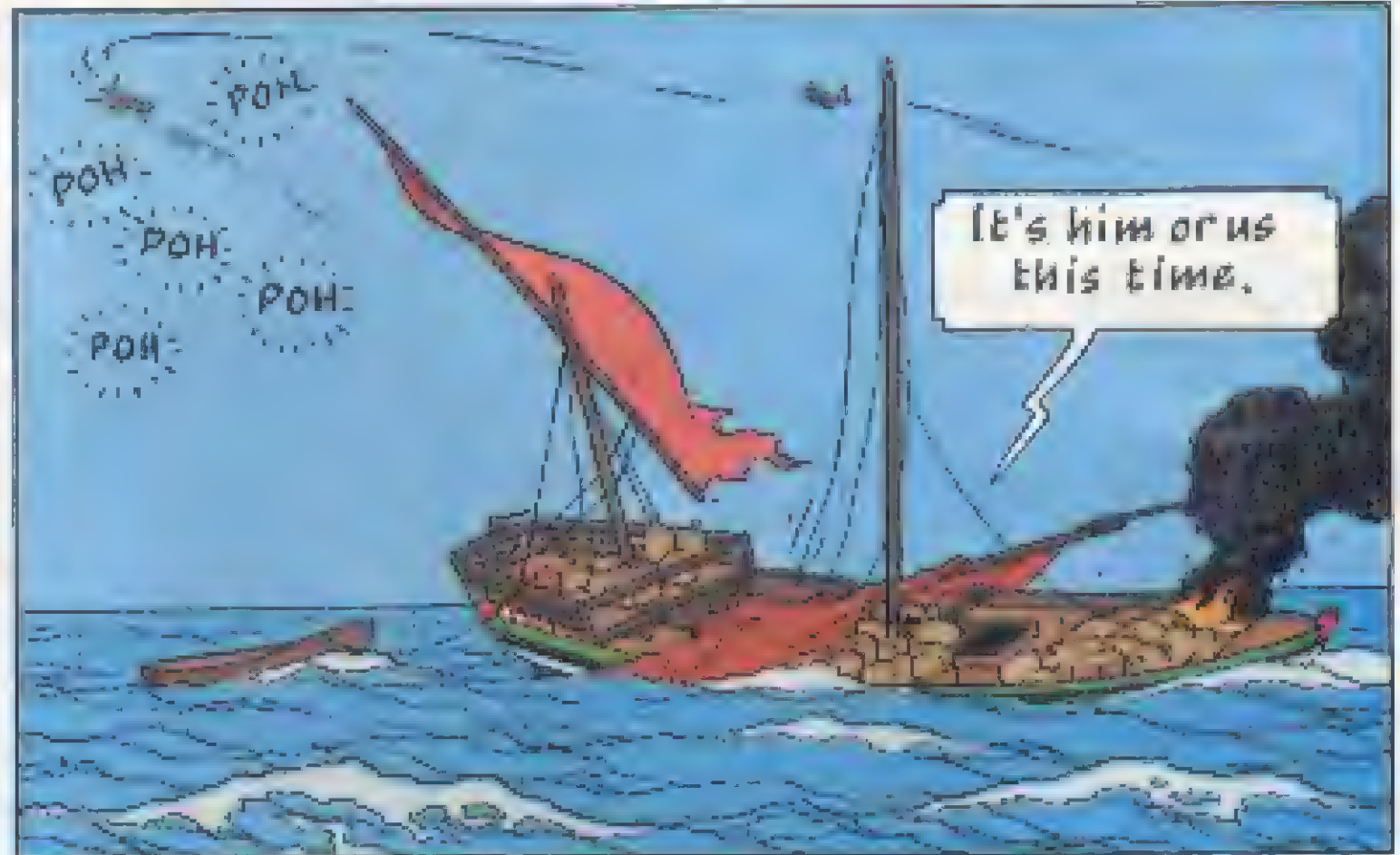
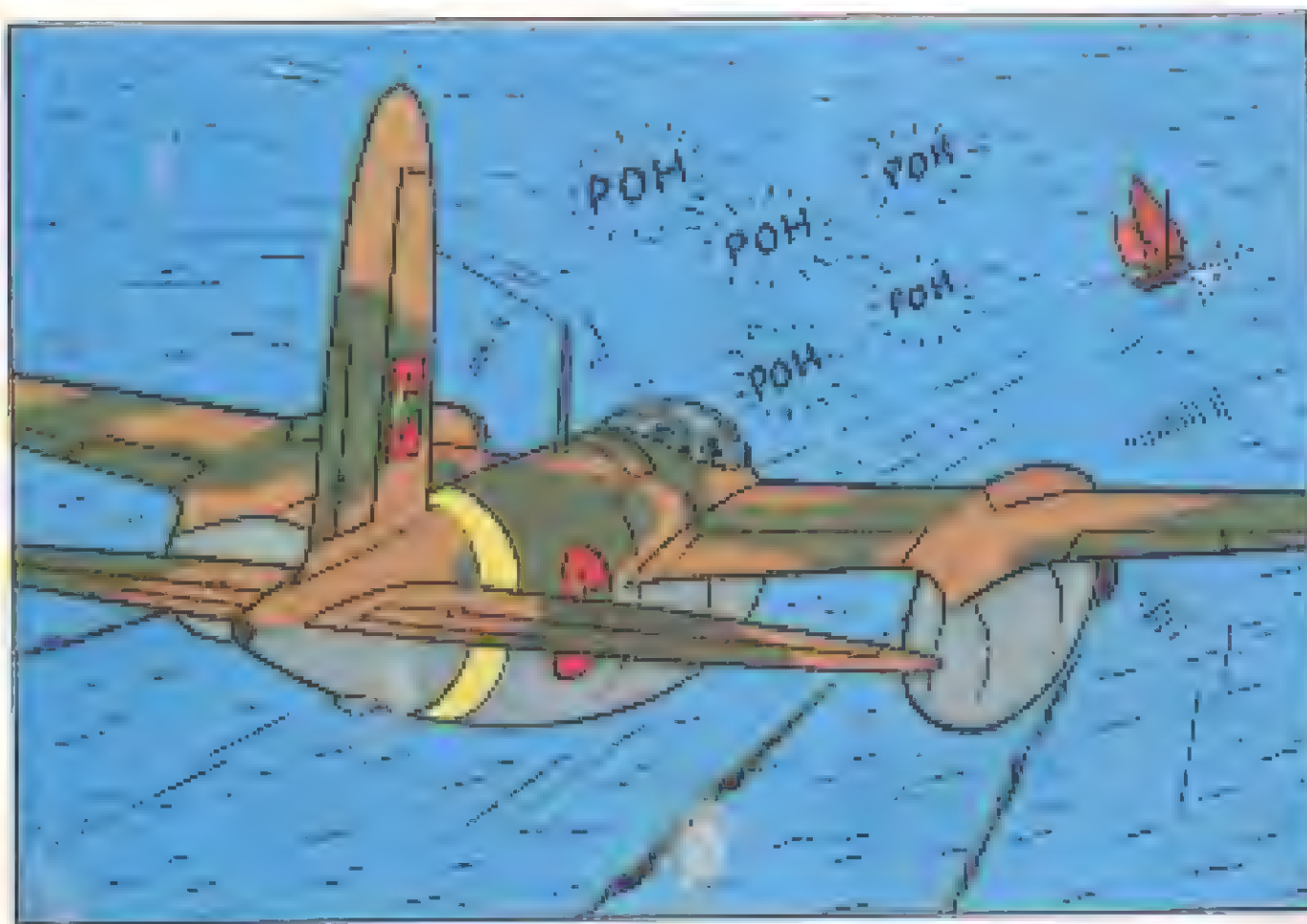
Over there, Captain!... That's just what I feared!



Thundering typhoons! Mosquitoes!



They're coming back!... This is going to be hot! ...Everybody down!



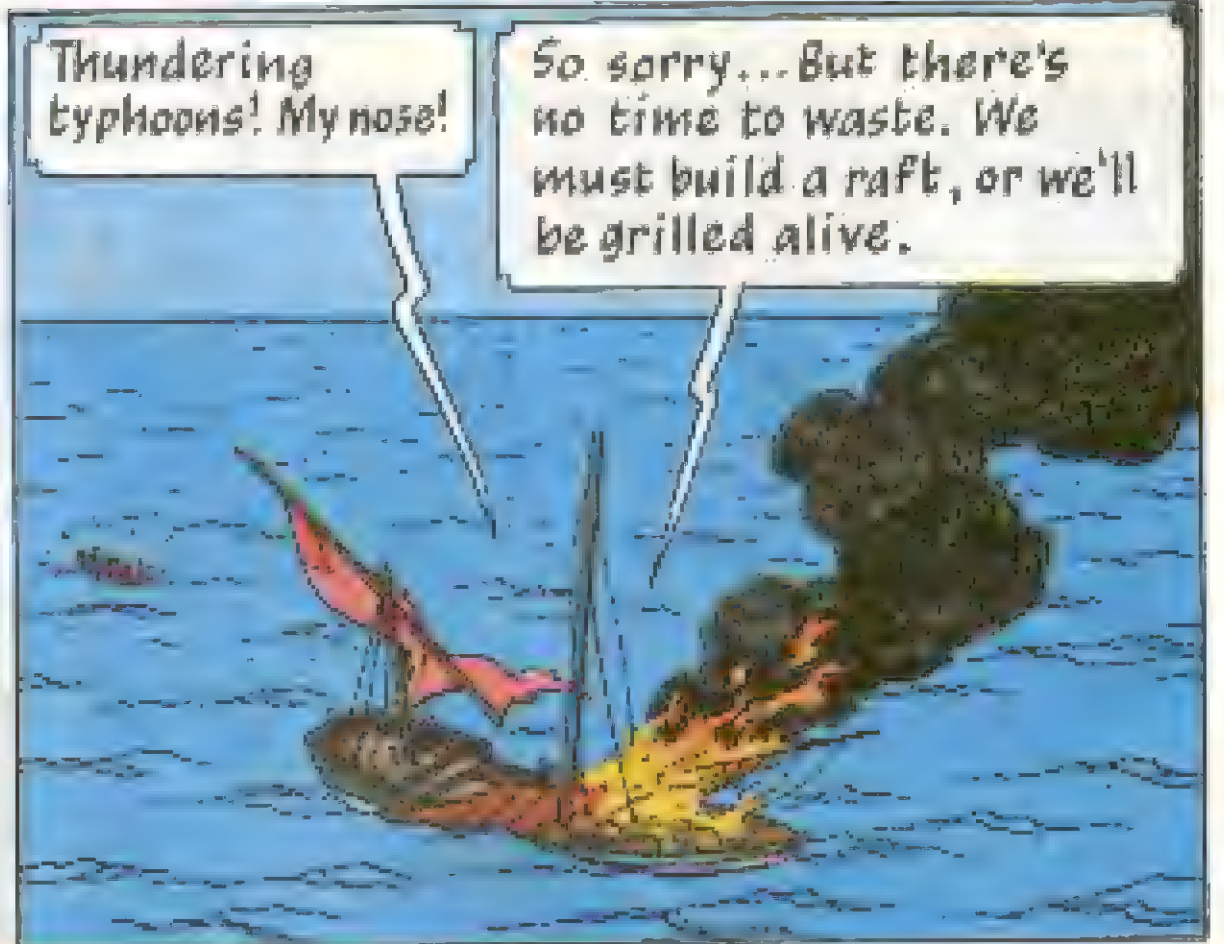


I don't know what happened... Some coward hit me from behind.

But who?... We're on our own. The crew have taken the boat and made off.

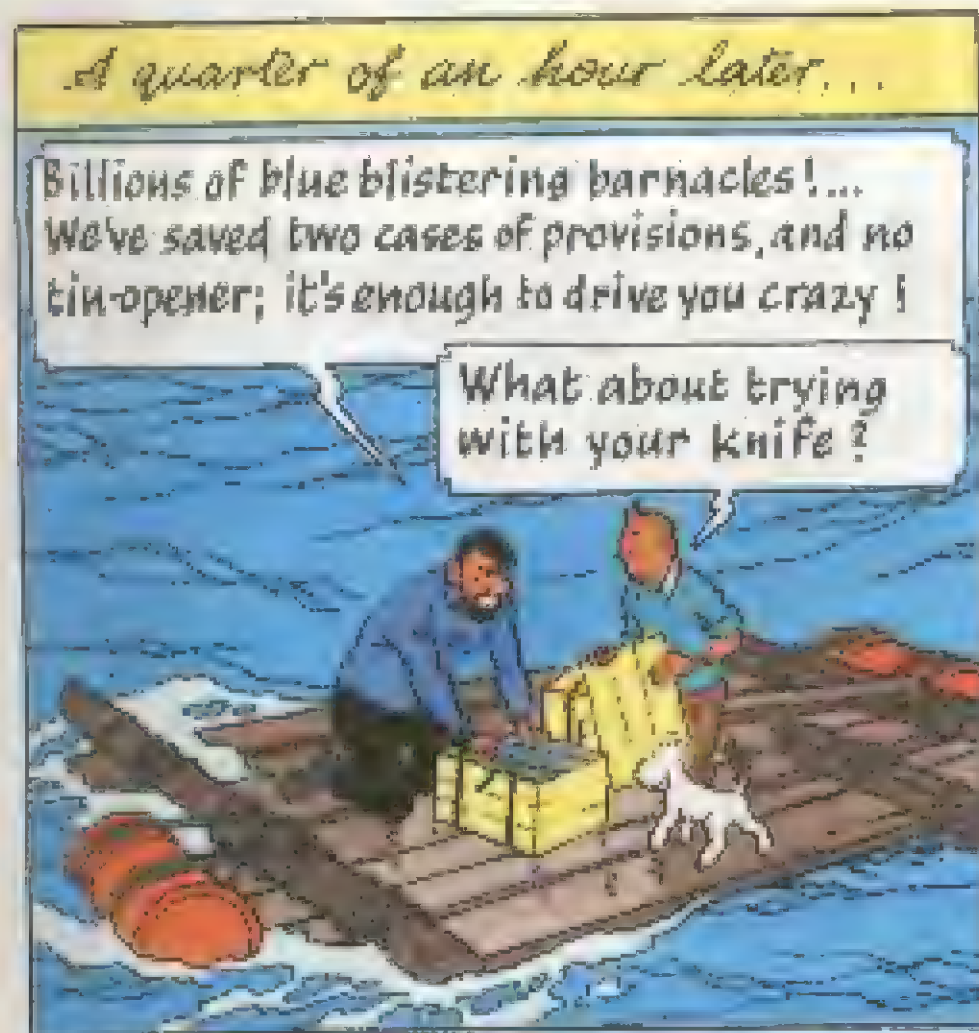


Quick, get down... That's what knocked you out!



Thundering typhoons! My nose!

So sorry... But there's no time to waste. We must build a raft, or we'll be grilled alive.



A quarter of an hour later...

Billions of blue blistering barnacles!... We've saved two cases of provisions, and no tin-opener; it's enough to drive you crazy!

What about trying with your knife?



Oh! There's the pilot from the plane we shot down!

Him!!! Let him take care of himself... Er... Is he far away?



No, quite near. Here, help me rescue him.



You've done a good job, eh? You trigger-happy thug! Who are you, anyway? What's your name?

Skut.



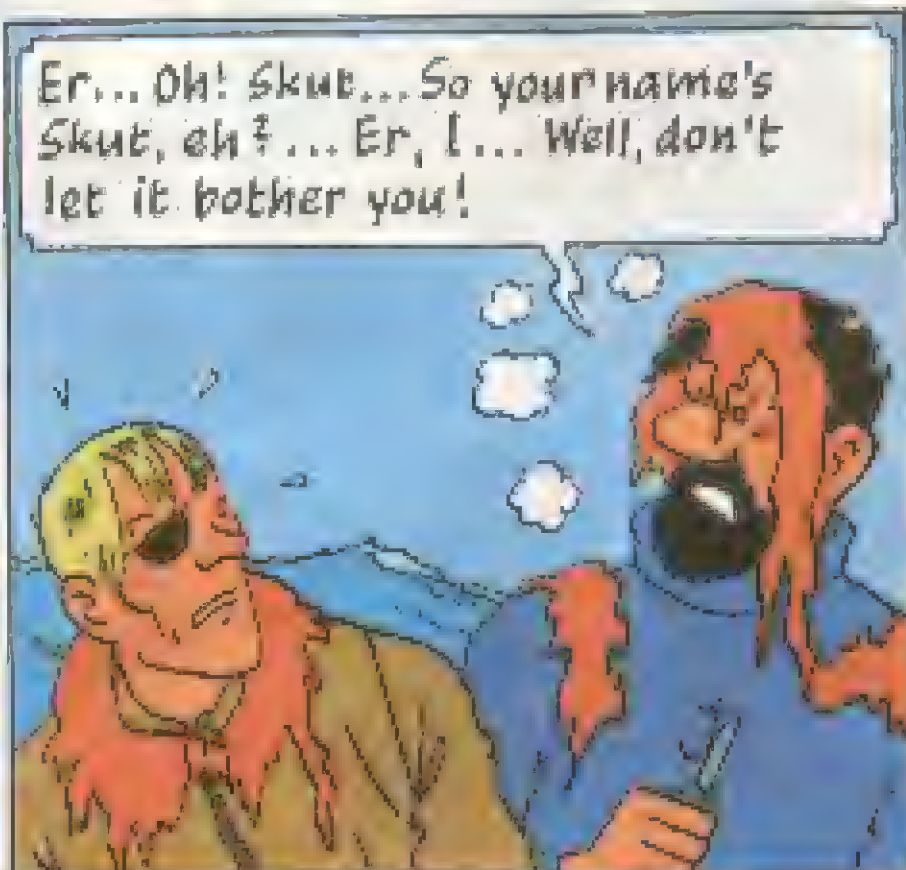
What do you mean, scoot? I'll teach you manners, you blithering bombardier. I'll soon deflate you! Ectoplasm!

But...but...my name Skut... Piotr Skut... Me Esthonian...

Look out!... Mind your knife!



Er... Oh! Skut... So your name's Skut, eh?... Er, I... Well, don't let it bother you!



Meanwhile...

Hello! hello!... This is R3KO... This is R3KO calling K6VM... Over.



Hello! Hello! This is K6VM... This is K6VM... Come in R3KO... Come in... Over.

Meanwhile...

May I have the pleasure of this samba, Princess?

But of course, Marquis.



What an ideal yacht for a cruise!



The "Scheherazade" is certainly a wonderful ship... And what a good idea to have a fancy-dress ball on board... Ma-a-arvellous!



Excuse me, my lord, there is a radio call for you... It's urgent...

Very well. I'm coming.



You see, dear lady? Business, always business. I am indeed a slave... Will you forgive me?

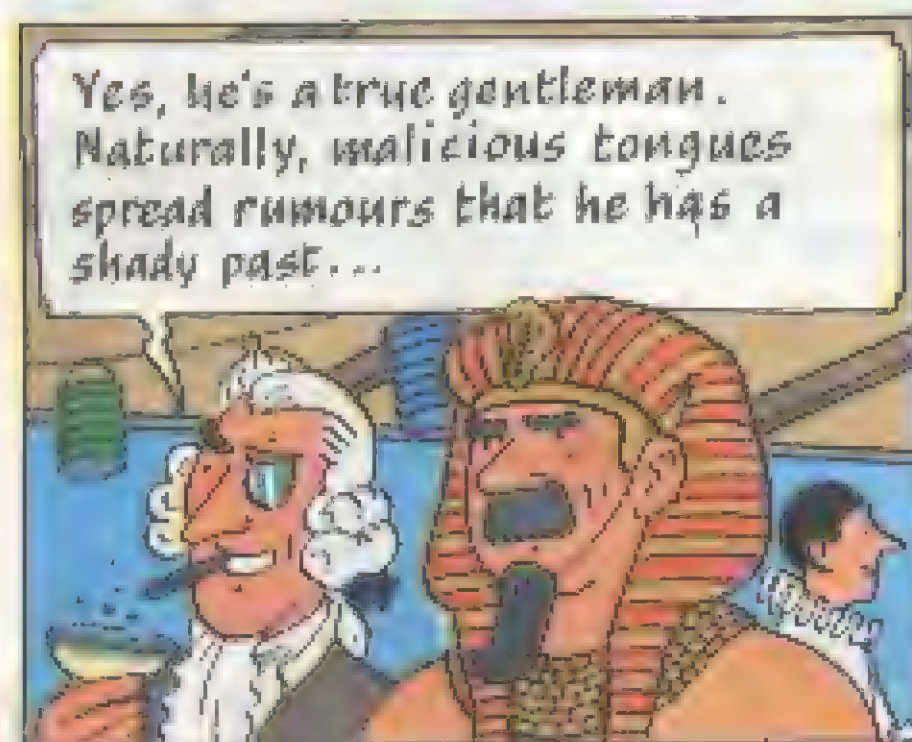
Don't give it a thought.



What an entrancing host he is. This cruise aboard the "Scheherazade" is really too enchanting!



Yes, he's a true gentleman. Naturally, malicious tongues spread rumours that he has a shady past...



It's only to be expected that such luxury arouses envy. One must admit...

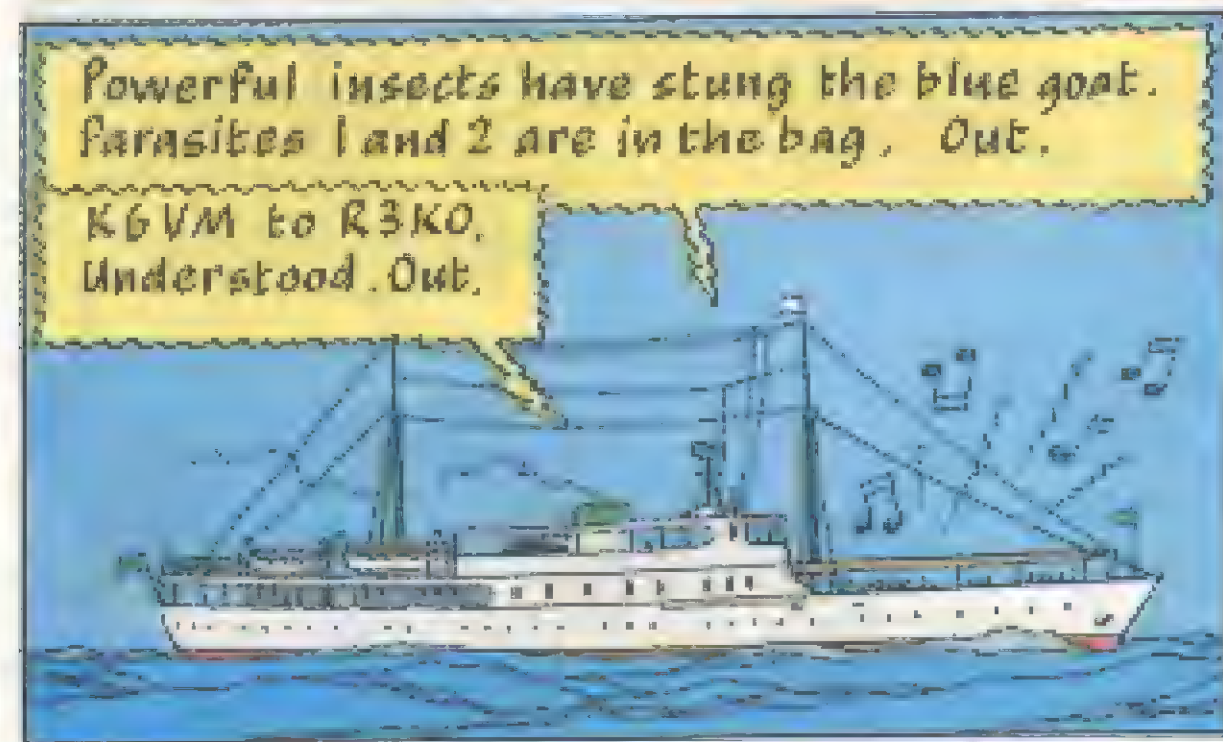


Hello! Hello! K6 VM calling R3KO... Transmit in code... Over.



Powerful insects have stung the blue goat. Parasites 1 and 2 are in the bag. Out.

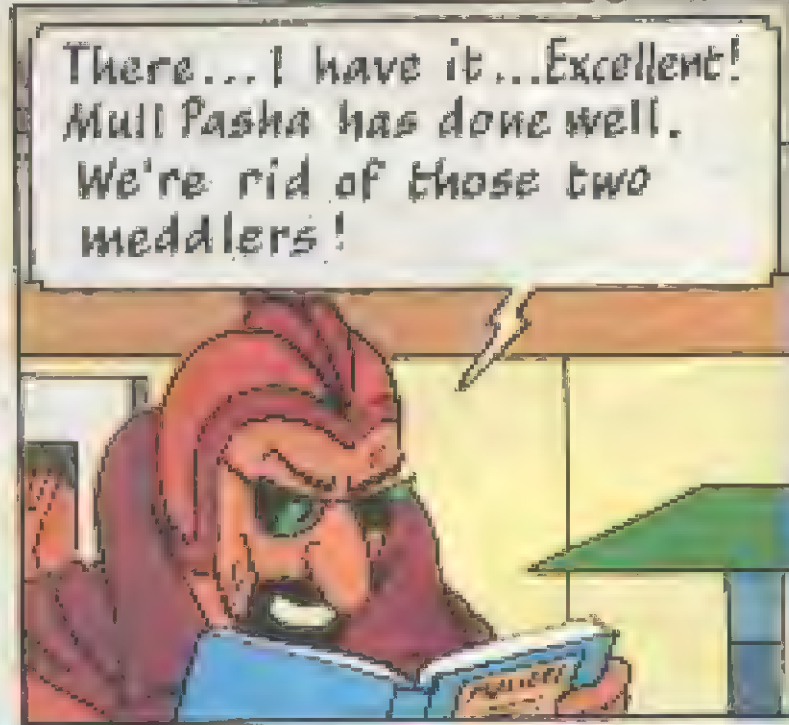
K6 VM to R3KO. Understood. Out.



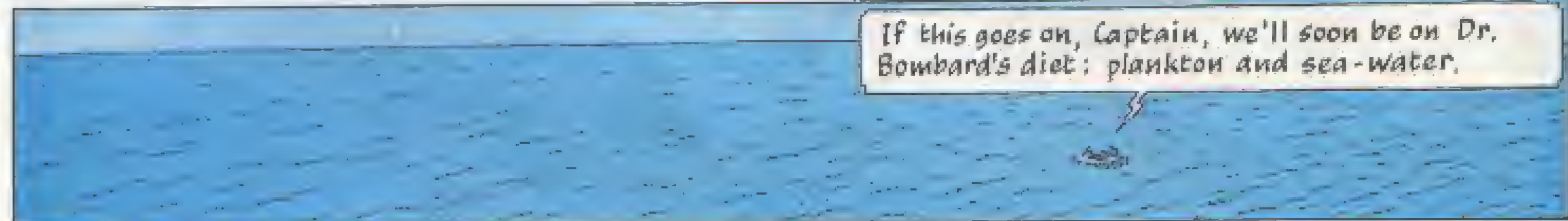
Good... Now for the book, and we'll decode this. Parasites 1 and 2 - I know who they are!



There... I have it... Excellent! Mull Pasha has done well. We're rid of those two meddlers!



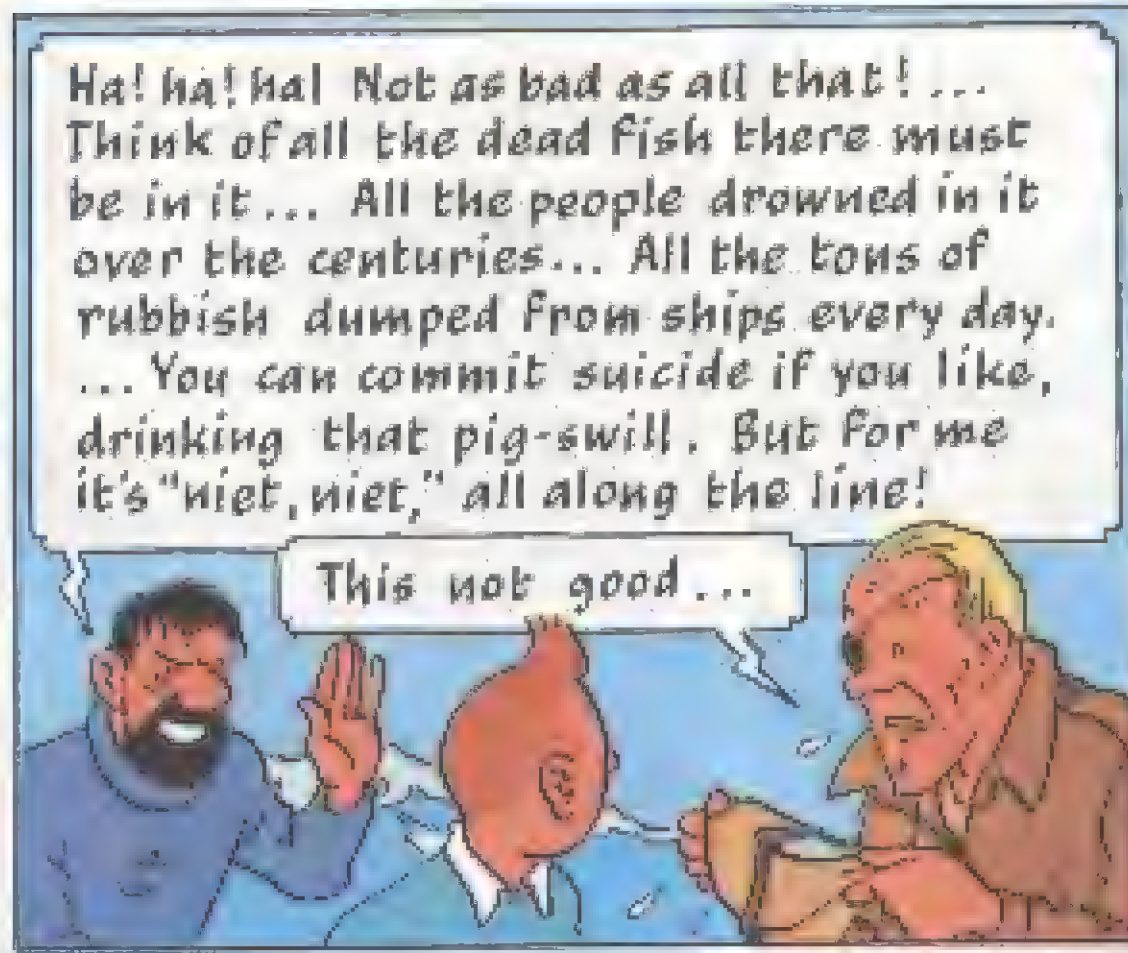
If this goes on, Captain, we'll soon be on Dr. Bombard's diet: plankton and sea-water.





Me? ... Drink sea-water? ... Are you out of your mind?

Try some, Captain. It's not as bad as all that.



Ha! ha! ha! Not as bad as all that! ... Think of all the dead fish there must be in it ... All the people drowned in it over the centuries ... All the tons of rubbish dumped from ships every day. ... You can commit suicide if you like, drinking that pig-swill. But for me it's "niet, niet," all along the line!

This not good ...



Besides ... Besides ...



Besides ... Besides ...



YIPPEEE



There! ... A ship! ... Saved!



A ship ... Just when you've swallowed that liquid manure! Ha! ha! ha! What a scream!

A ship! It's true!



Ha! ha! ha! This'll be the death of me!



Let's hope ... let's hope they spot us!



SPLOSH

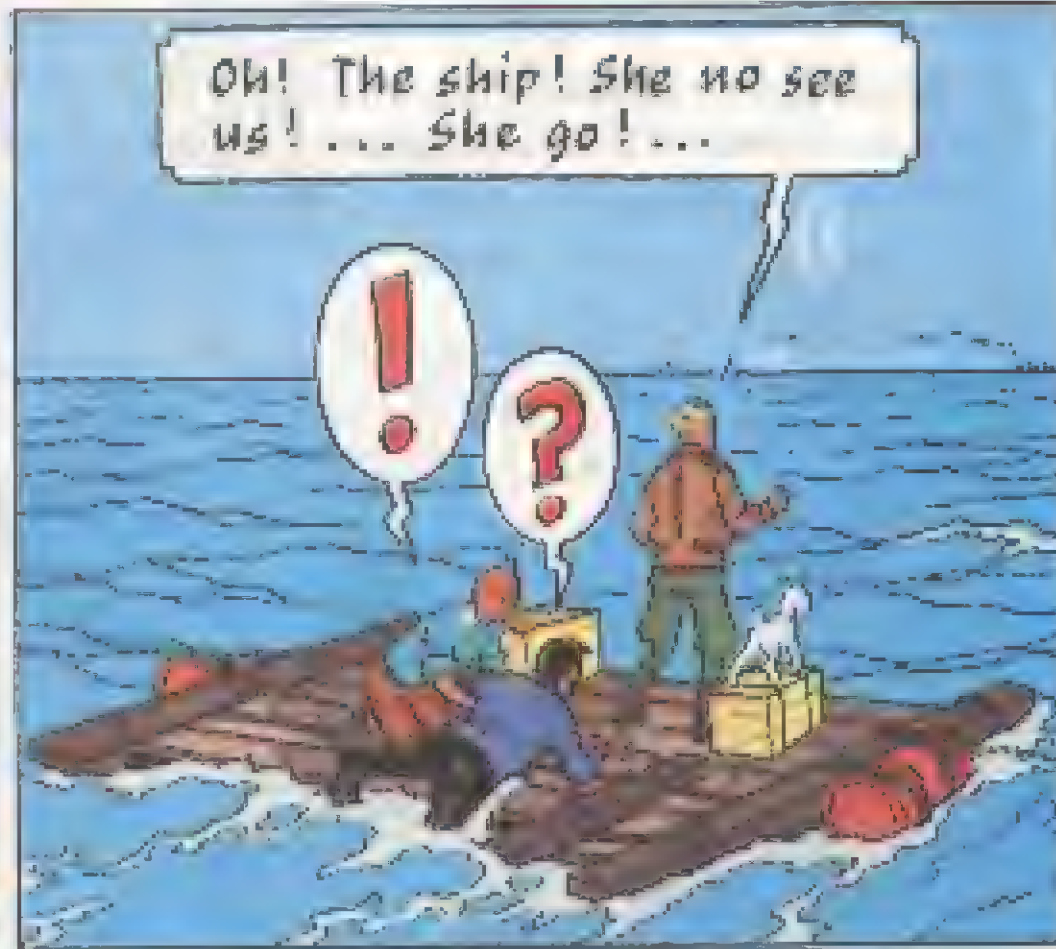


Who wasn't going to drink any sea-water? That'll teach him!

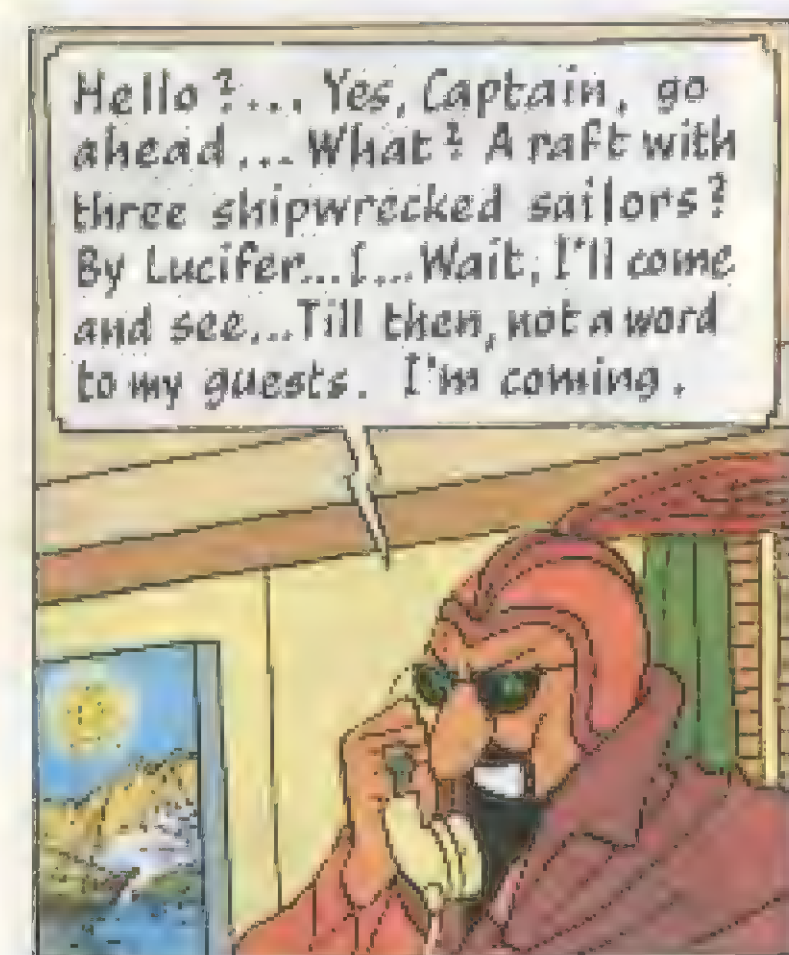


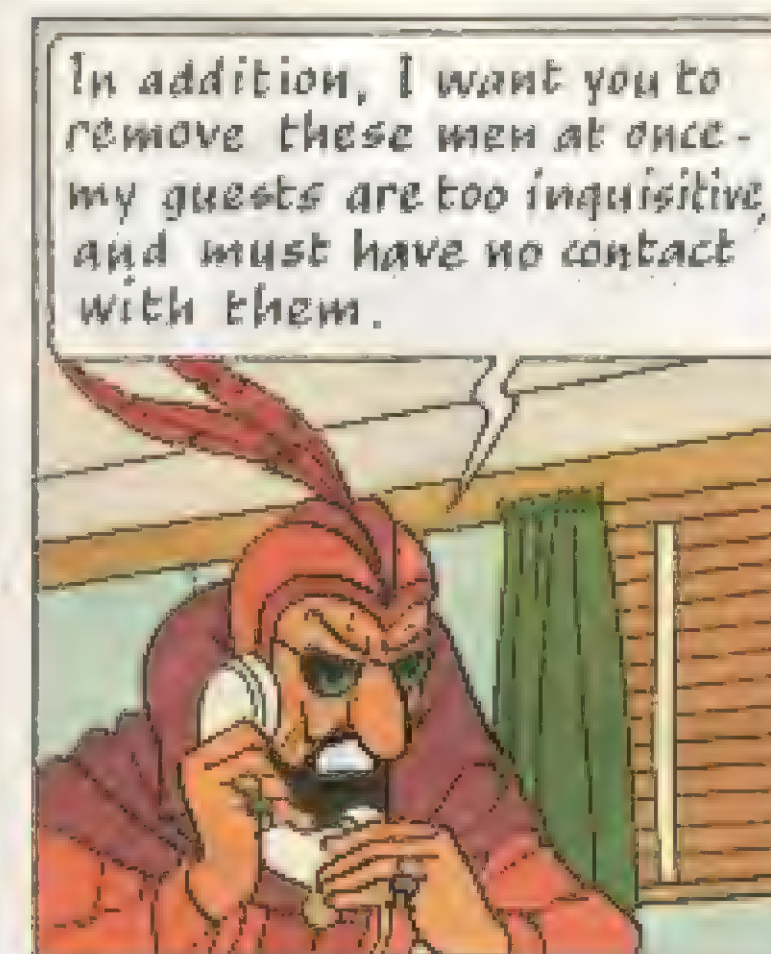
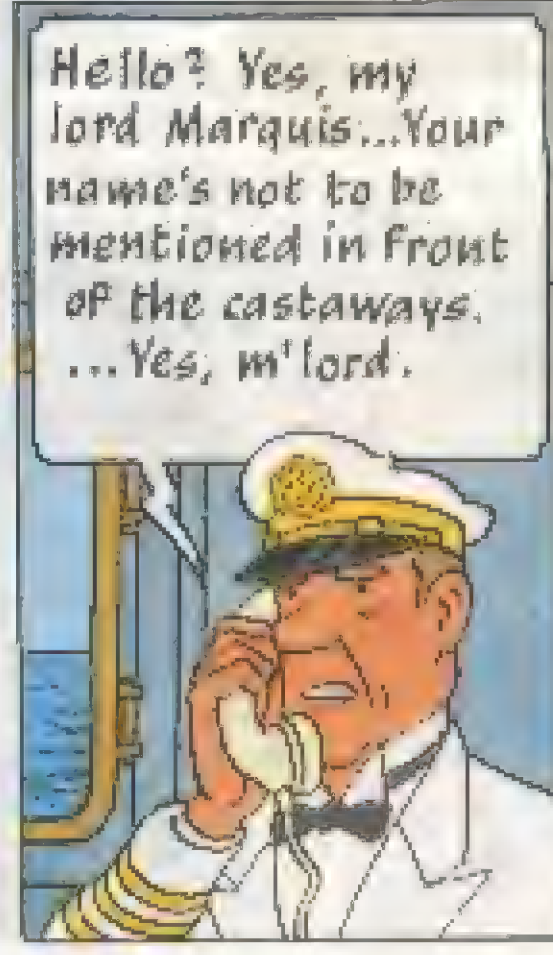
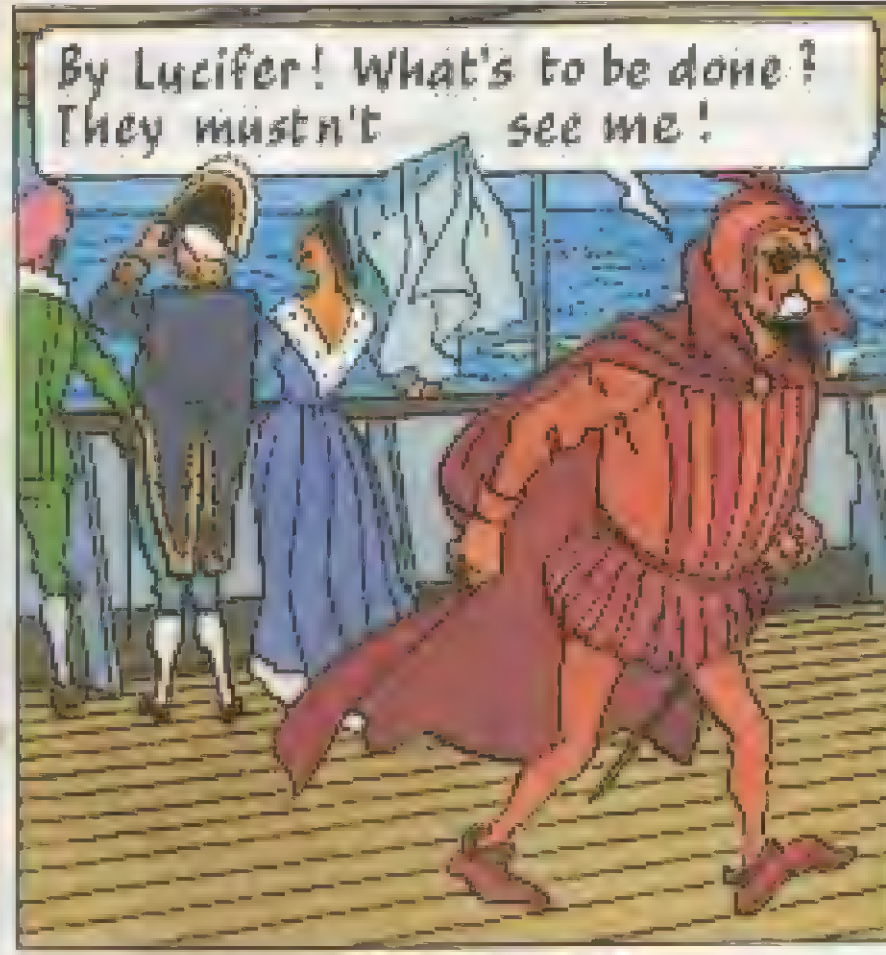
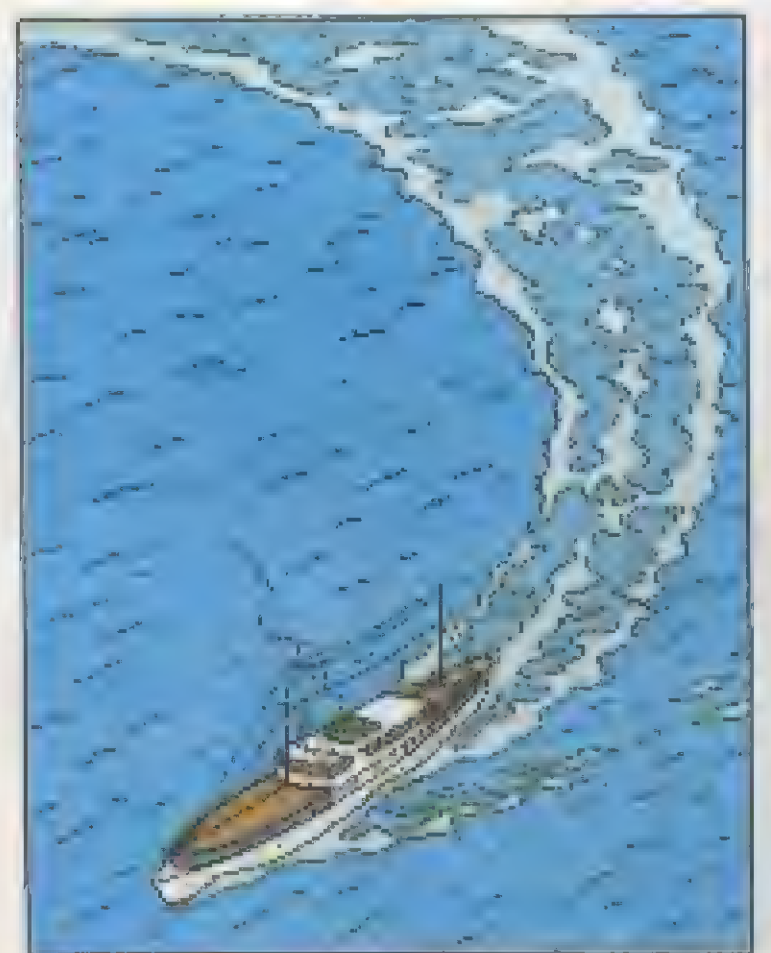
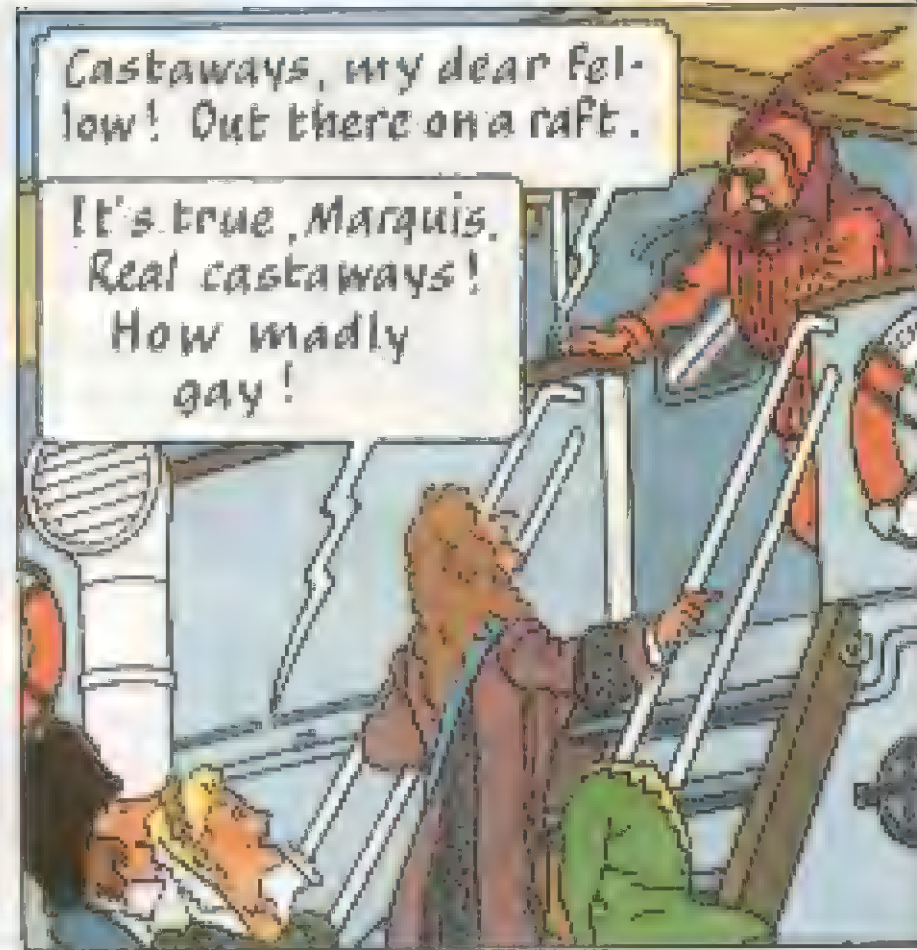
So you decided to have some after all!

Me? Not on your life! ... Not a drop! ... Glub!



Oh! The ship! She no see us! ... She go! ...





Thundering typhoons! What a magnificent yacht! Whose is she? ... Hey, are they having a carnival on board?



Almost... A fancy-dress ball... And what a bunch they are: high society, I can tell you; nothing but dukes, duchesses and film stars - all the nobles.



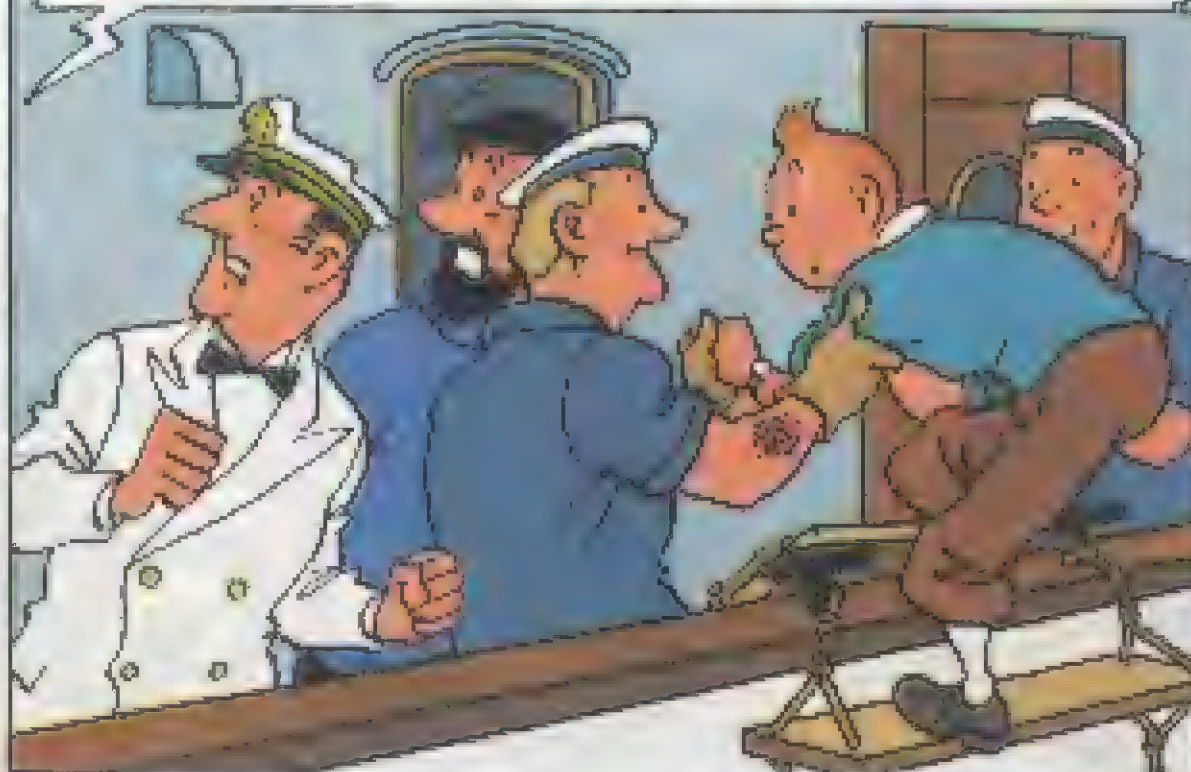
Per la Madonna! Can you believe it!... It's Tintin, and his friend the deep-sea fisherman, Paddock.



I must go and welcome them. Art must embrace the children of Adventure!



In the name of the Marquis di Gorgonzola, welcome aboard, carissime mie!



Signora Castafiore!... Run for it! What shall we do?... Hop back on the raft?

My dear Tintin!



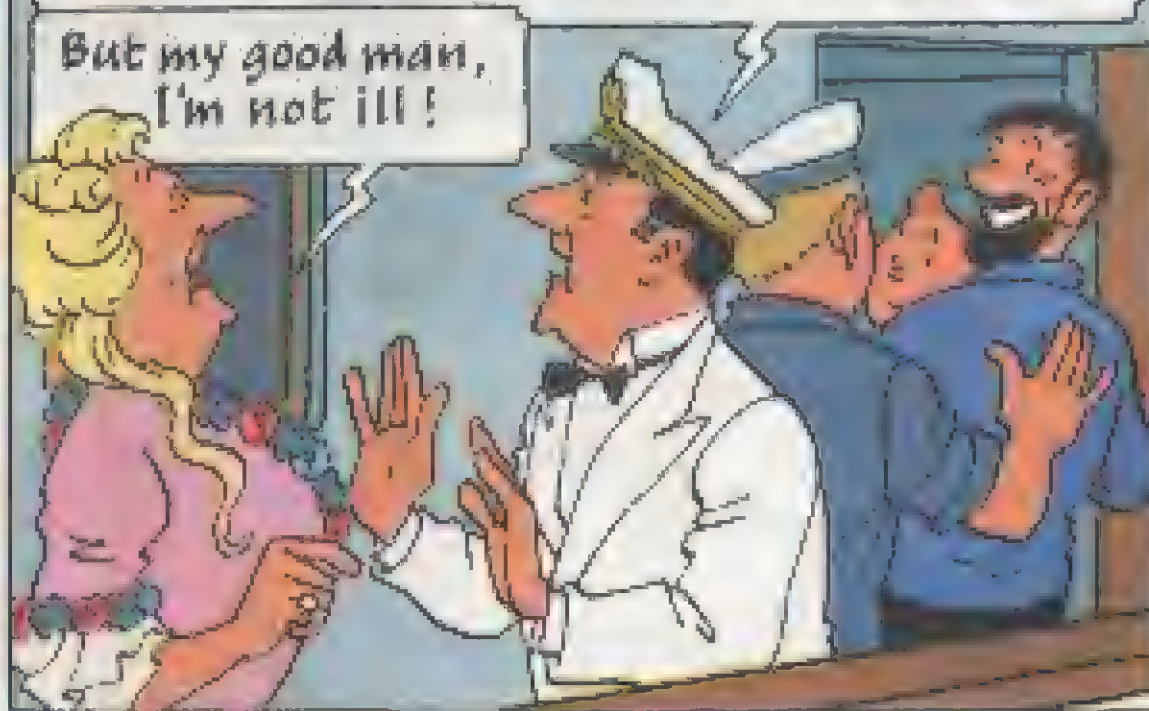
Delighted to see you again, my dear Paddock...er...Harrock.

...in roll, Signora Castafiore! Harrock'n-roll!



I'm so sorry, Signora, but his lordship has given orders: these poor men are completely exhausted. And then...there's the risk of infection, you know.

But my good man, I'm not ill!



A little later...

Well, Parker, have you questioned them?

Yes, m'lord. They were aboard a sambuk, being taken to Mecca...



... This morning, their boat was machine-gunned and set on fire by aircraft from Khemed. After shooting down one of the planes, they made themselves a raft. They then rescued the pilot of the aircraft.

Well done, Parker. Thank you.



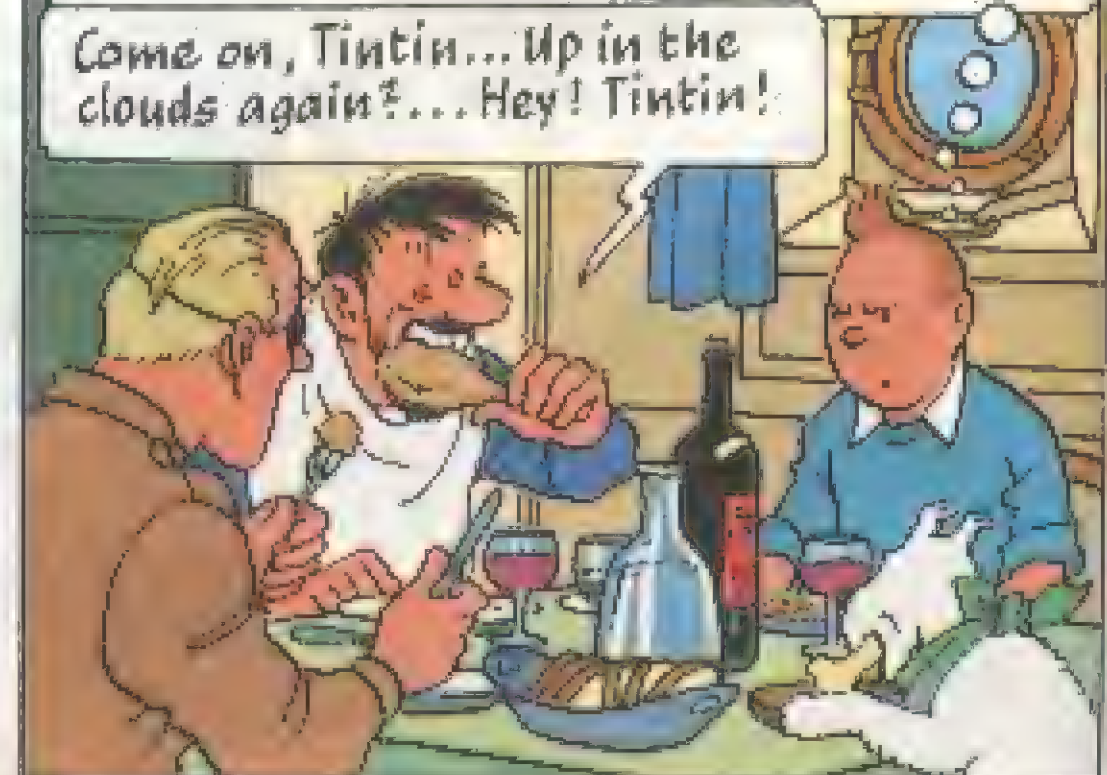
If your lordship will pardon me, I think I should mention that Signora Castafiore, who knows the two castaways, welcomed them in your lordship's name.

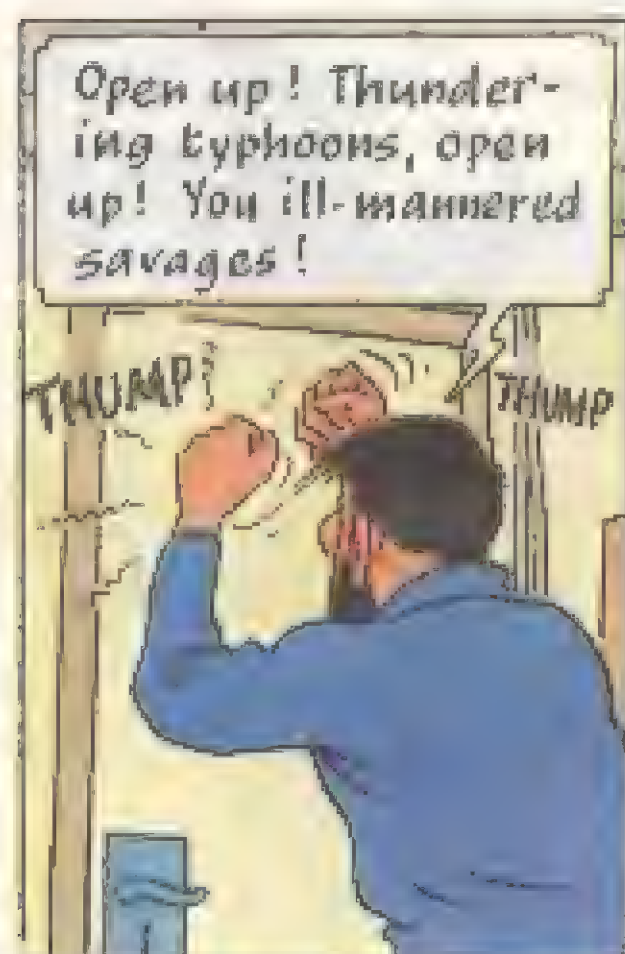
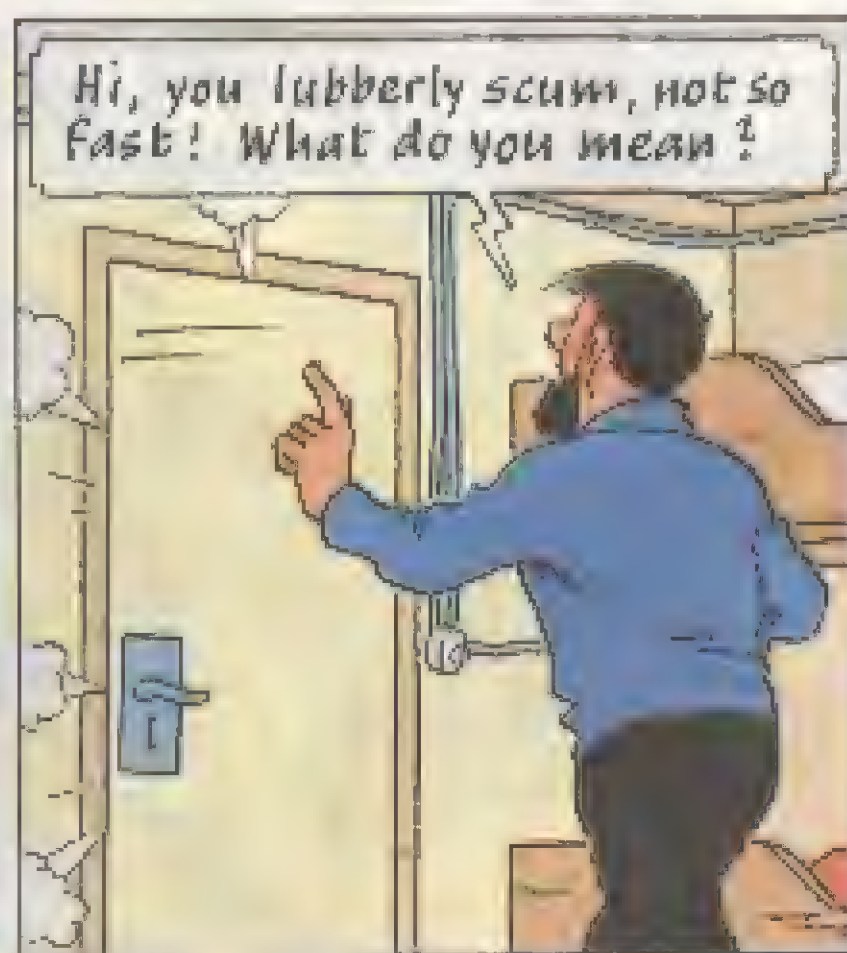
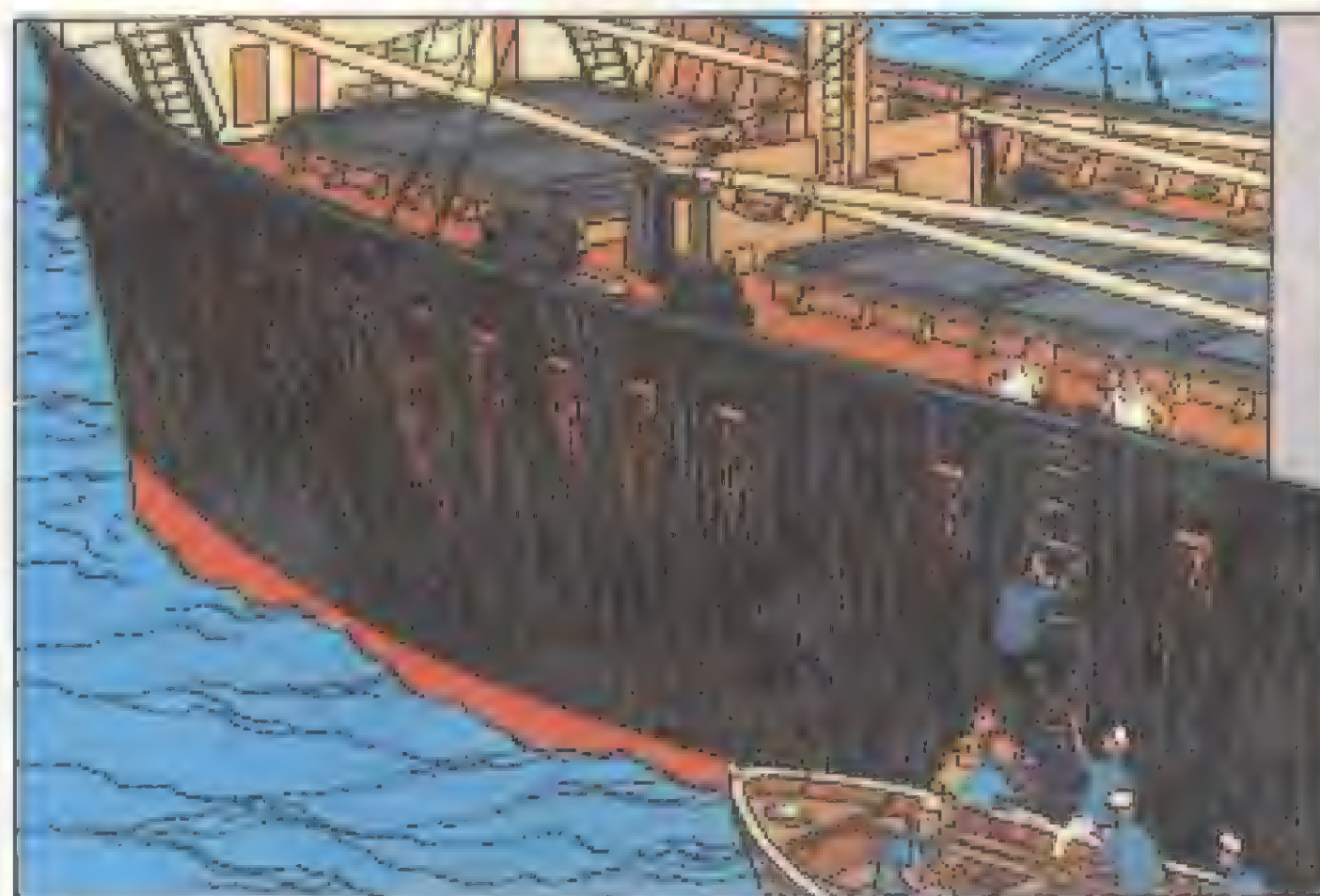
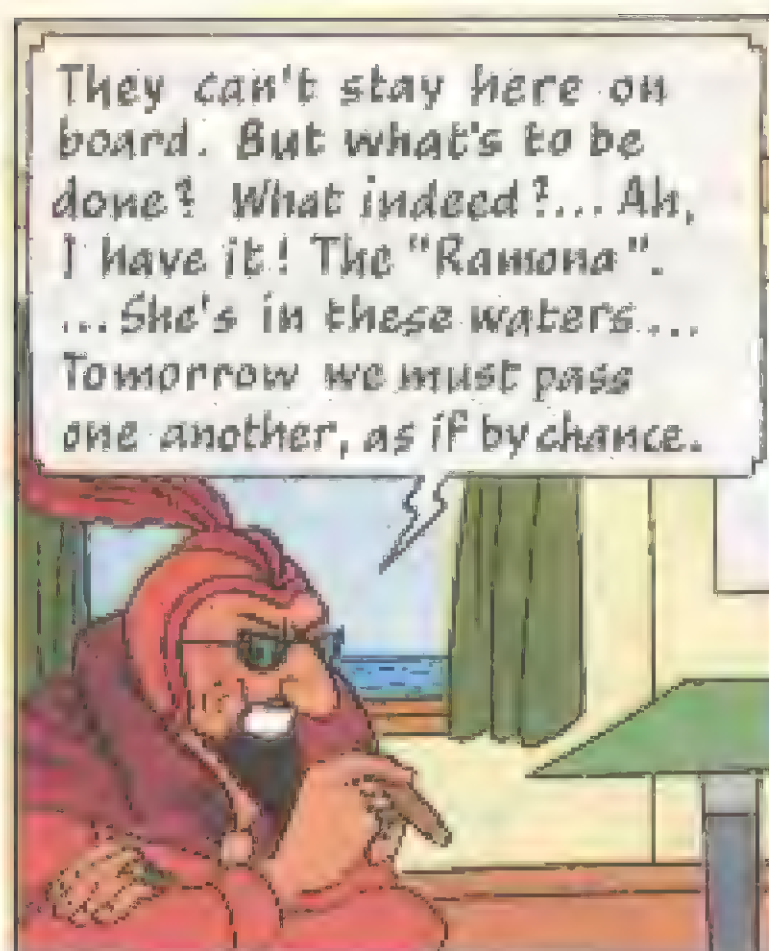
Diavolo!



The Marquis di Gorgonzola's yacht!... It's fantastic... I must be dreaming.

Come on, Tintin... Up in the clouds again?... Hey! Tintin!

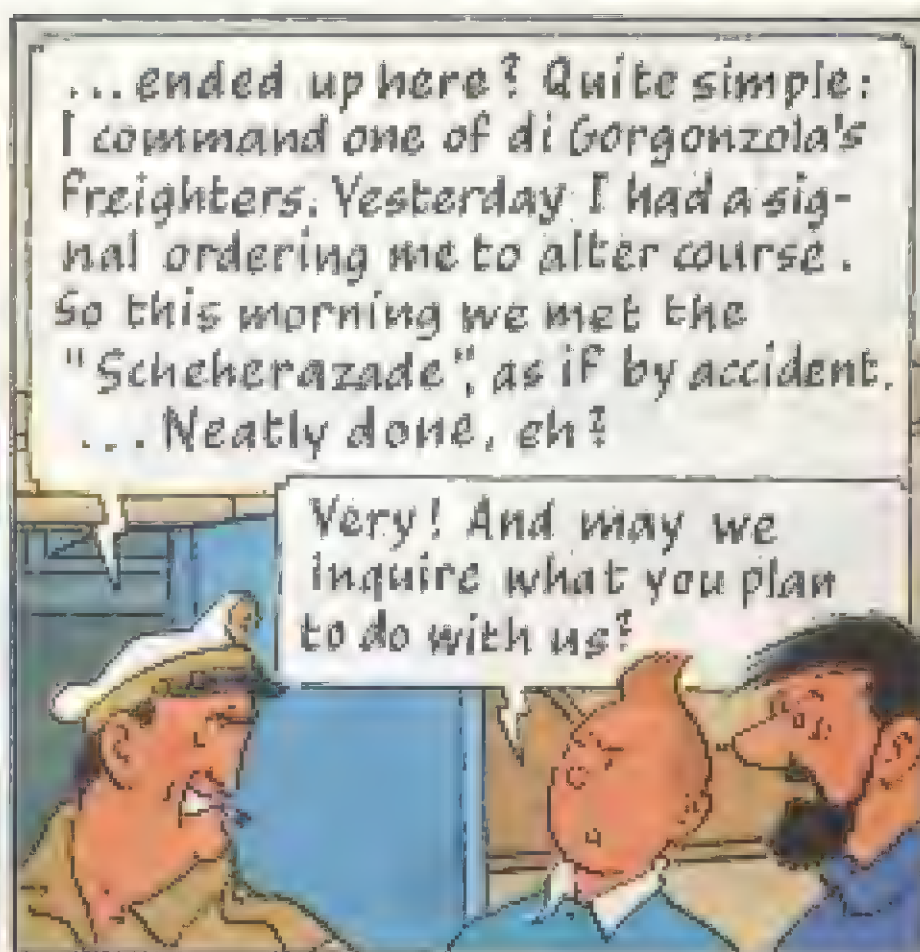






This is a happy reunion, eh, old bottle-nose? We must have a drink on it.

Allan! What's going on? How have we ...



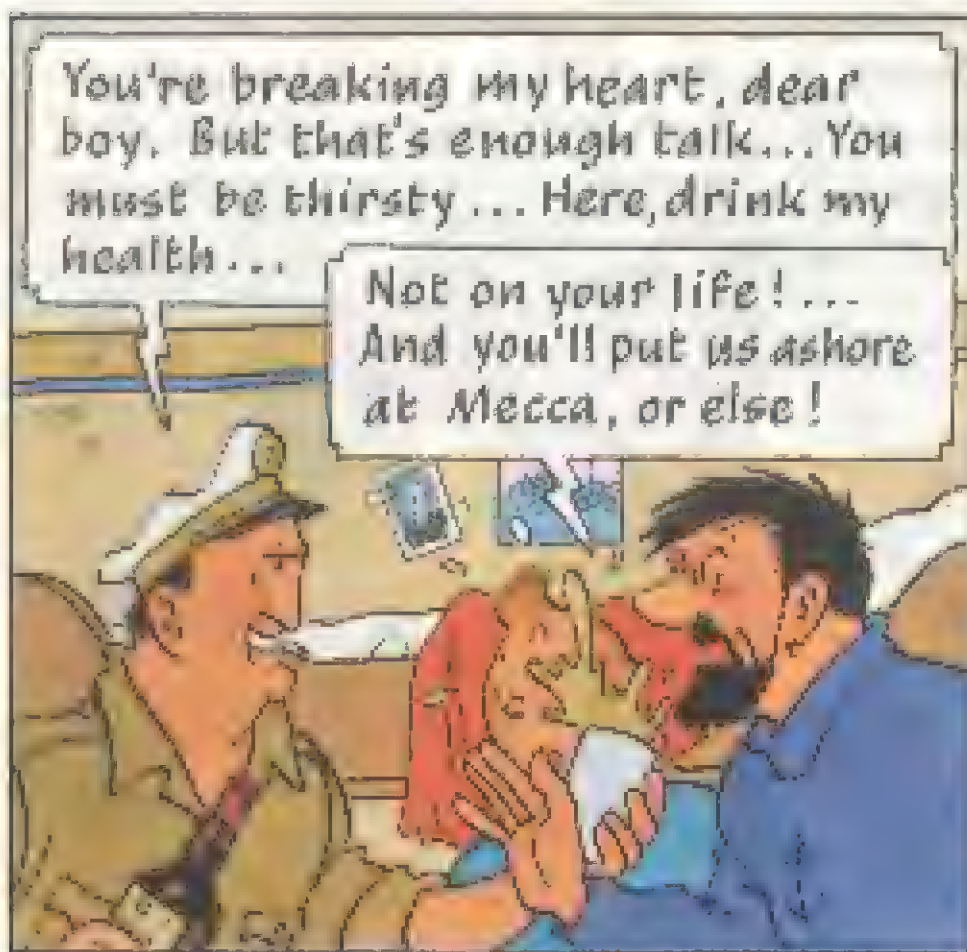
... ended up here? Quite simple: I command one of di Gorgonzola's freighters. Yesterday I had a signal ordering me to alter course. So this morning we met the "Scheherazade", as if by accident. ... Neatly done, eh?

Very! And may we inquire what you plan to do with us?



If you're sensible, you'll be put ashore. But not at Mecca... At Wadesdah!

Wadesdah! But that's murder! Sheik Bab El Ehr has put a price on our heads ...



You're breaking my heart, dear boy. But that's enough talk... You must be thirsty... Here, drink my health...

Not on your life! ... And you'll put us ashore at Mecca, or else!



Or else what? ... Ha! ha! ha! ... I advise you to behave yourselves. Don't forget we're in the Red Sea, and there's no shortage of sharks... You get me? ... Now, like a big-hearted chap, I'll leave this bottle to console you.



'Bye for now! ... We dock the day after tomorrow. So you've plenty of time to solve one important question: do you sleep with your beard under or over the sheet?



Ha! ha! ha! ... That's a good one! His beard!

Yes, he won't sleep a wink tonight!



Over? ... No, not that way ...

Under? ... Blistering barnacles! Not that way either!



Stay! ... Once a drunkard, ...

... always a drunkard!



Go on! Just a little sip...

Well, why not?





Over?...



To Beelzebub with the bed-clothes! I'm too hot anyway!



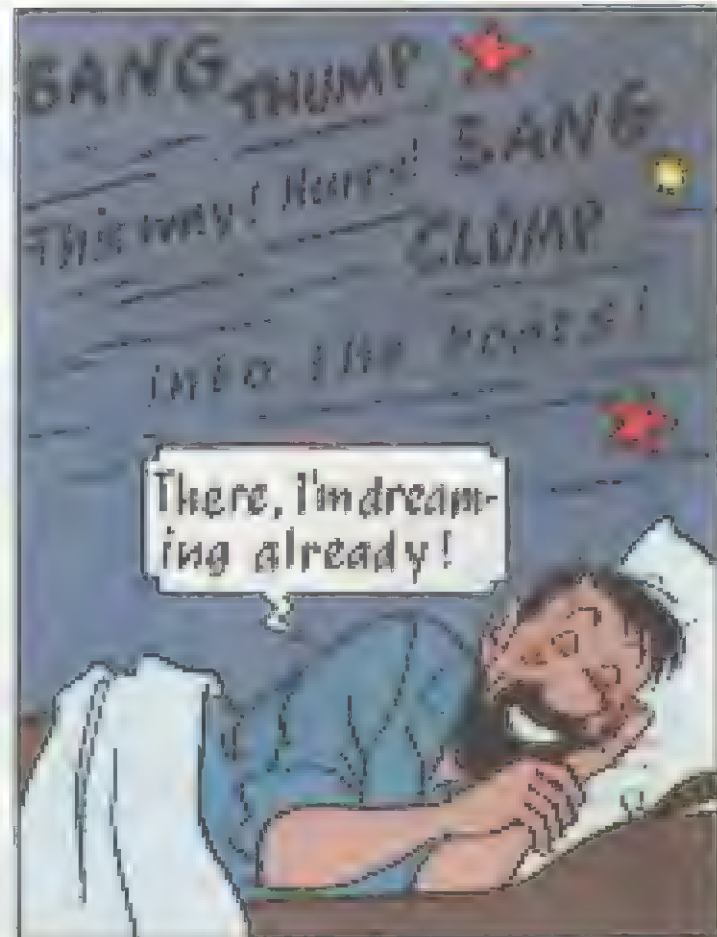
There... That's the answer!



Under?...

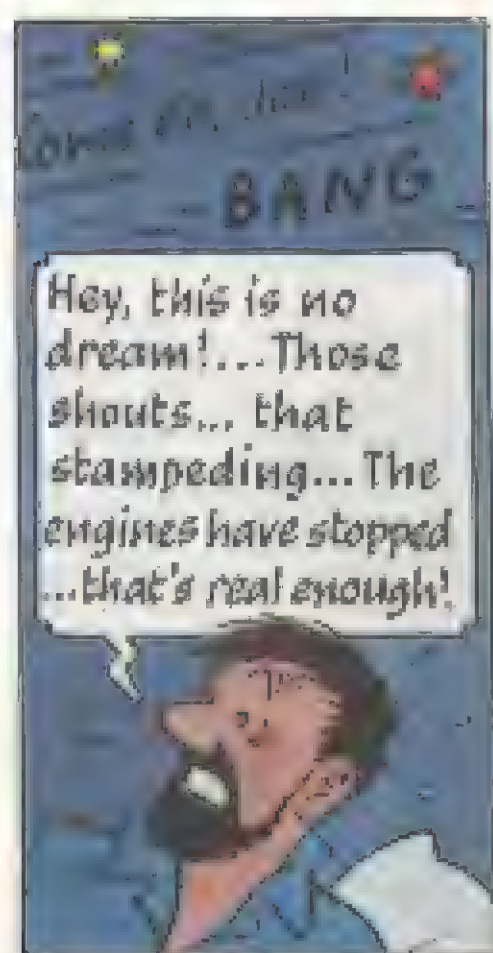


Now for some sleep...at last.



BANG THUMP
This way! Hurry! BANG
CLUMP
into the boots!

There, I'm dreaming already!



Hey, this is no dream!... Those shouts... that stampeding... The engines have stopped... that's real enough!



Show a leg, there!

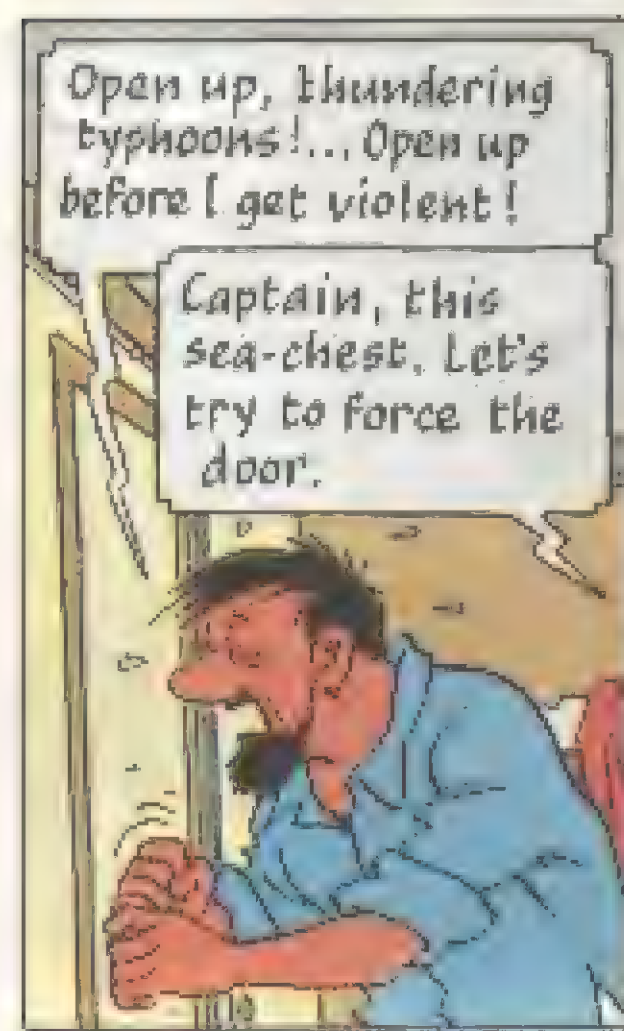


?



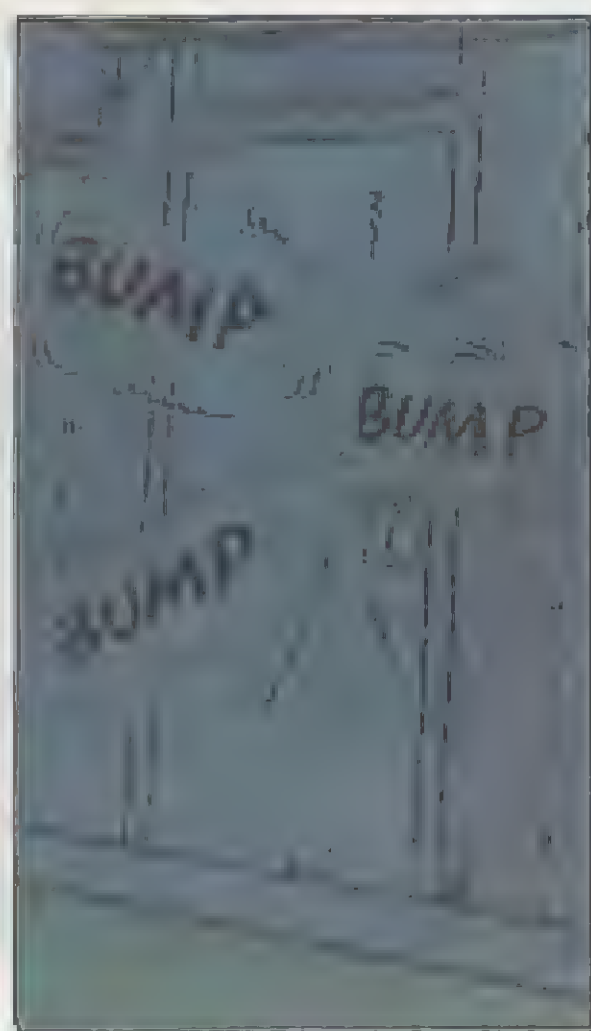
Did... did you fall out of your bunk?

Where d'you think I came from?... Mars?... Blistering barnacles, get up!... I think that bunch of rats are abandoning ship!



Open up, thundering typhoons!... Open up before I get violent!

Captain, this sea-chest. Let's try to force the door.

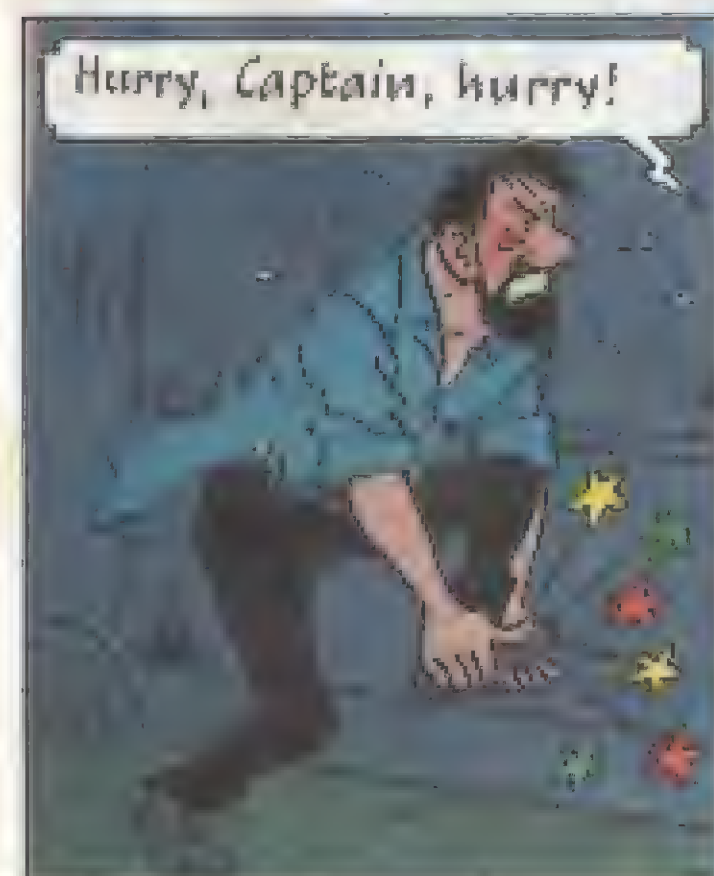


BUMP
BUMP
BUMP



YEOW!

Quick, let's see what's happening.



Hurry, Captain, hurry!



Thundering typhoons! The ship's on fire!



Keep it up, boys! Row hard! She'll blow up any minute.



Wreckers!... Pirates! ... Fili-busters!... Picaroons! Leaving us in the lurch on a doomed ship! To Davy Jones with the lot of you!



Follow me... We'll probably find a raft up for'ard.

We obviously have a vocation for shipwrecks!



HEY! HELP! HELP!

EFFENDI! EFFENDI!

There's someone in the hold!... What the...?!



Who are you, below there?



We good black men... Want come out... No can breathe... We afraid ...



Negroes! A lot of them, too, I'd say... What shall we do, Captain? We can't just abandon them.

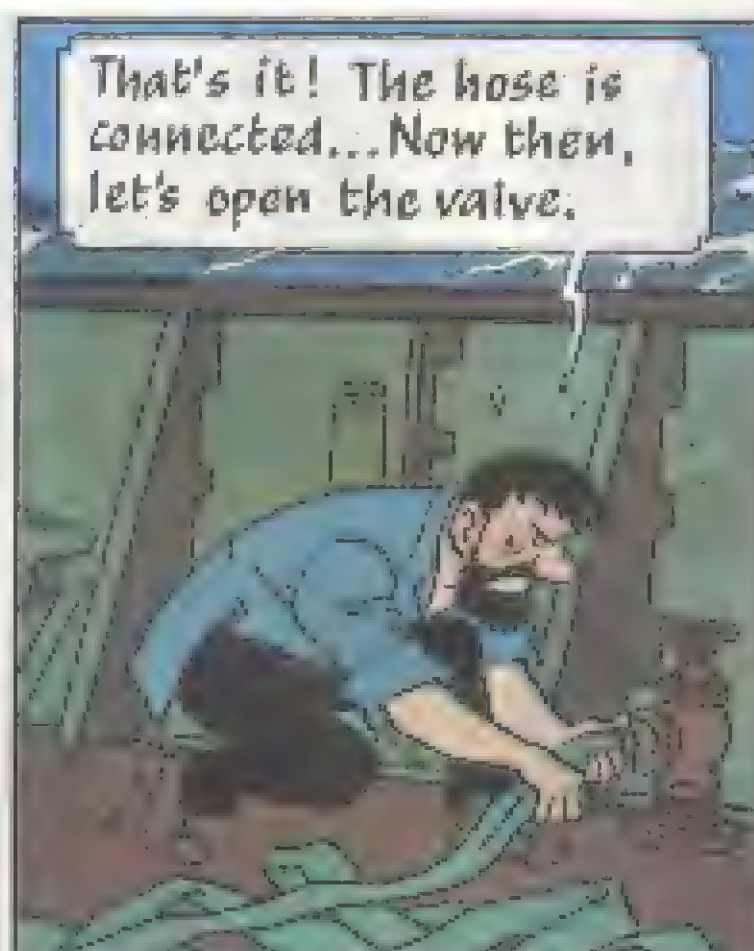
You're right. Come on.



We'll try and put out the blaze... That cargo... I just can't make it out!



Eighteen tons of high explosive and ammunition: it'll make a pretty fireworks display!



That's it! The hose is connected... Now then, let's open the valve.

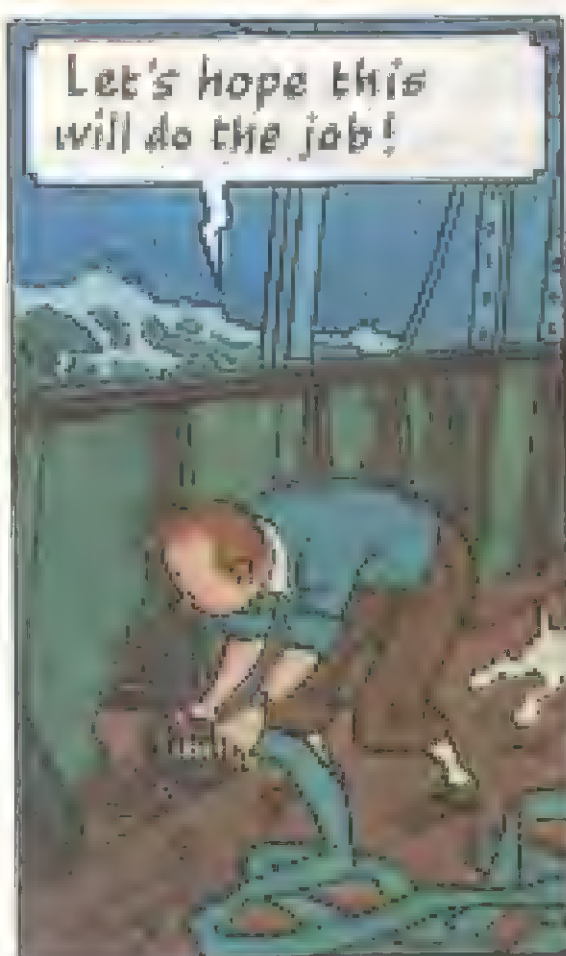


Blub... I... blub... I've got it, Cap... blub...

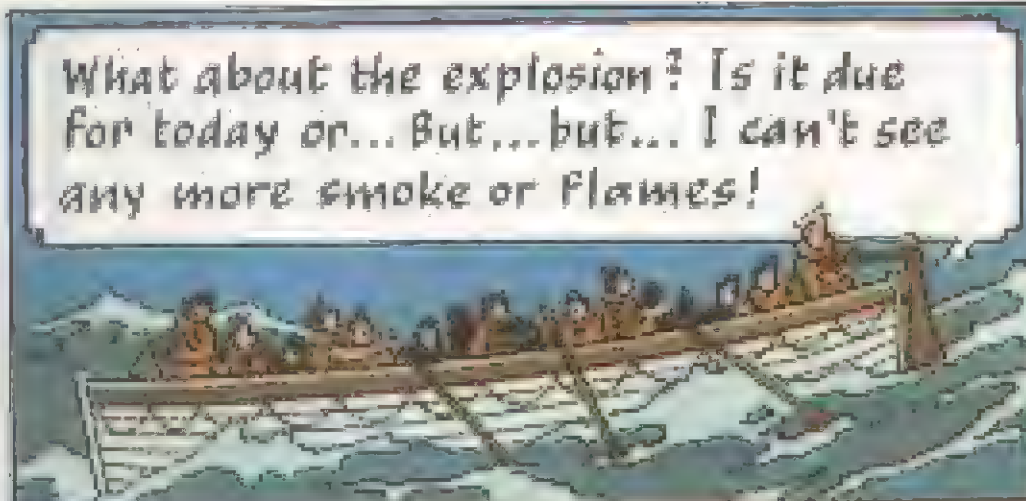


Thanks... that's it... I'll tackle the fire... You go over to port and get another hose into action.

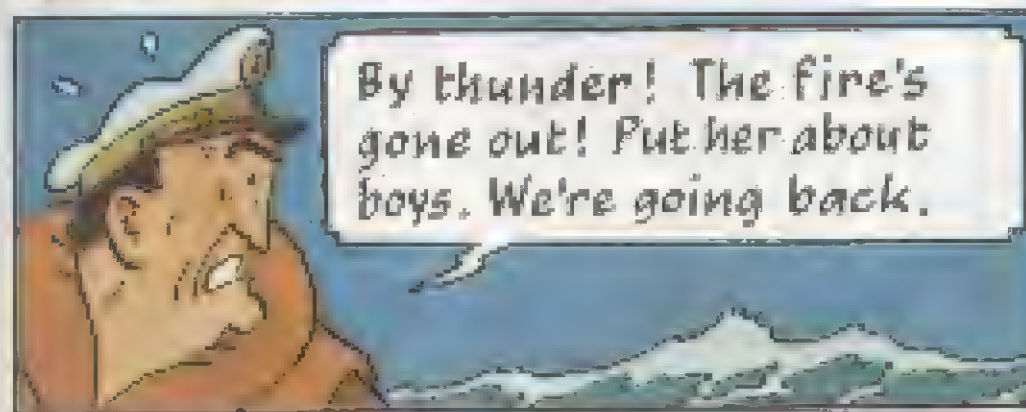




Let's hope this will do the job!



What about the explosion? Is it due for today or... But... but... I can't see any more smoke or flames!



By thunder! The fire's gone out! Put her about boys. We're going back.



It... it's out ... A huge wave ... I was very nearly washed overboard ...

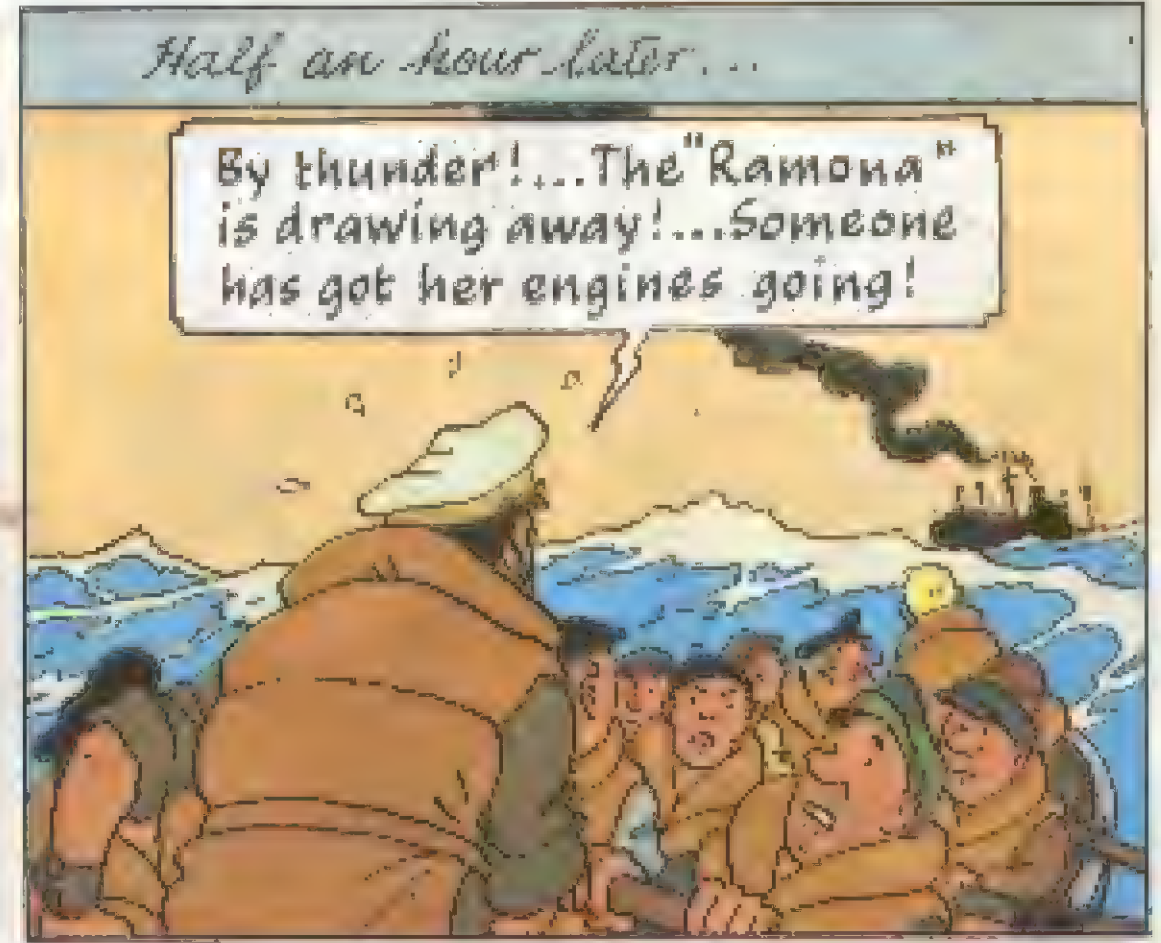


What luck!... Now for those poor fellows below, Captain.

You're right, but first of all ...



... I'm going to try to restart the engines. You go up on the bridge and take the wheel.



Half an hour later...

By thunder!... The "Ramona" is drawing away!... Someone has got her engines going!



Phew! That was no joke, alone; but she's under way at last.

Magnificent, Captain... And now for the Negroes.



There's something more urgent: to send out a distress call by radio.



!

OH!



Look!

Skut!...
Dead?



No, he's alive... See, he's
coming round.

Skut! Skut, old man,
say something!
What happened?



You escape! Hurry!... Hurry!...
The fire!... Ship full of ammunition!
... Hurry before explosion...

Ammunition! The pirates!
... That's why they
deserted like rats...



Don't worry, Skut: the fire's out.
There's no more danger... But
what about you? What happened?

They wake me, to go with
them... Without you... I refuse
... I want to...er... wake you
... and send radio signal.



Then they are angry...
Break radio and fight
with me... Then I...
knocked-out. They go?

Yes, they abandoned us,
the iconoclasts. So here
we are alone on board,
with a crowd of Negroes
in the hold.



You like... I
can help you.
... Repair
radio, perhaps,
send S.O.S.

Good idea... Do
that... I'm going
to make sure
there's no
further danger.



A little later...

No more need to
worry, youngster:
the fire is right
out.



Now I'll take care of
those Negroes. First,
to let them out...



Save
poor
Muslim!

Me ill.
Me dying.

All right!
I'm com-
ing now!



Hey there!... Let go
of me!!... **HELP,**
TINTIN!...HELP!



Troglodytes!... Sea-gher-
kins!... Pickled herrings!
Leave me alone!



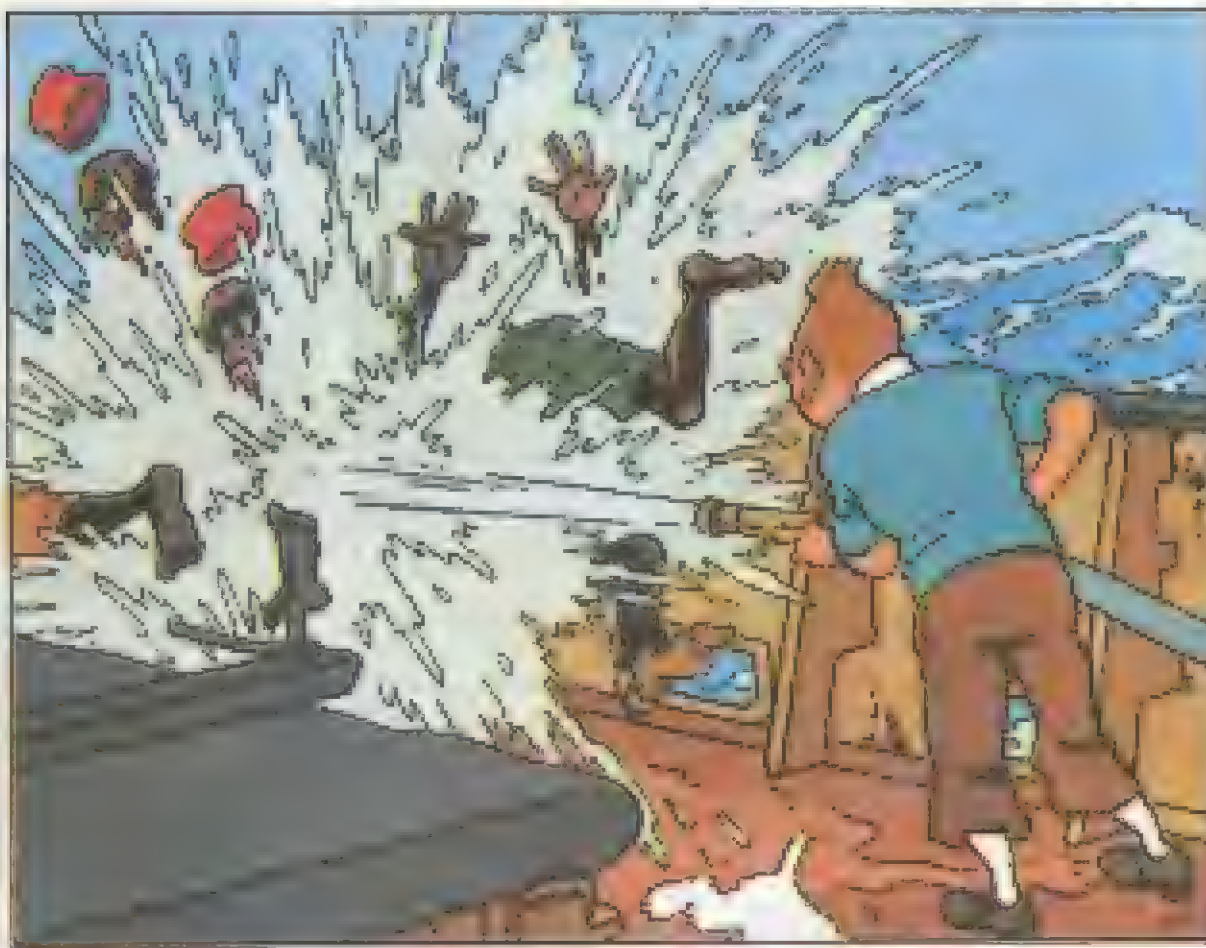
Back, visigoths!...
Back, anacoluthons!



Hang on, Captain!...
I'm coming!...

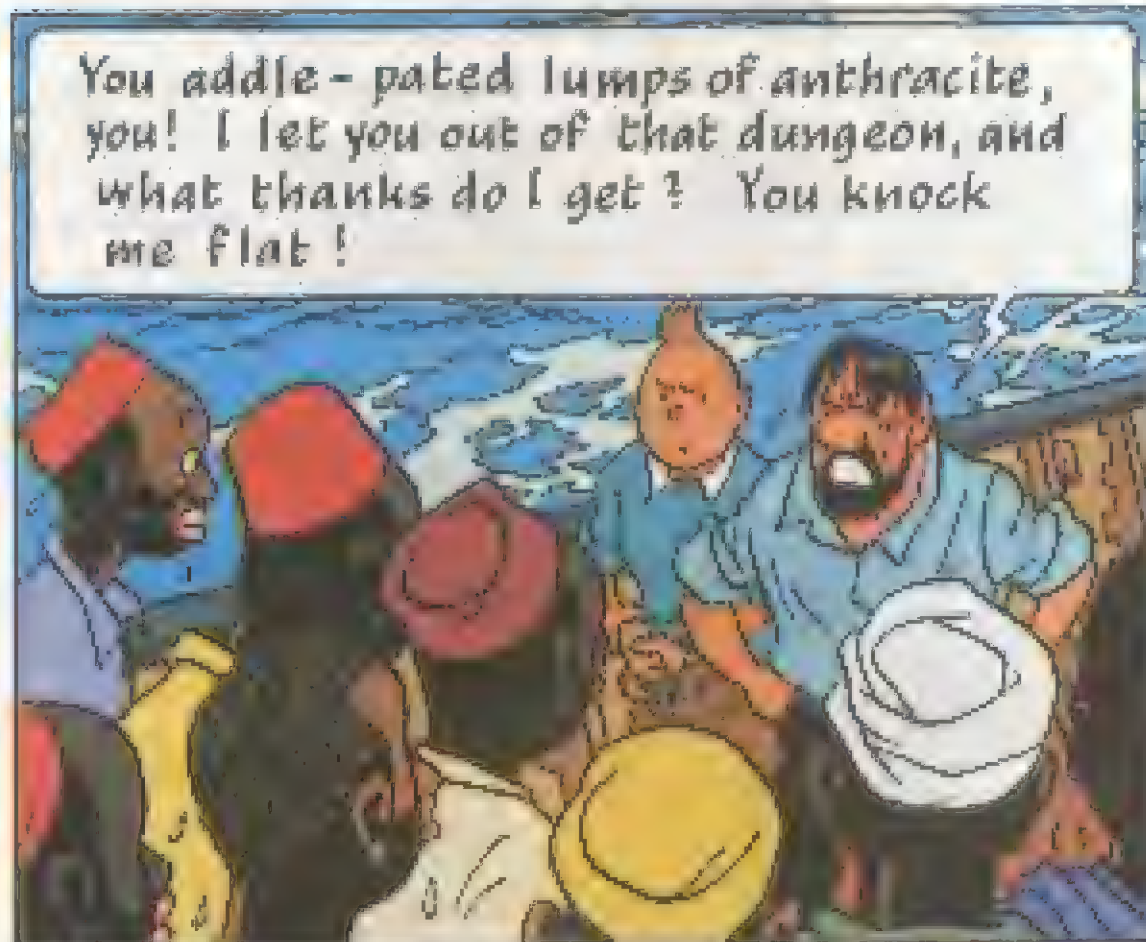


All right! I'm here!

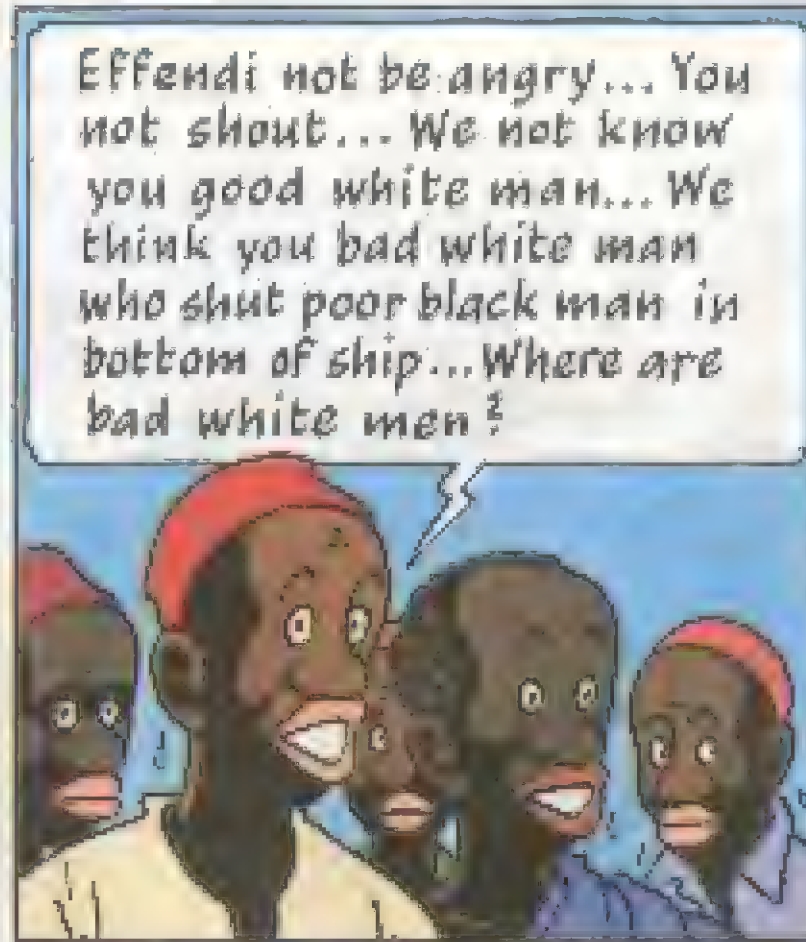


So sorry, Captain, but I had no choice.

Please don't worry: I'm getting used to it!



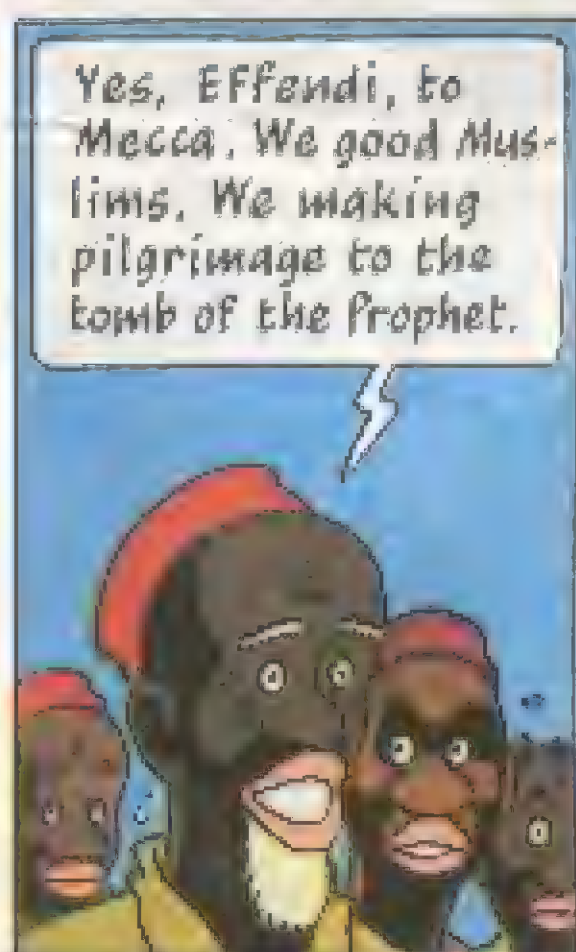
You addle-pated lumps of anthracite, you! I let you out of that dungeon, and what thanks do I get? You knock me flat!



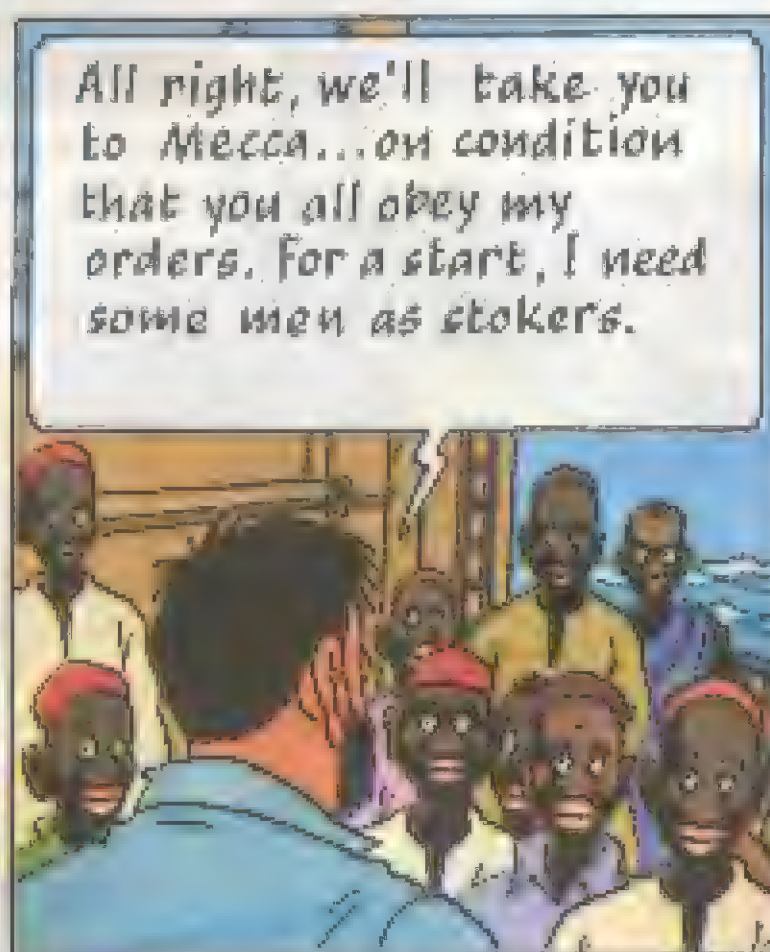
Effendi not be angry... You not shout... We not know you good white man... We think you bad white man who shut poor black man in bottom of ship... Where are bad white men?



Bad white men all gone, left us. But if you help me, I'll take you wherever you want to go. You're going to Mecca, eh?



Yes, Effendi, to Mecca. We good Muslims. We making pilgrimage to the tomb of the Prophet.



All right, we'll take you to Mecca... on condition that you all obey my orders. For a start, I need some men as stokers.



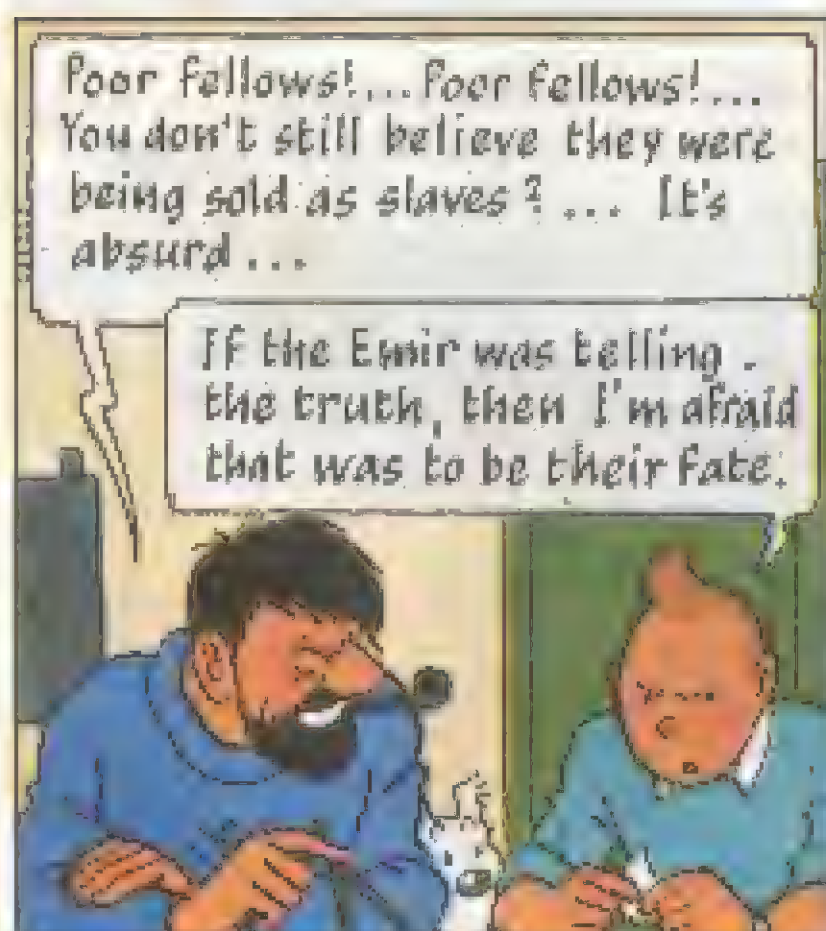
Me, Effendi...
Me...
Me...
Me, Effendi.



Two days later...

There. If my reckoning is correct we should soon sight Jidda, the port for Mecca.

Yes. Those poor fellows... nearly the end of their journey.



Poor fellows!... Poor fellows!... You don't still believe they were being sold as slaves? ... It's absurd...

If the Emir was telling the truth, then I'm afraid that was to be their fate.



Come, come, you've been reading too many thrillers... There's no slave-trading nowadays!

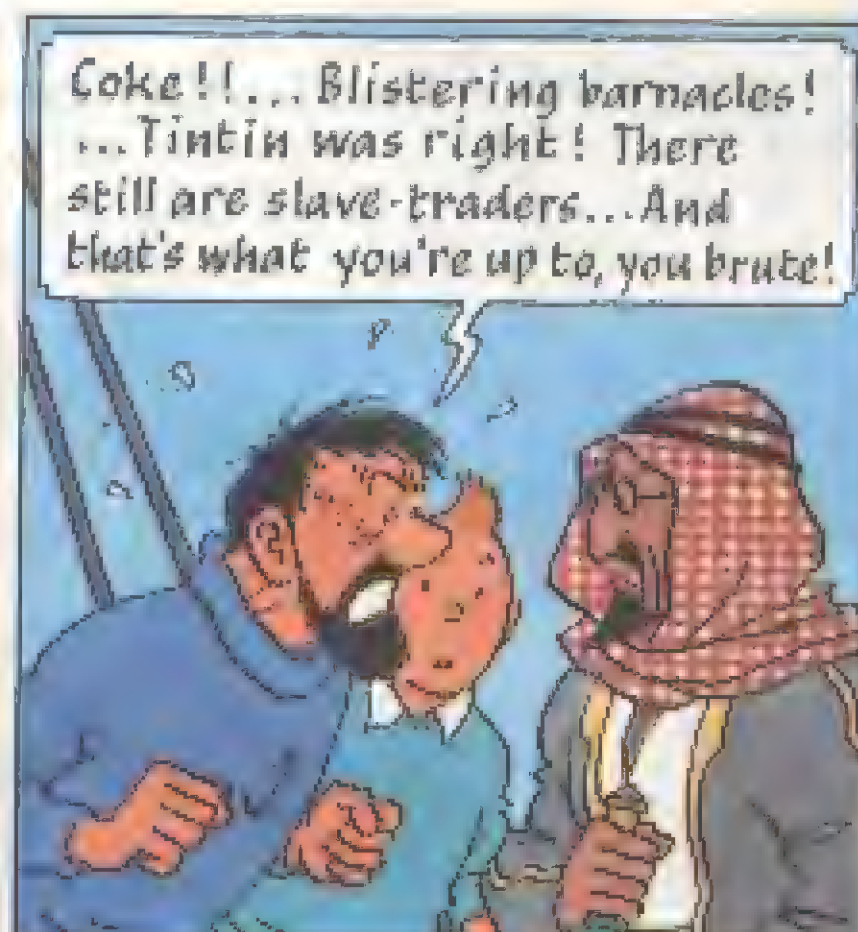
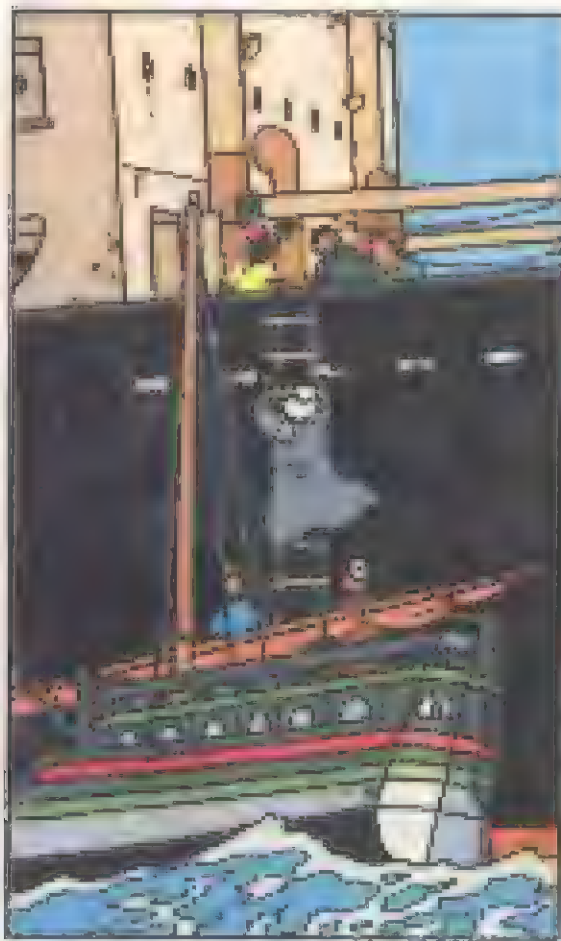


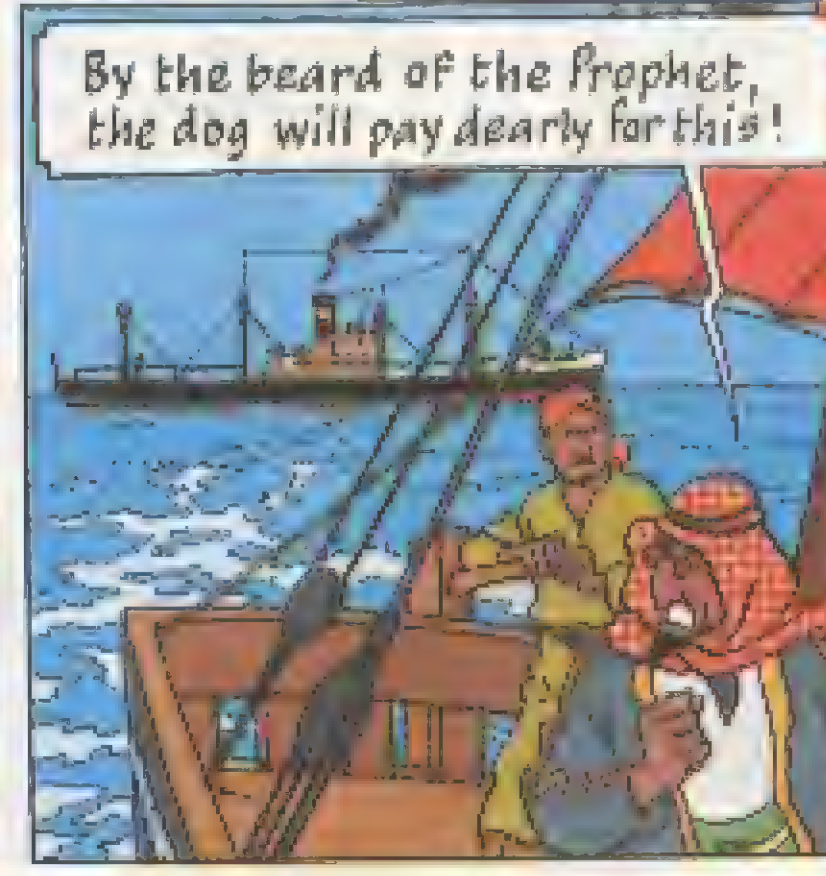
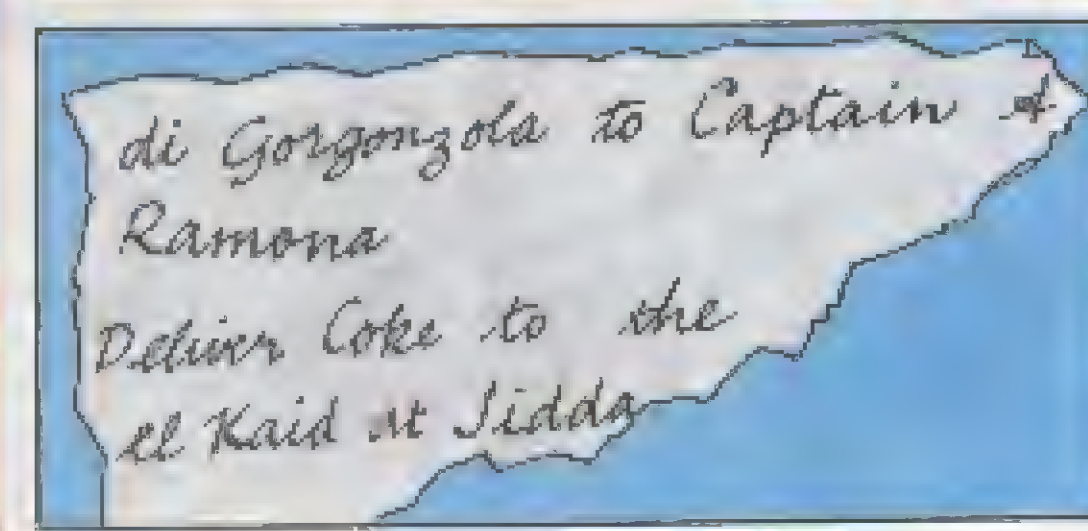
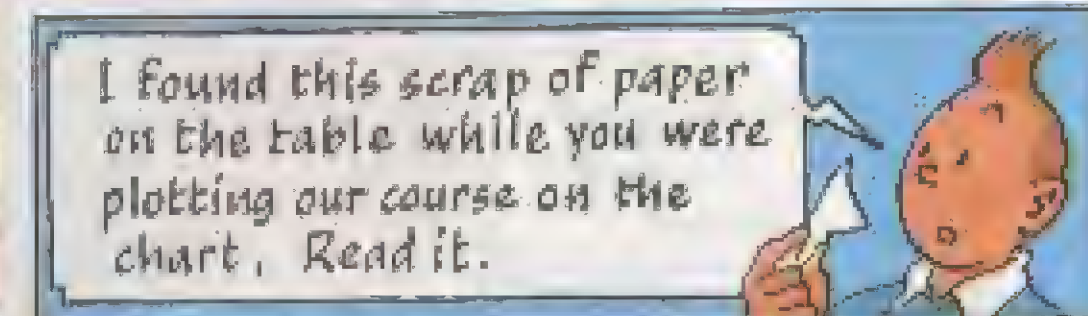
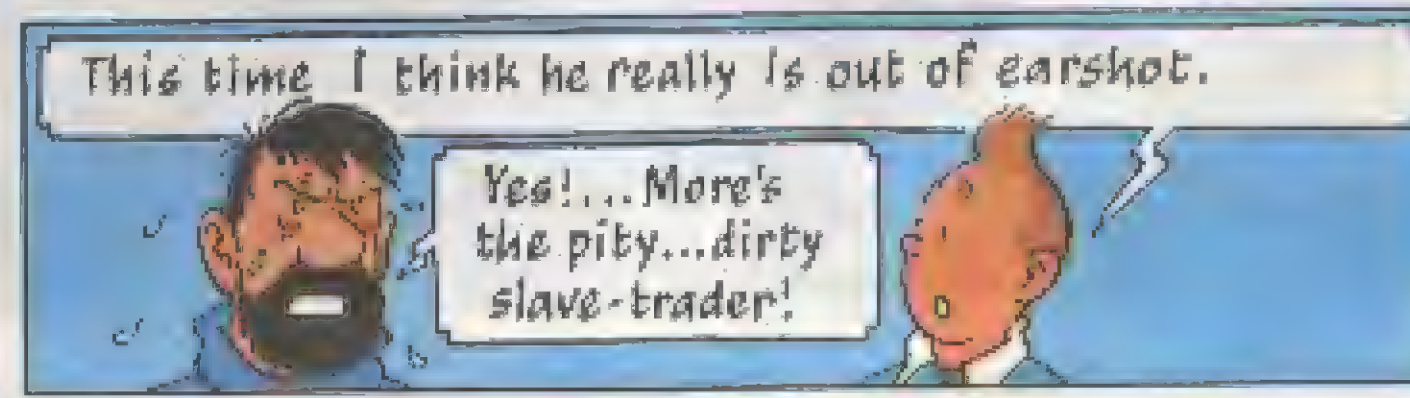
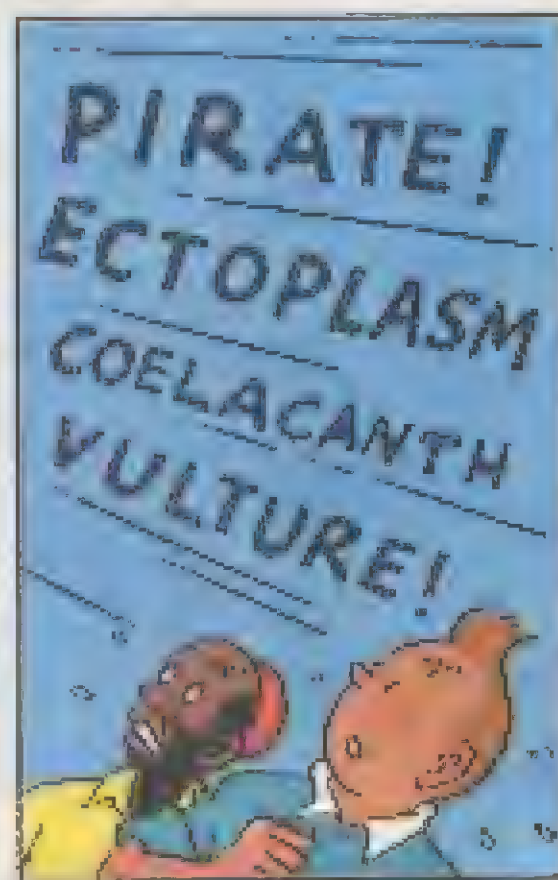
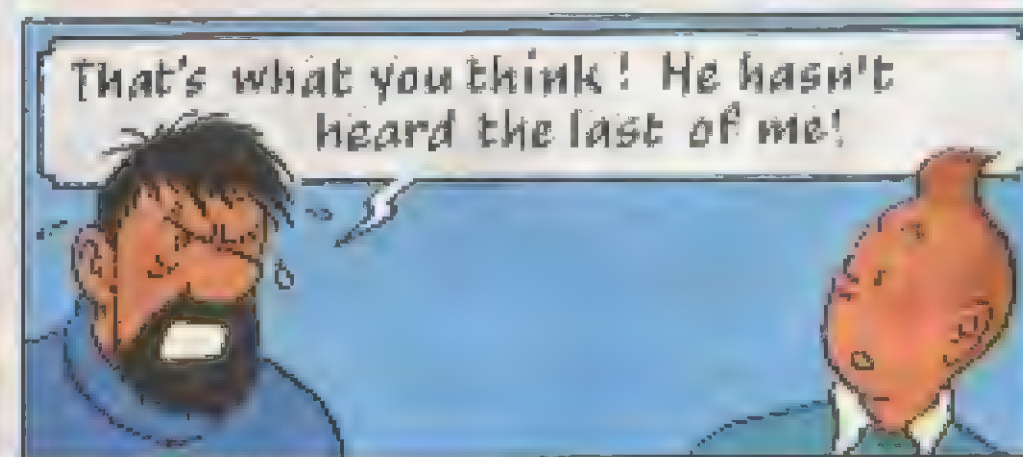
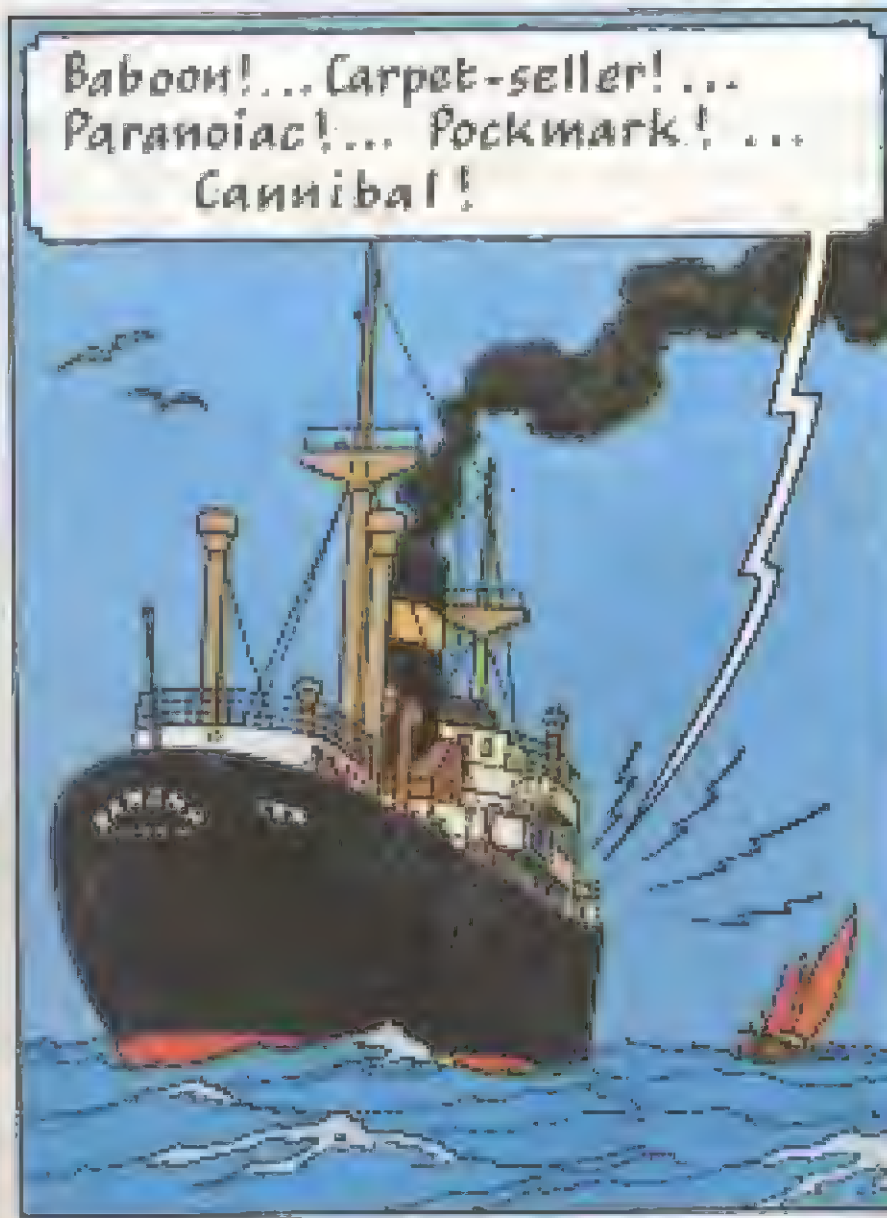
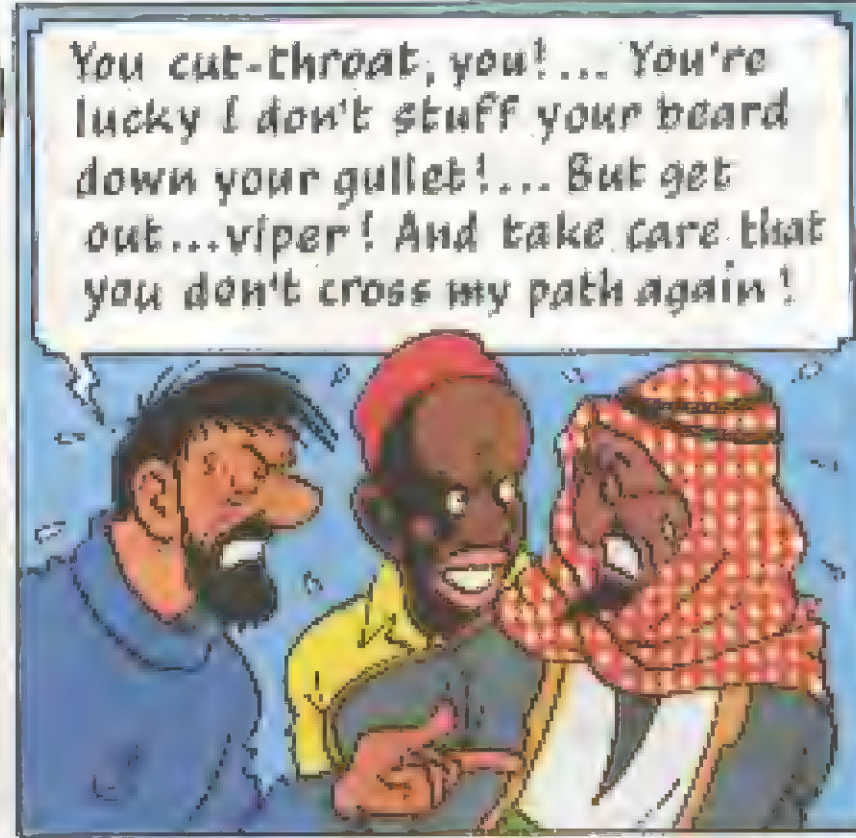
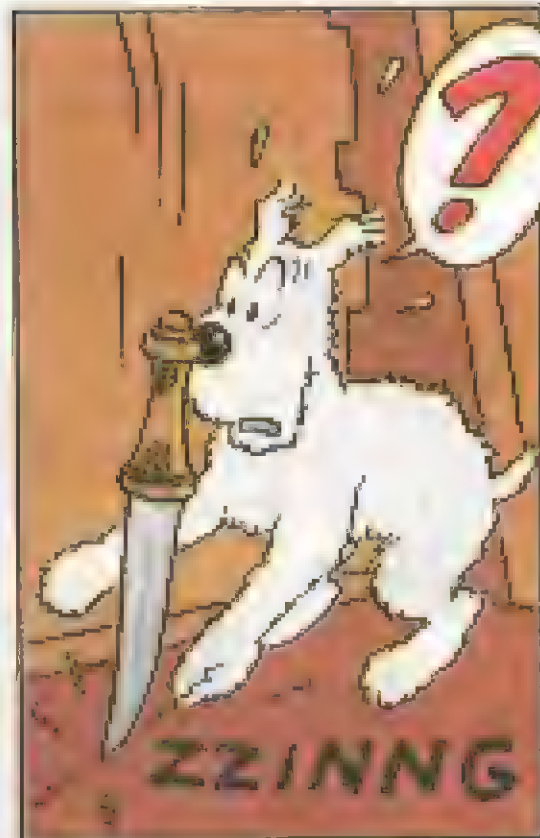
Look, Captain; just tell me this: is there any coke aboard?

Any...any coke?... But...



Effendi! Effendi! You come look!... Ship coming to us...





A fragment of a wireless message sent by di Gorgonzola to that gangster Allan!... And "coke" is a code word for their cargo of slaves! ... The pirates!



First, we must talk to the Africans: they must be made to understand that under the circumstances it's madness for them to go to Mecca.



Agreed... Then we must try to send out a radio call...

Getting on, Skut?

Still much work, Captain.



Good... Well, I'm going to talk to the cargo. You take the wheel and steer due south. We'll head for Djibouti.

O.K.



A few minutes later...

My friends, listen to me carefully. You have undertaken this long journey to make a pilgrimage to Mecca, haven't you?



Yes.

Yes.

Afterwards, of course, you plan to return home and rejoin your families. Isn't that so?



Yes, Effendi.

Yes.

Yes.

I'm afraid a very different fate awaits you. You saw that Arab who came aboard, and I chased off?... He's waiting for you in Mecca, to buy you and make you into slaves! ... Slaves, you understand?



You speak well, Effendi. Wicked Arab, very wicked. Poor black men not want to be slaves. Poor black men want to go to Mecca.



Naturally, I realise that. But I repeat, if you go there, you'll be sold as slaves. Is that what you want?

We not slaves, Effendi, We good Muslims. We want to go to Mecca.



But billions of blue blistering barnacles, I keep on telling you: if you go there, you'll be sold as slaves! Thundering typhoons, I can't make it any clearer.



You not shout, Effendi. Poor black men only want to go to Mecca.

All right, you boneheads, go to Mecca!... But you'll stay there for ever!... You'll never see your own country again!... Never see your families again!... You'll be slaves for ever!... That's what you're in for, you dunderheaded coconuts, you!

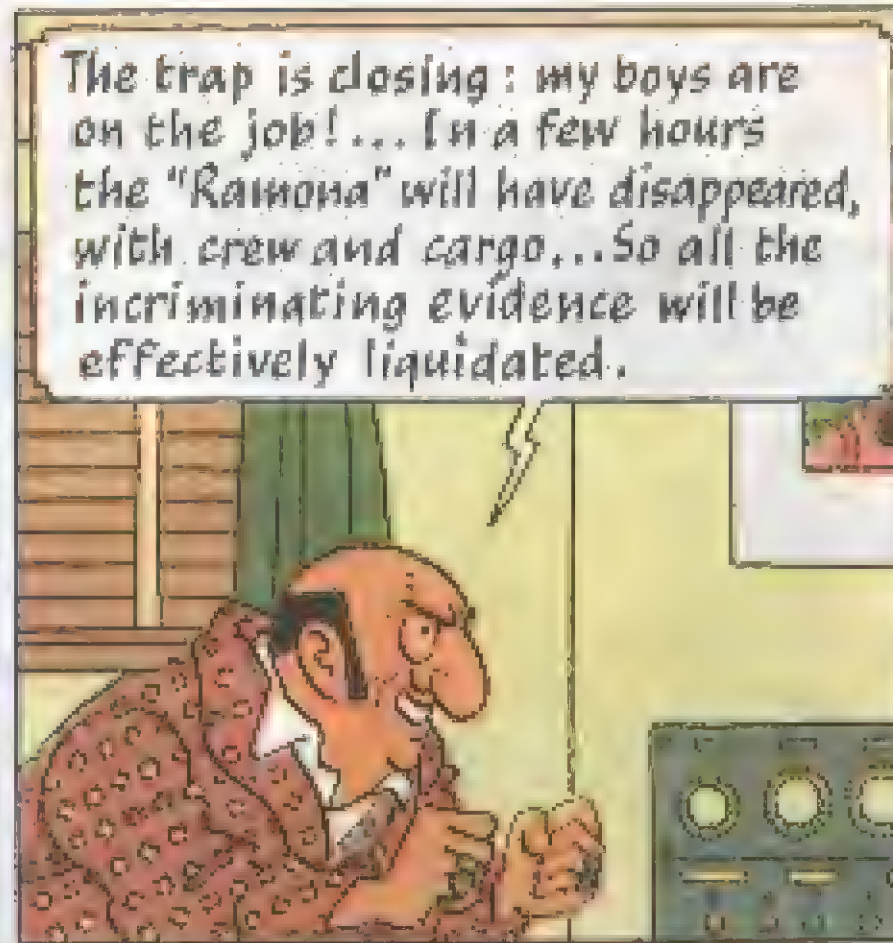
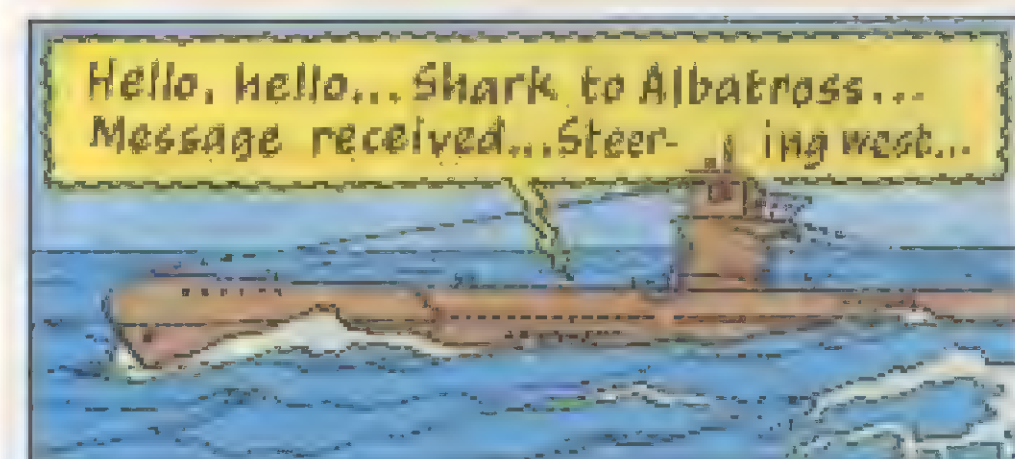
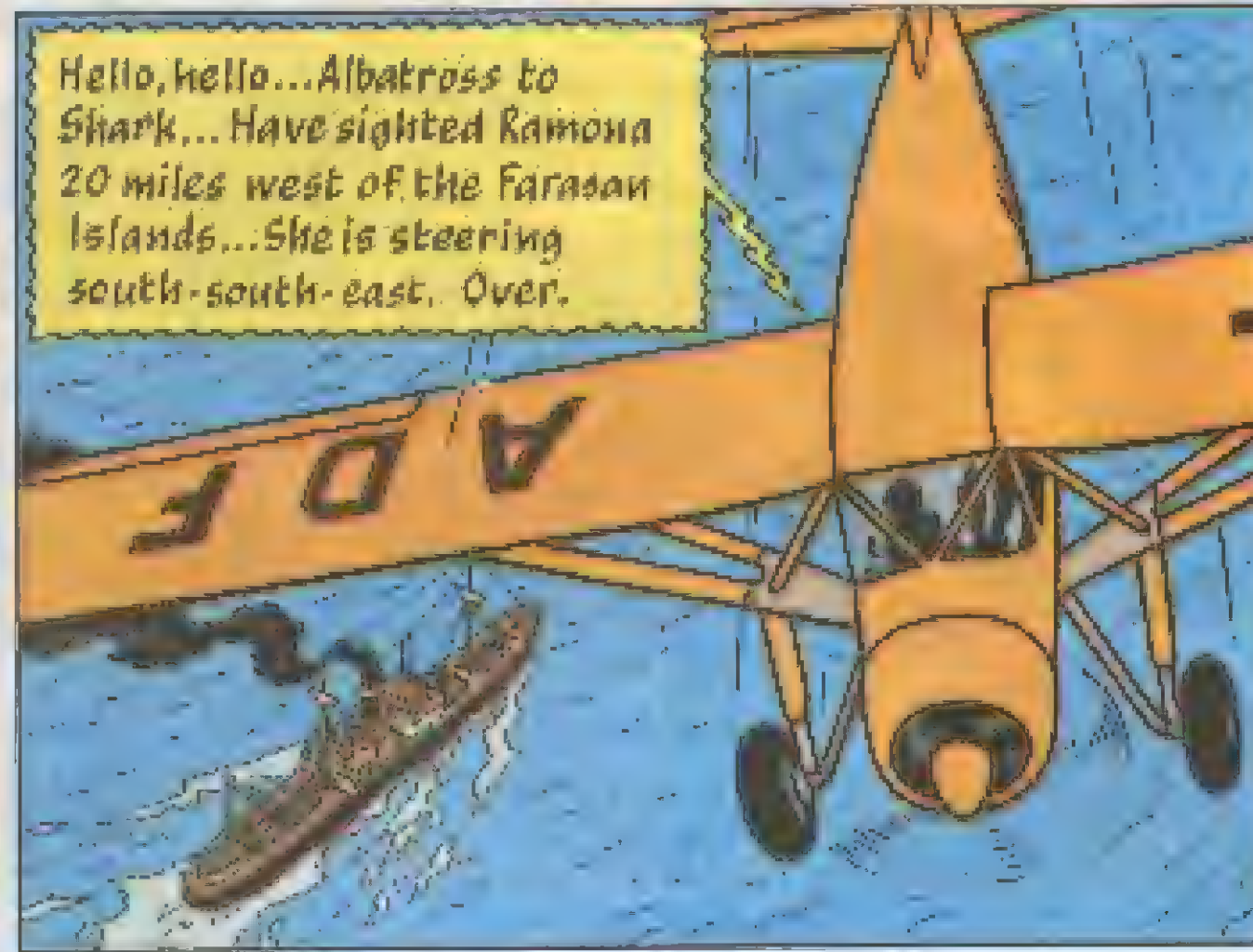
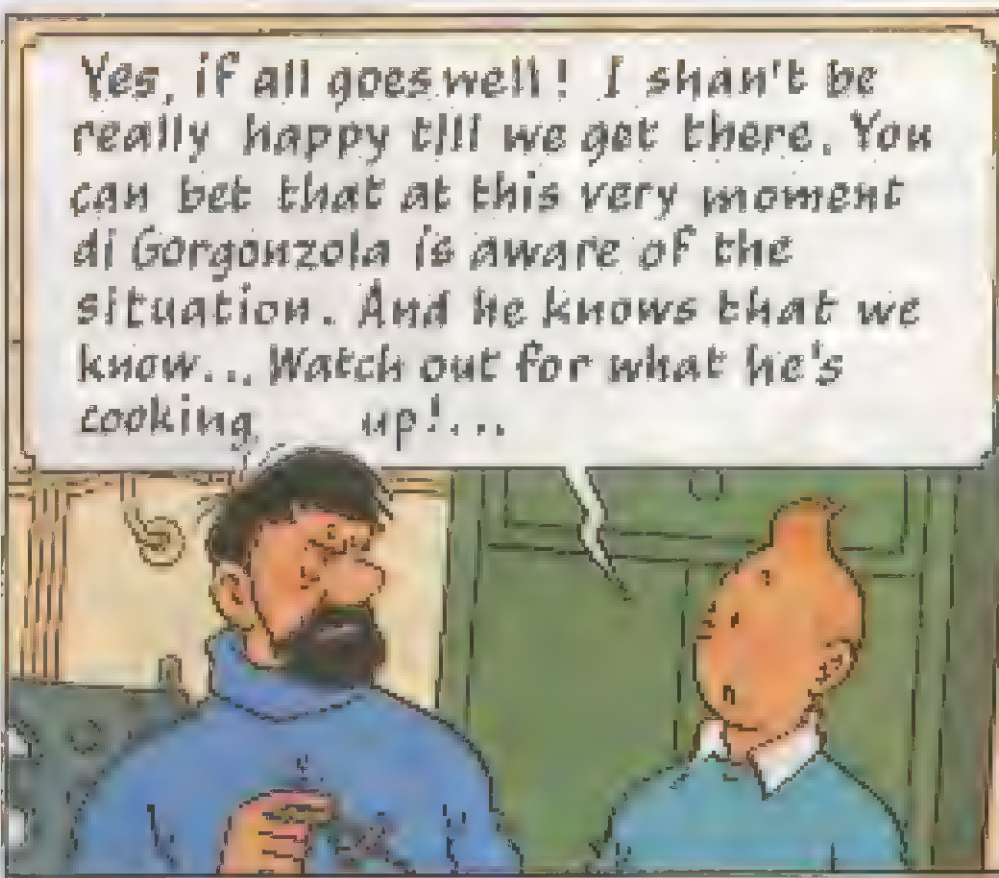
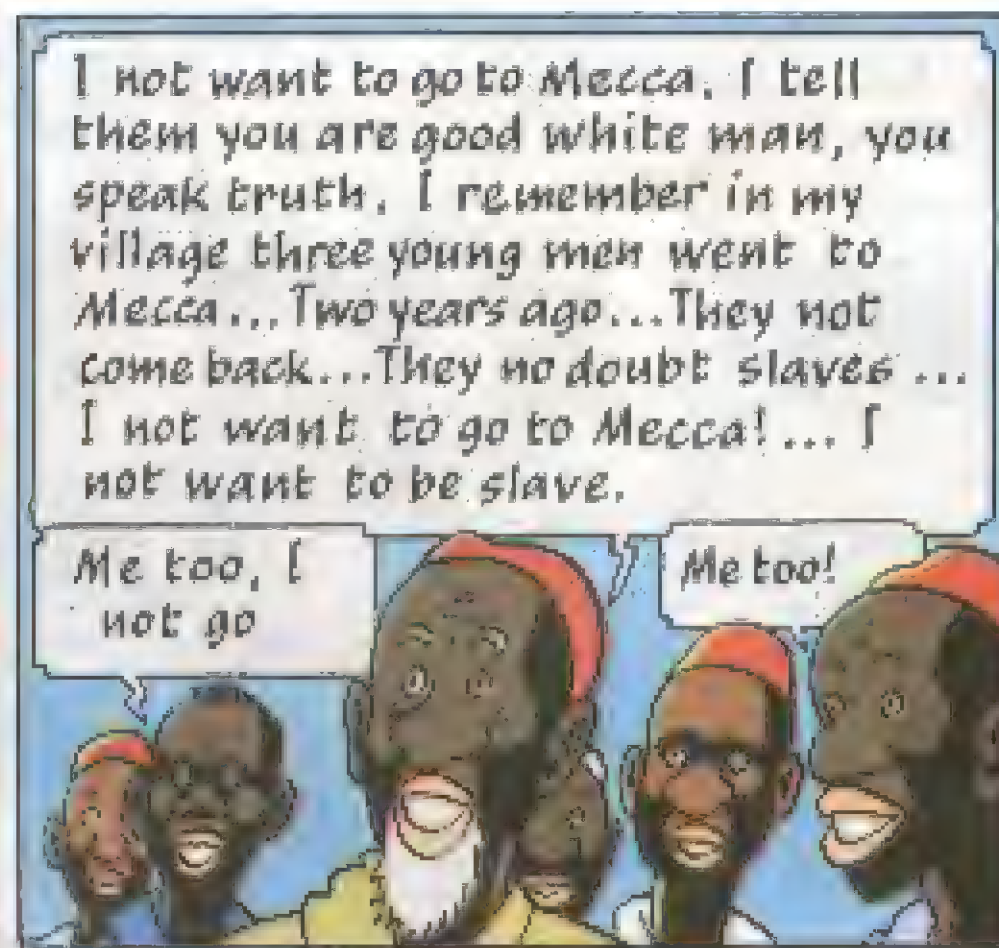


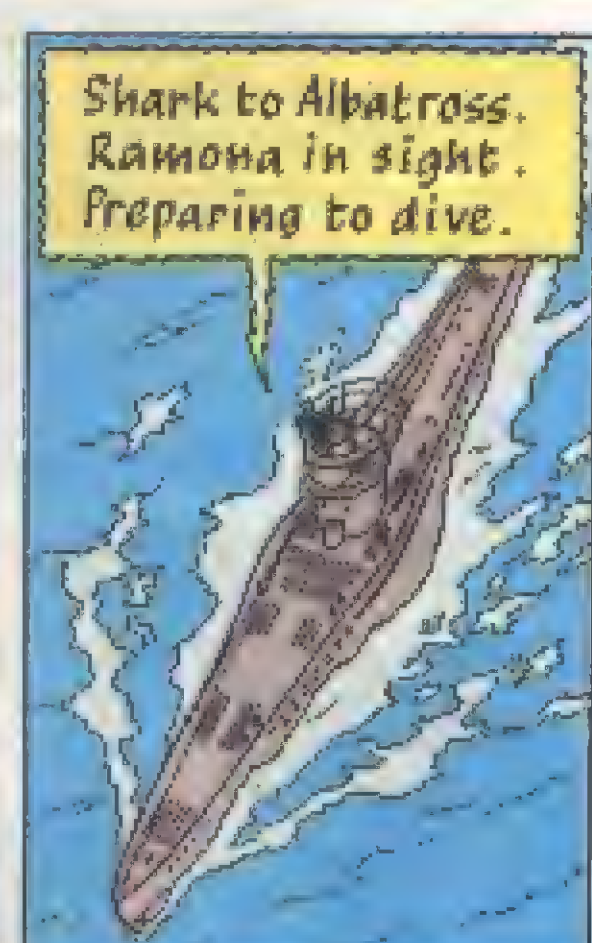
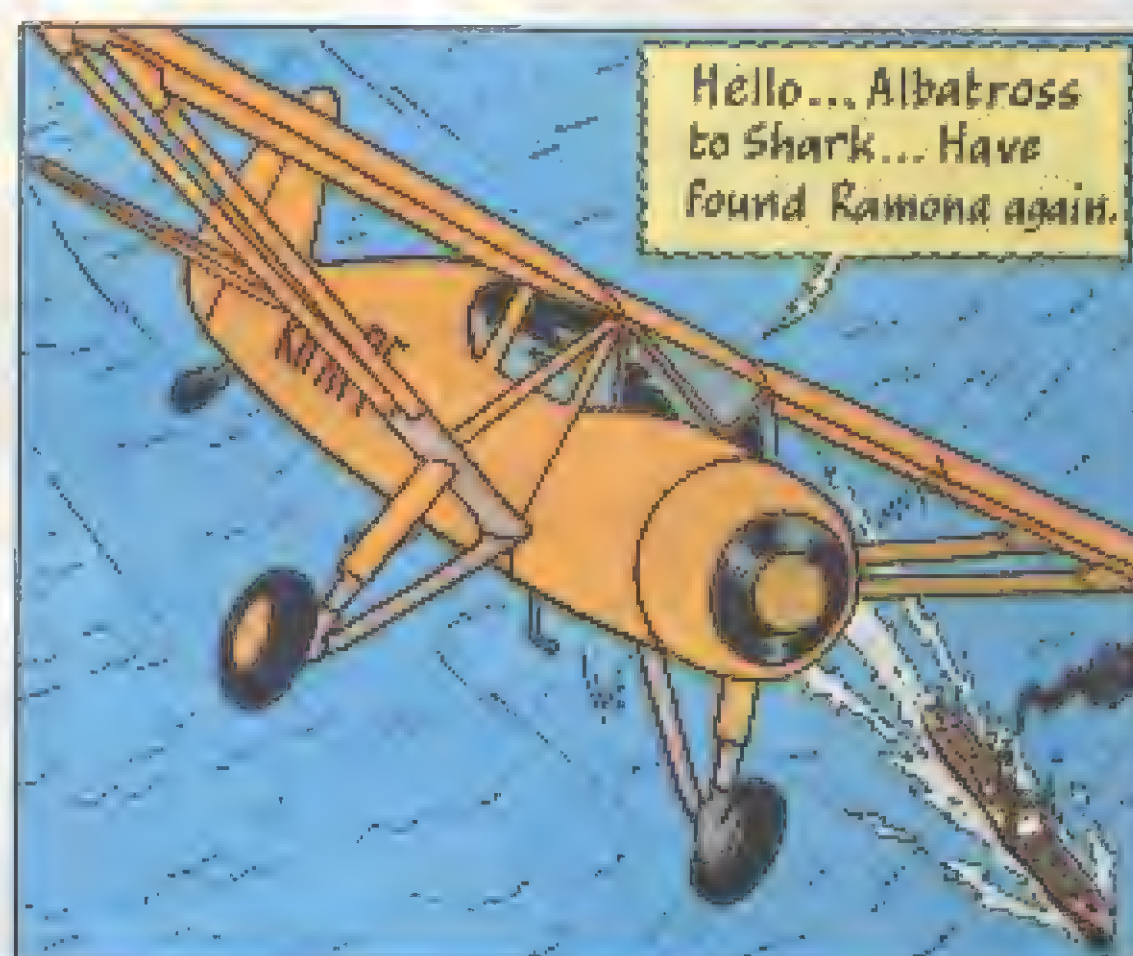
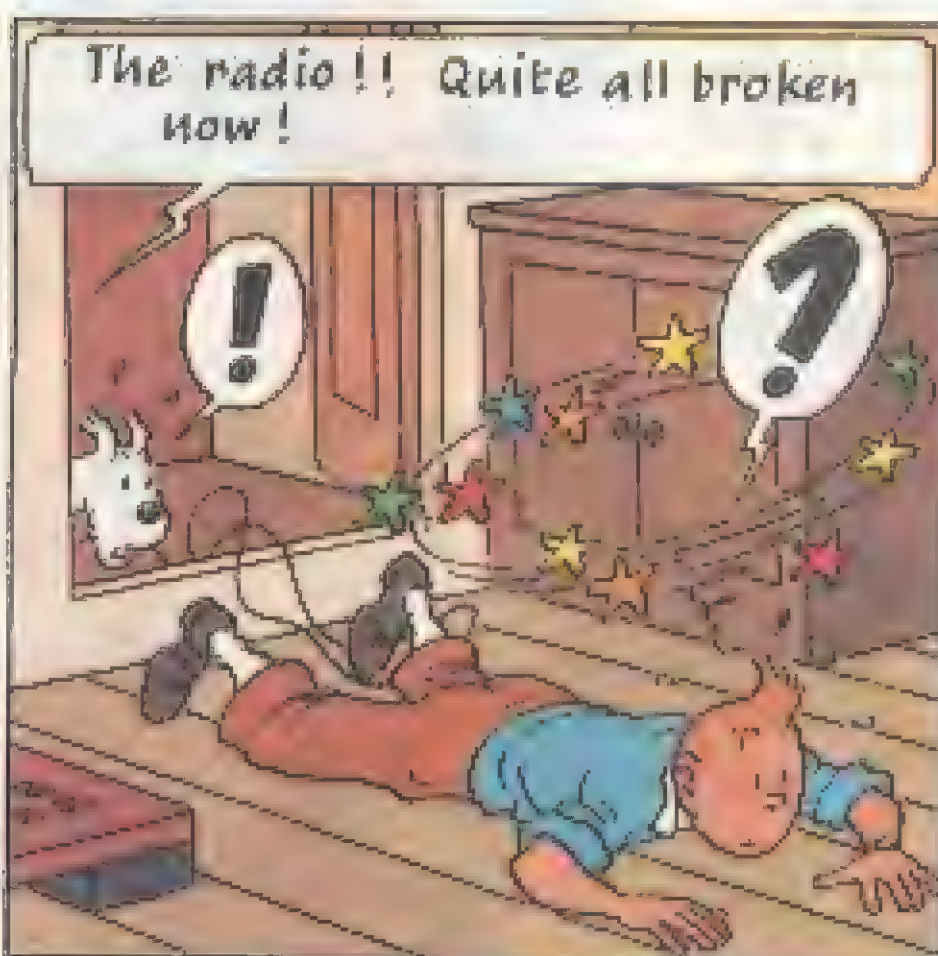
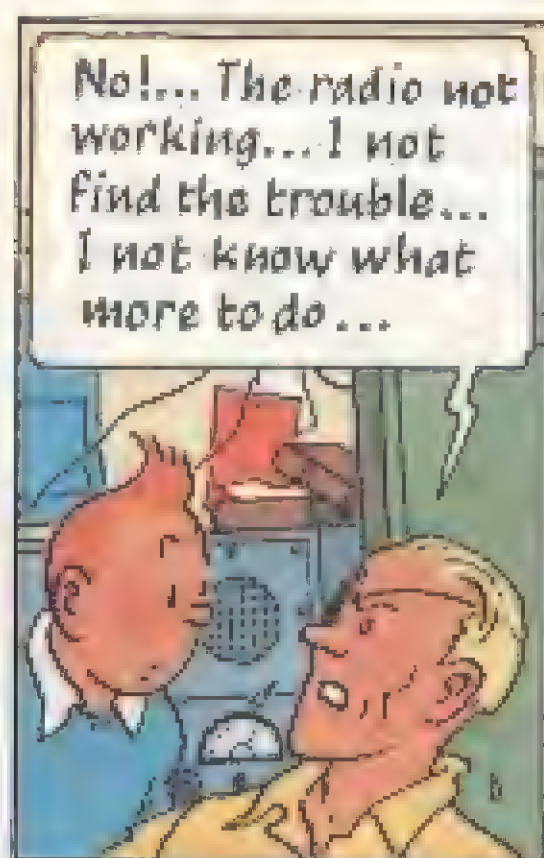
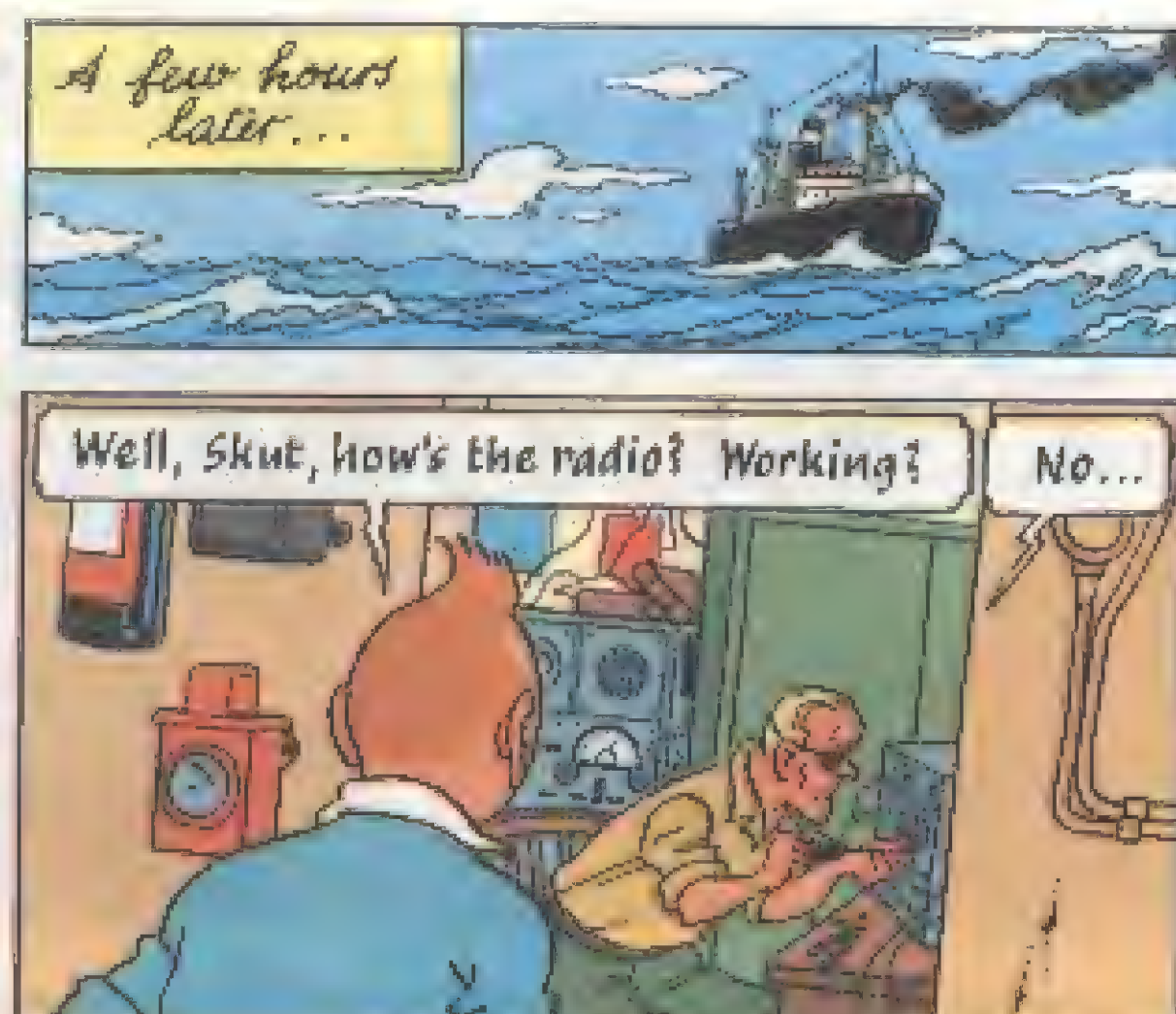
We not coconuts, Effendi. We good black men. We good Muslims. We want to go to Mecca.



I can't do a thing!... I've tried the lot!... You can't shift them: they want to go to Mecca, stop: that's all!... It's like banging your head against a brick wall!









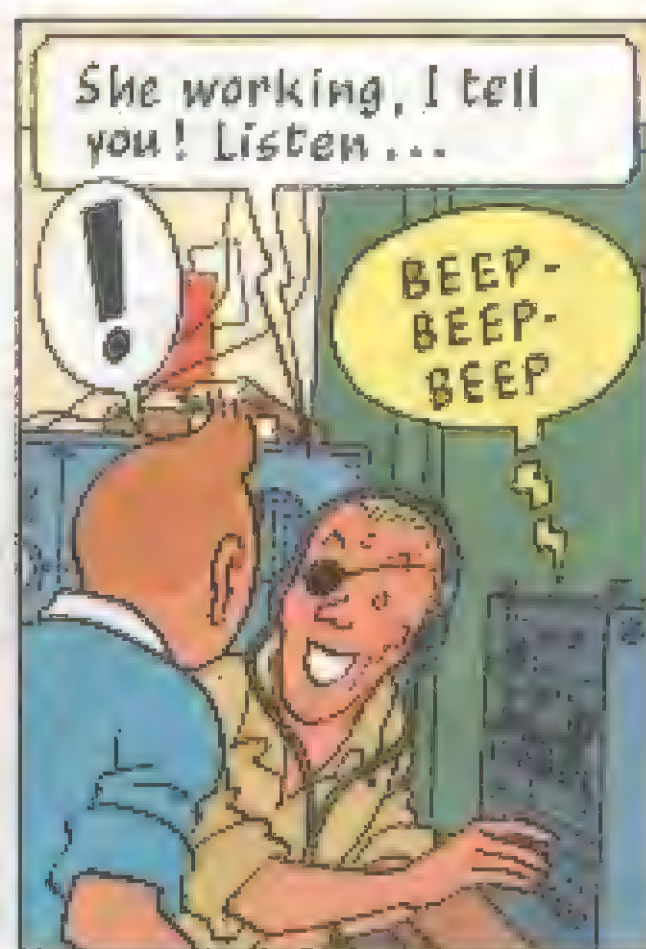
I say, Skut, I'm terribly sorry! You've worked for so long on the radio... and then I'm so clumsy...

Ssh!



She working!... She working now!

What?!... After a bang like that? It's not possible.



She working, I tell you! Listen...

BEEP-BEEP-BEEP



Captain!... Captain!... The radio!... It's going!!



I... So sorry, but the radio, Captain... The radio... It's going!!

Oh yes? Where?... I hope it steers clear of me...



... because I've had enough of being rammed! Only a couple of minutes ago, plop - a flying-fish slap in my face. And now you: that's enough!

Flying fish? I must have a look at them with my binoculars.



Oh, how beautiful! You'd think they were little silver arrows...



Look at them, skimming over the waves... I can see two... no, three...



And there... Hey, what in the world's that?

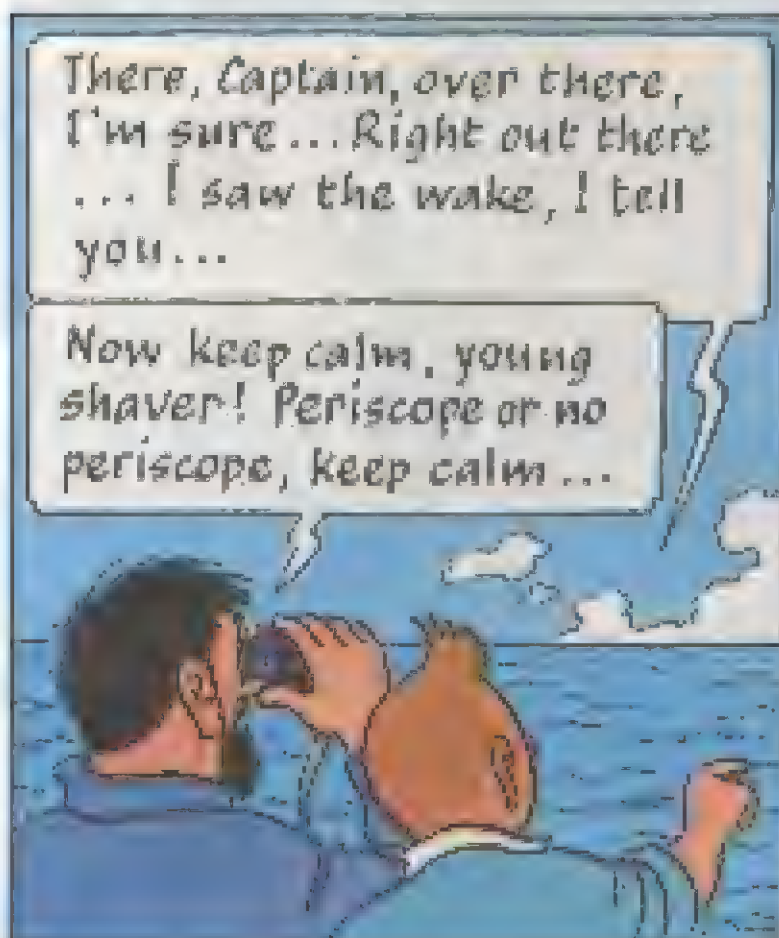


CAPTAIN!... CAPTAIN!... A PERISCOPE!



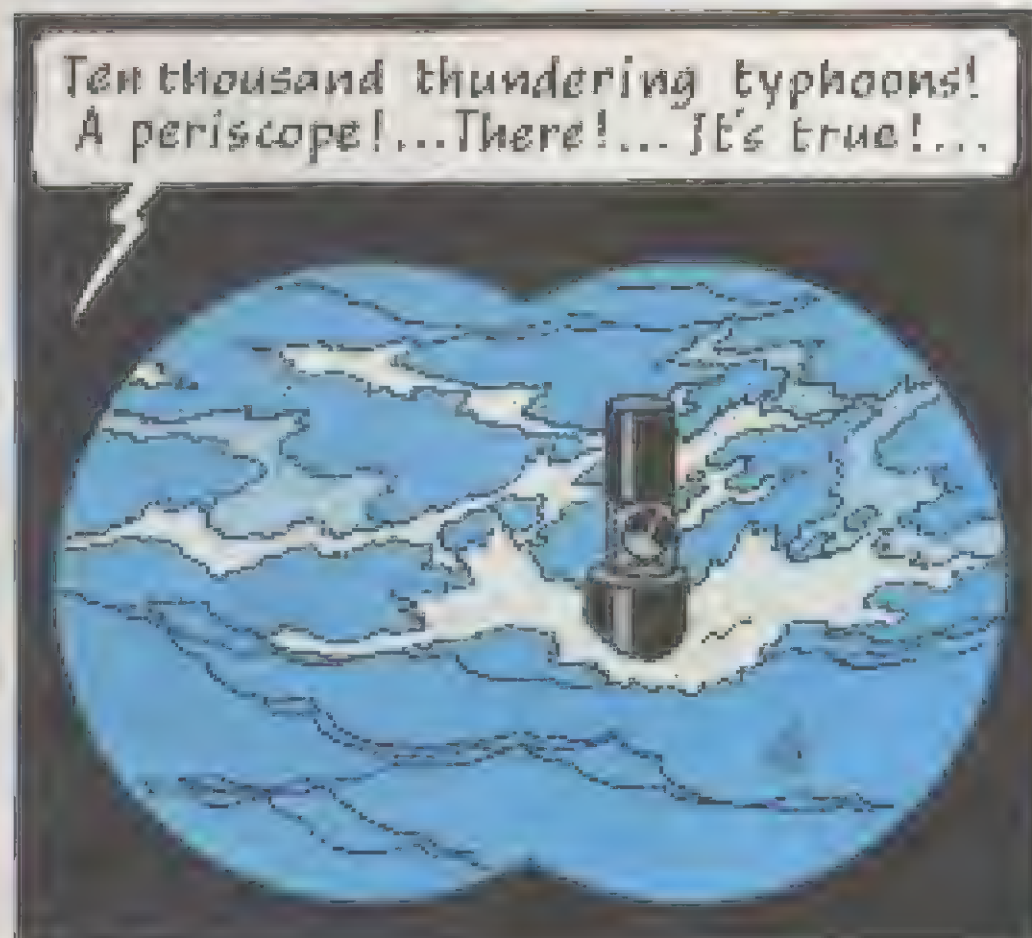
Where is it now? ... I can't see it any more... But I'm absolutely sure...

Now then, keep calm...



There, Captain, over there, I'm sure... Right out there... I saw the wake, I tell you...

Now keep calm, young shaver! Periscope or no periscope, keep calm...



Ten thousand thundering typhoons! A periscope!... There!... It's true!...



Action stations!... Fire!... S.O.S... The radio, Skut! Confound! the radio, Skut!... Send for help! At once!... A submarine!... Clear the decks for action!... Keep calm! Don't panic!... Women and children first!



Calm down, Captain, calm down!... All isn't lost yet!

You're right... Keep cool... Keep calm and don't panic!



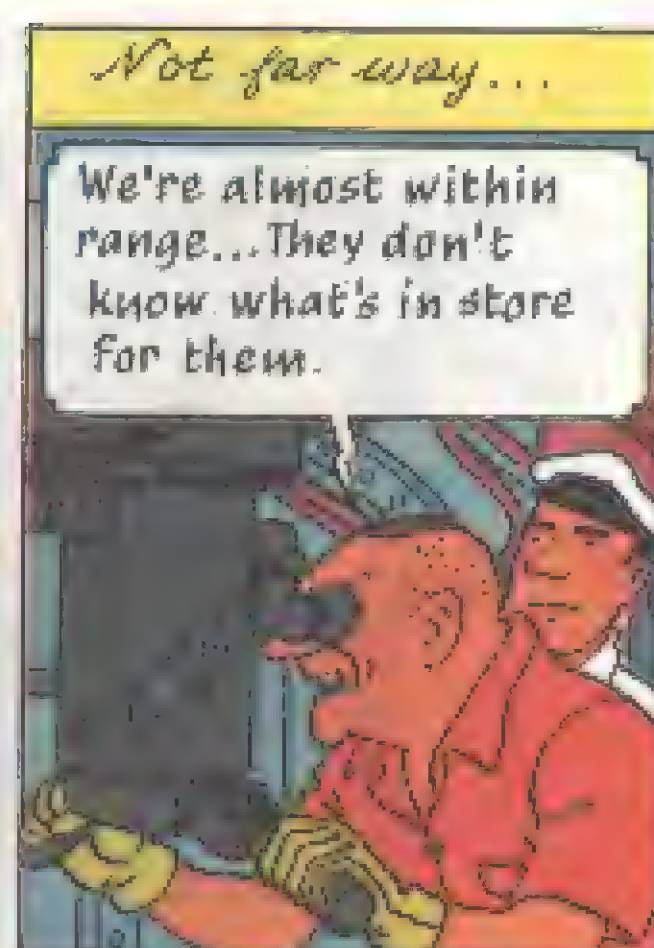
Disaster!... The end!... There's nothing we can do! If they're di Gorgonzola's people we're finished!

But why?



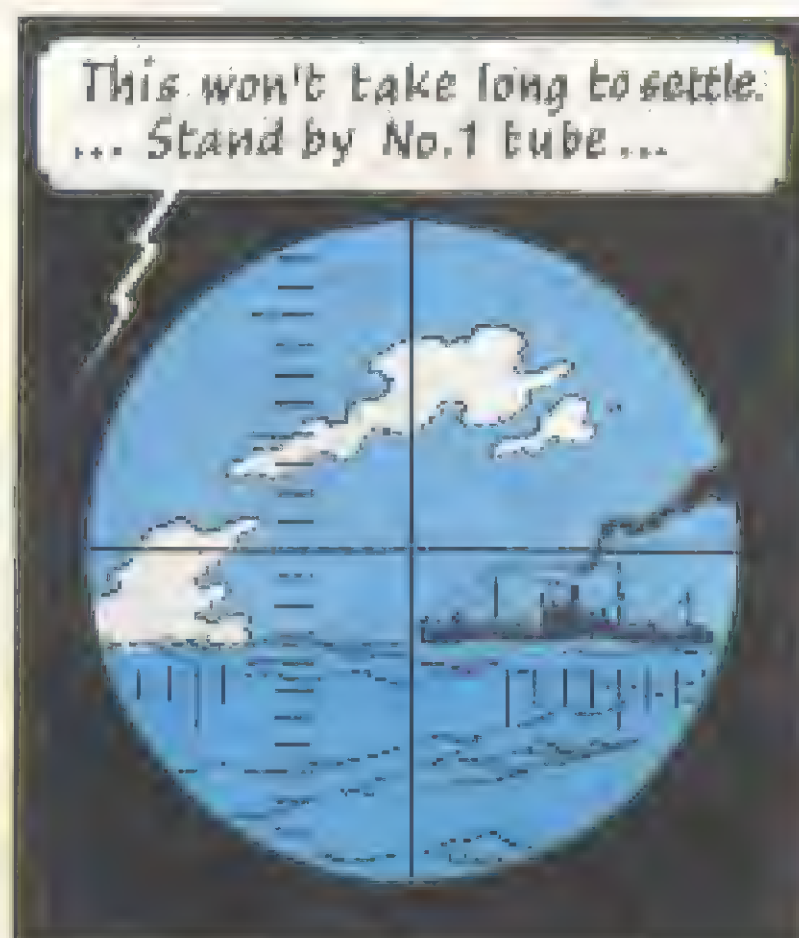
The ammunition!... In the forward hold... A torpedo in there, and you know the rest!

Of course! Only, the torpedo isn't here yet! Come on, hurry; everyone on the alert.



Not far away...

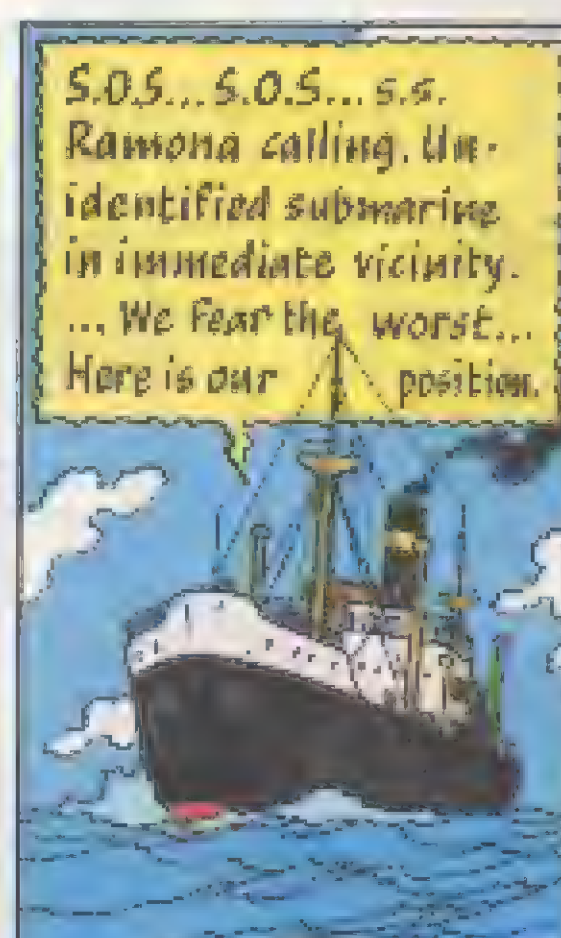
We're almost within range... They don't know what's in store for them.



This won't take long to settle... Stand by No.1 tube...



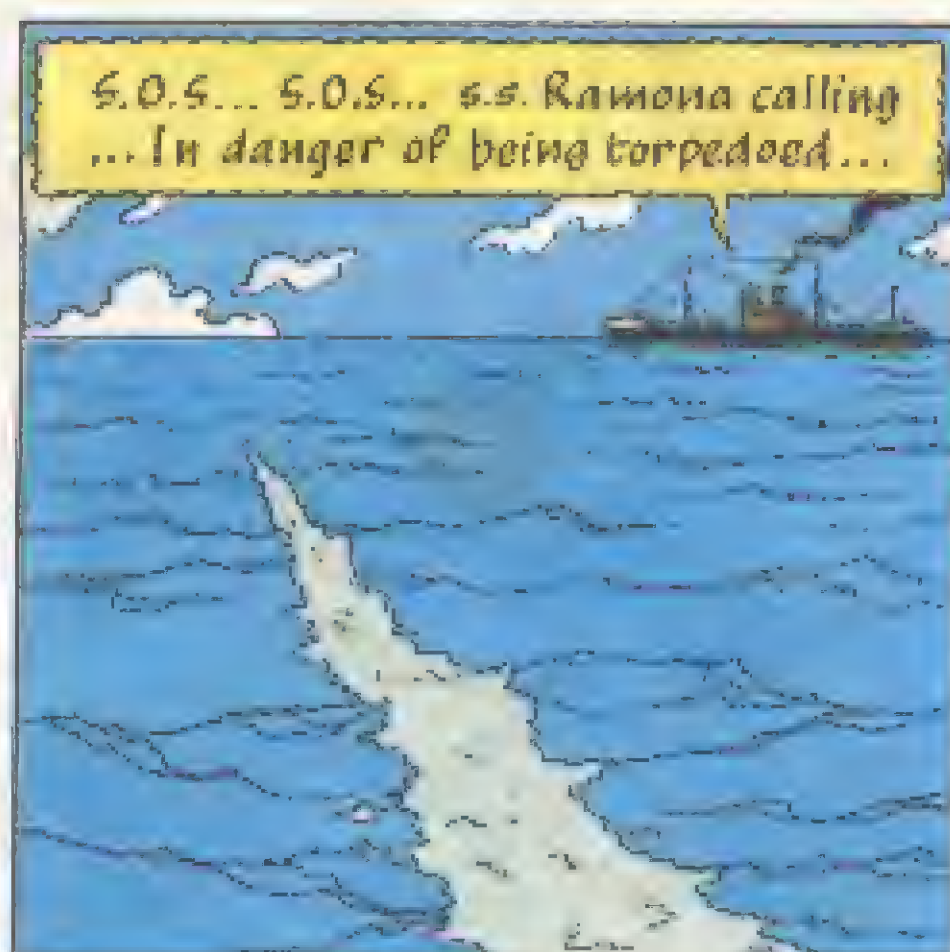
Tintin at the radio. You at the wheel, Skut. Repeat my orders when I give them. Remember, starboard is right; port on the left...



S.O.S... S.O.S... s.s. Ramona calling. Unidentified submarine in immediate vicinity... We fear the worst... Here is our position.



No.1 tube, fire!



S.O.S... S.O.S... s.s. Ramona calling... In danger of being torpedoed...



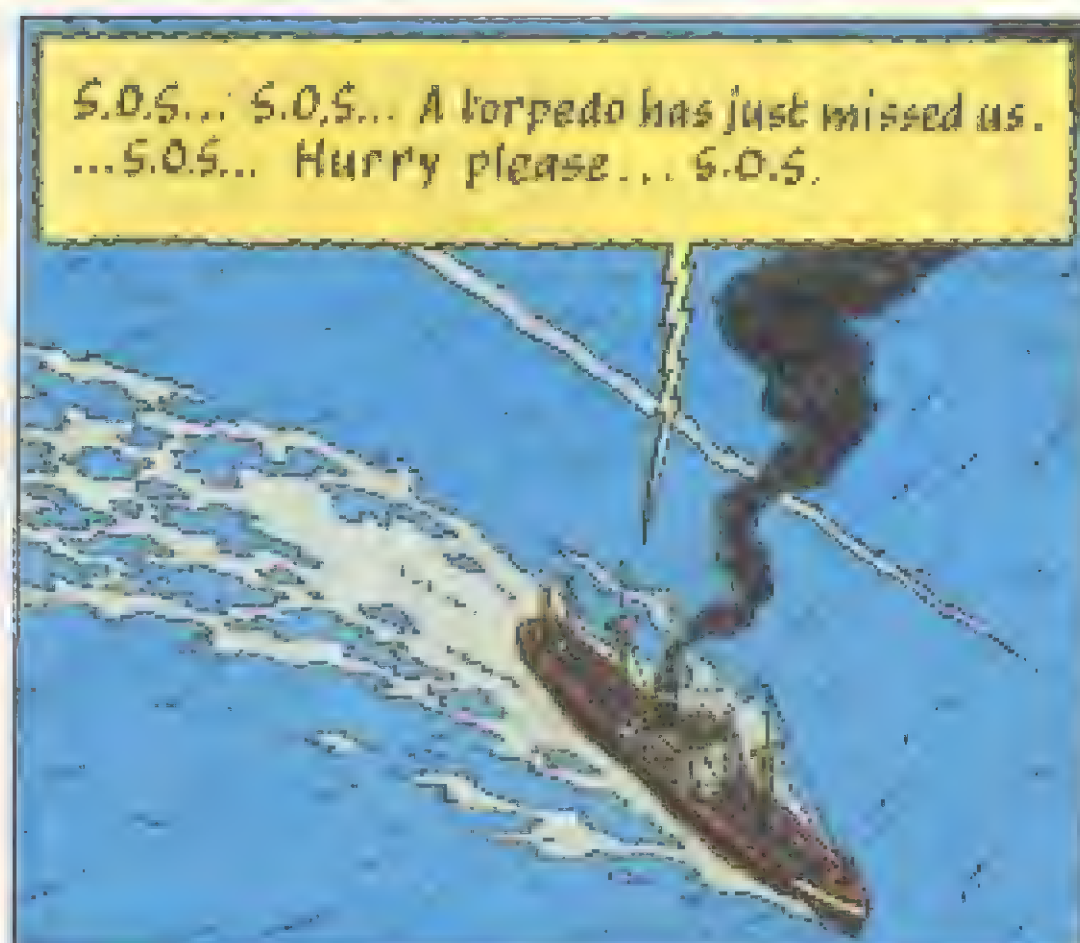
Torpedo to port! Hard a starboard!...



Hard a starboard it is!



Curses on them! They've swung away... They must have spotted us!



S.O.S... S.O.S... A torpedo has just missed us... S.O.S... Hurry please... S.O.S.



A moment later, aboard the U.S.S. Los Angeles...

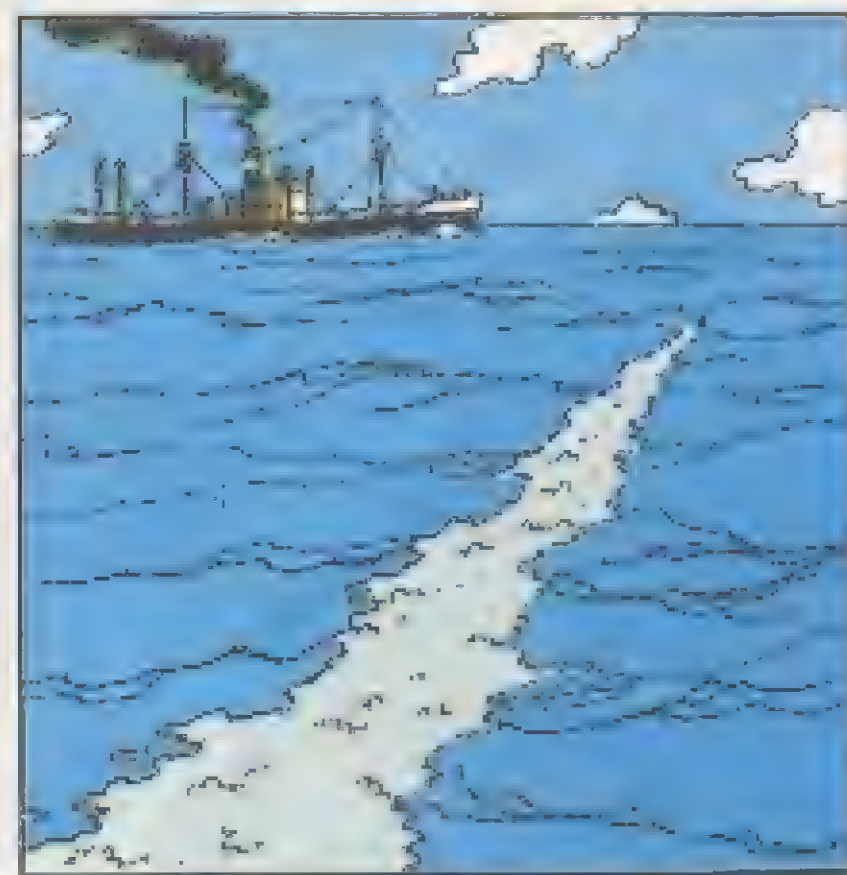
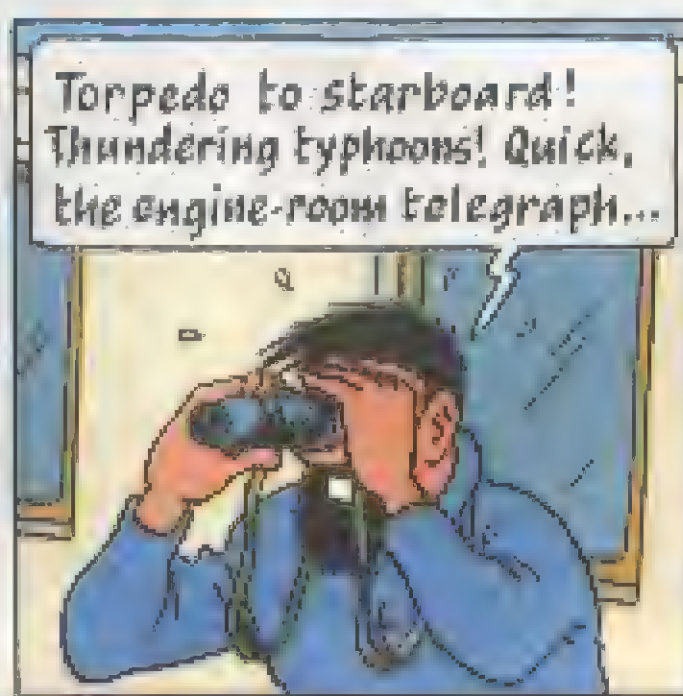
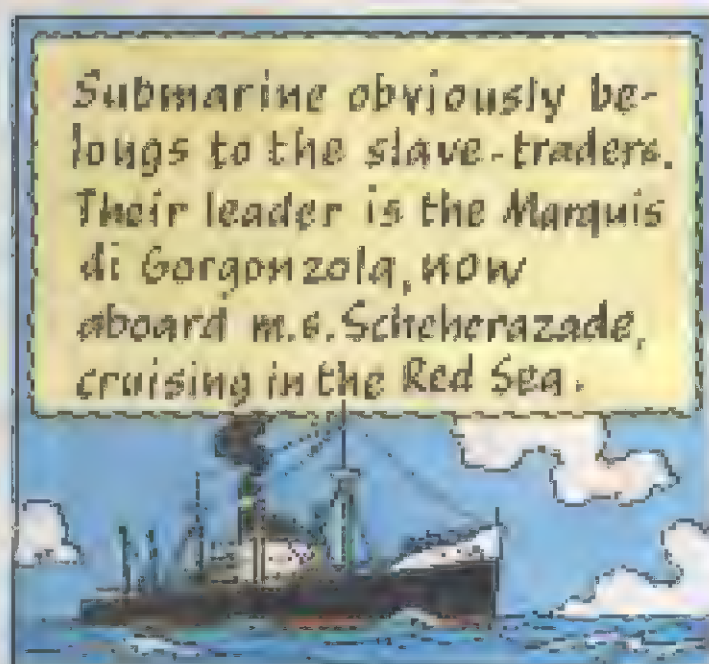
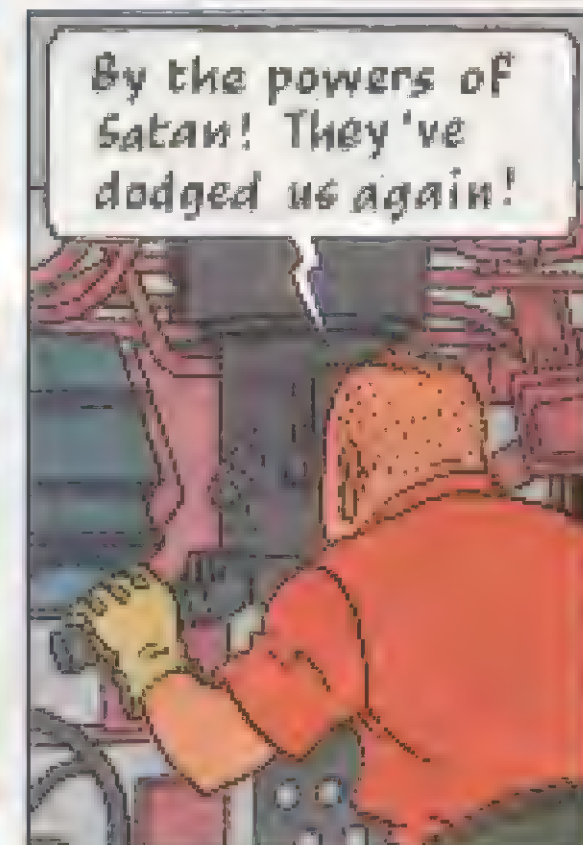
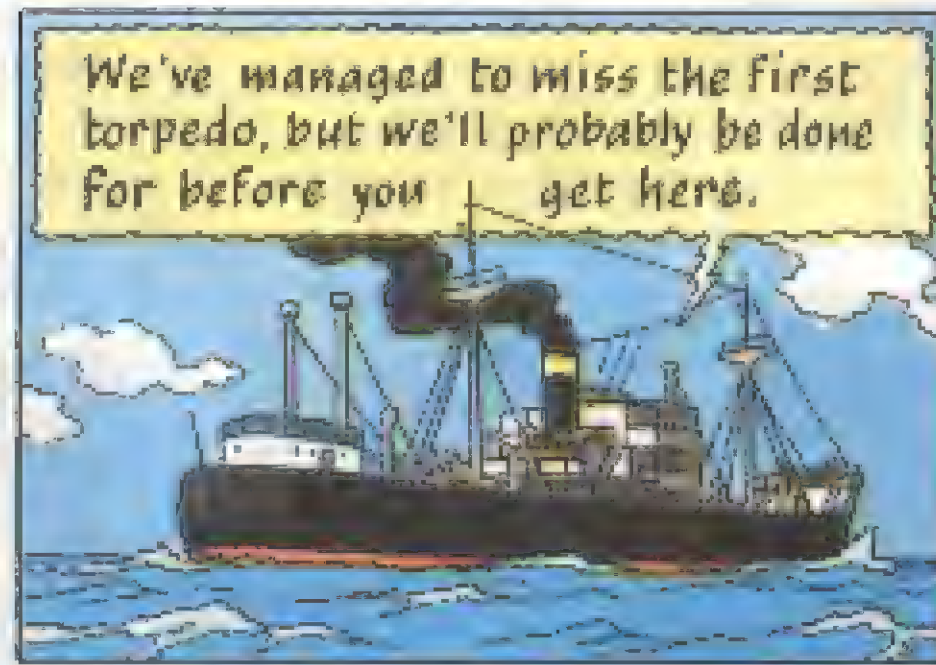
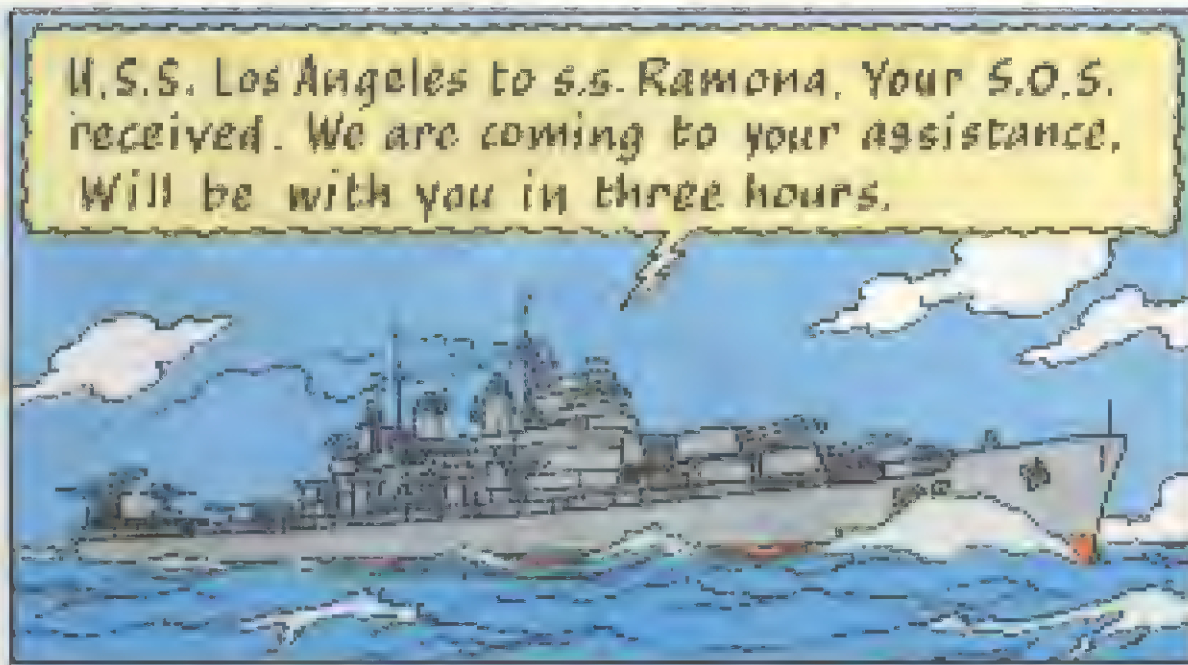
An S.O.S. I just picked up, sir.

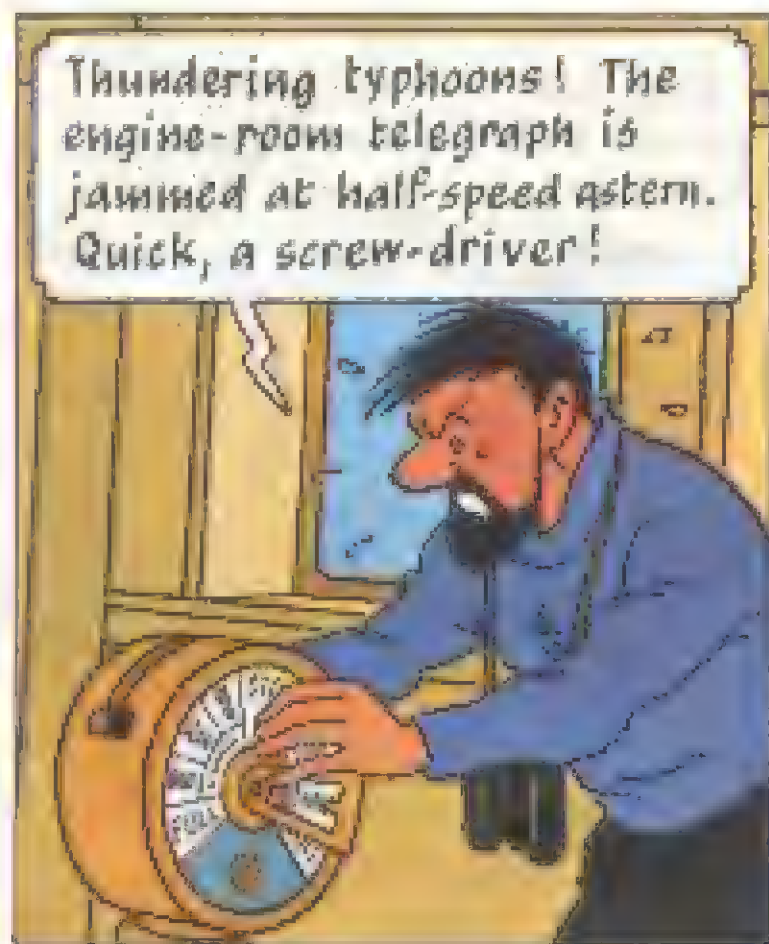
What's all this bally-hoo about a submarine?... There isn't a war on, is there?



But meanwhile...

Starboard 20... Ahead, speed six knots... Stand by No. 2 tube.





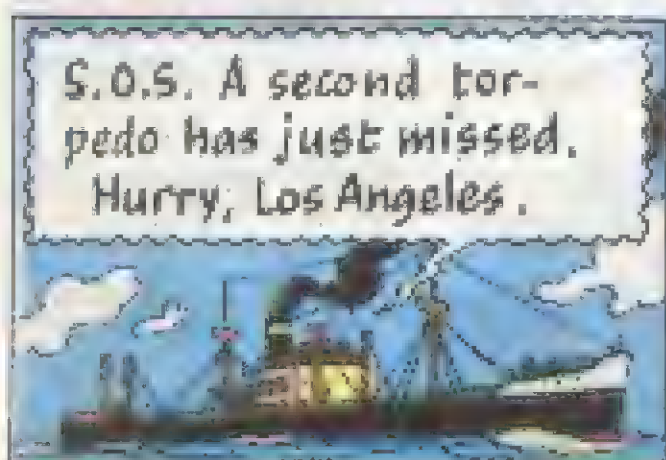
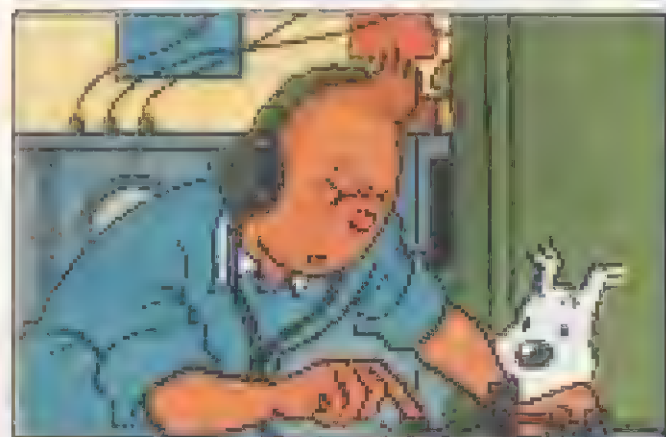
Thundering typhoons! The engine-room telegraph is jammed at half-speed astern. Quick, a screw-driver!



By Lucifer! They're going astern... our torpedo has missed again... They're tough, those boys...



Hooray! It's passed ahead of us.



S.O.S. A second torpedo has just missed. Hurry, Los Angeles.



Quick! Quick! I must release this infernal machine!



PCHKRAAPRYT!... TRRKHKRAA!.. You confounded rattletrap...



...tin-can contraption!... Take that!



YEEOWW!



Ah, they're still going astern! Very well! No. 3 and No. 4 tubes ready?



CLING CLANG

Take that, you slot-machine, you!



Hello?... Engine room? ... Hello?

Hello, Effendi?



BRROM

Too late!... They've got us!



Again!



No, they're depth charges! ...
Whew! I really thought we'd
been torpedoed ...

U.S. Navy seaplanes, with
those pirates for a target!
...They're certainly machines
from the Los Angeles.



Ohh! Great grandfathers!
What a pasting! ...They'll
be as flat as a Dover
sole after that!

Wait! ... There,
that upheaval in
the water ...

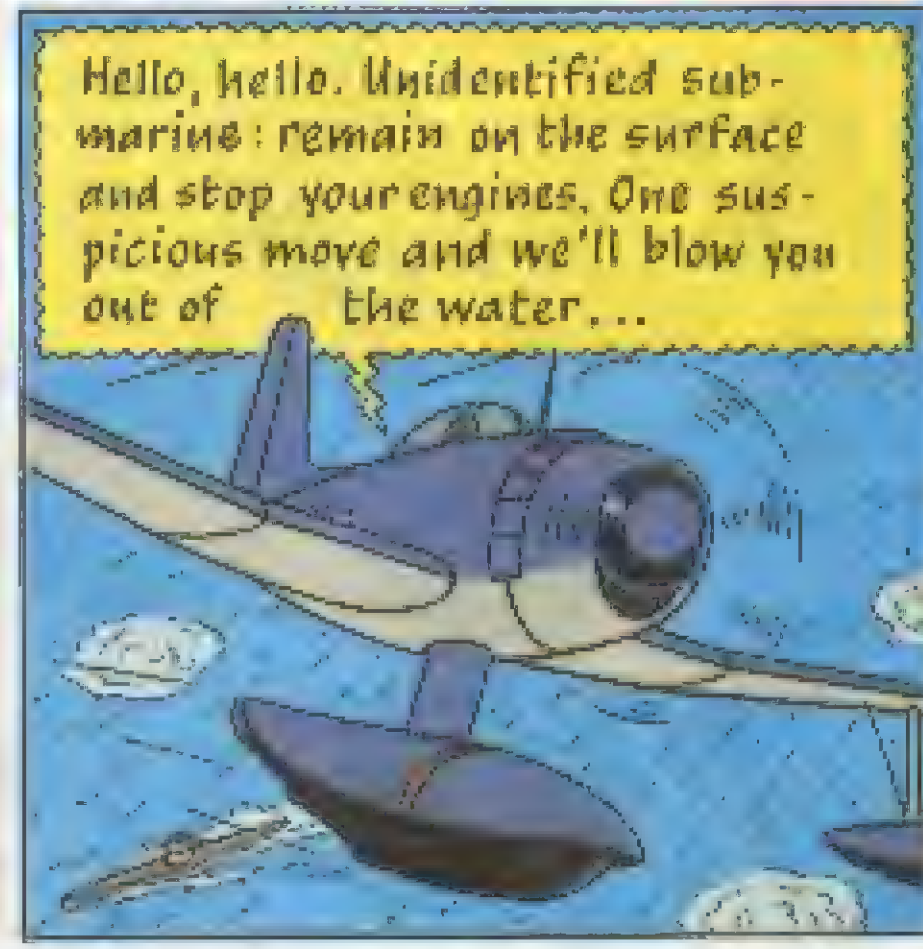


Look! The submarine
has surfaced!

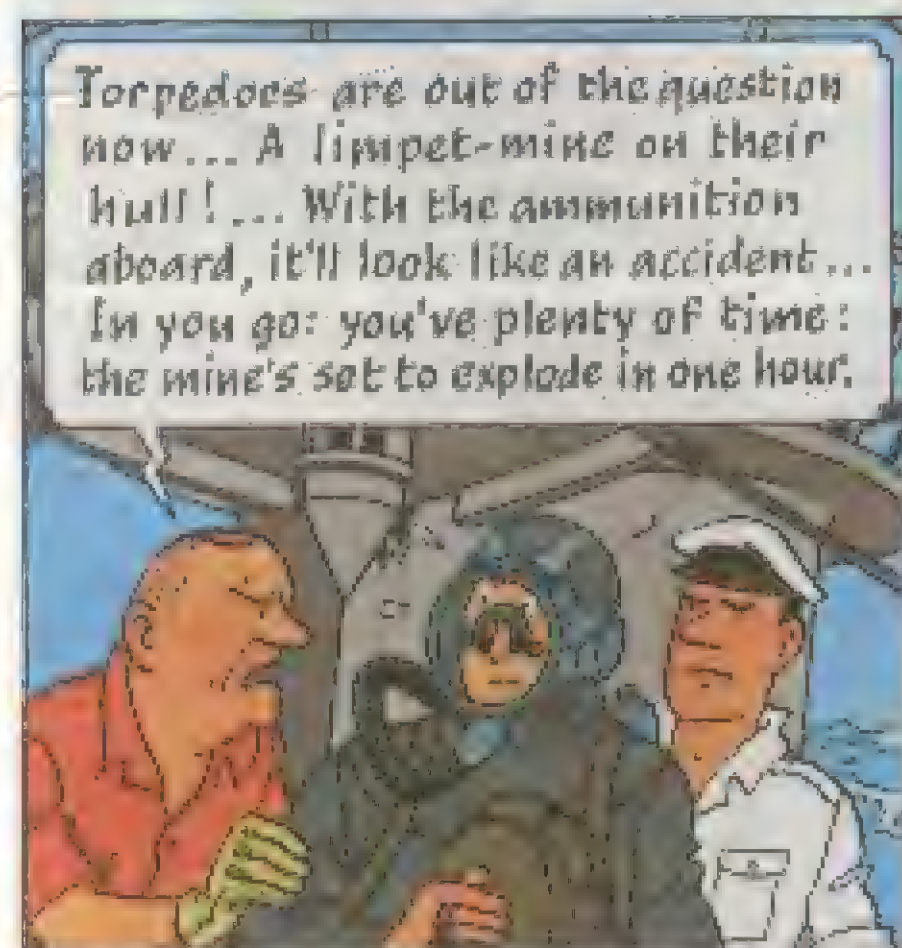
Yes... obviously they've
been badly knocked
about ...



Victory! ... They're waving a white
flag... They're surrendering ...
The game's up.



Hello, hello. Unidentified sub-
marine: remain on the surface
and stop your engines. One sus-
picious move and we'll blow you
out of the water ...



Torpedoes are out of the question
now ... A limpet-mine on their
hull! ... With the ammunition
aboard, it'll look like an accident ...
In you go: you've plenty of time:
the mine's set to explode in one hour.



Be quick: they're coming back!

Go!



What
a job!

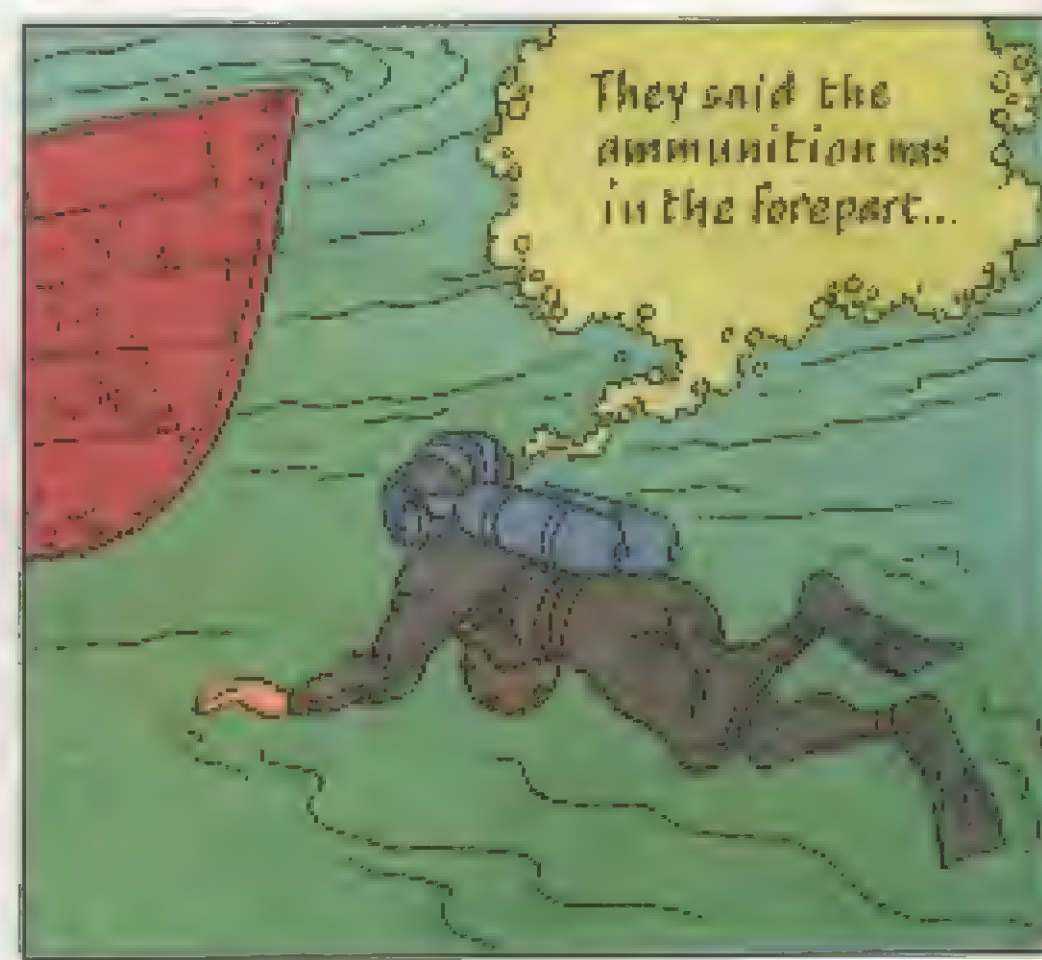


Saved! Yippee!
Saved!

Hooray!

Tralalala-
laika!

That is white
man's folk-
dance.



They said the
ammunition was
in the forepart...

Meanwhile...

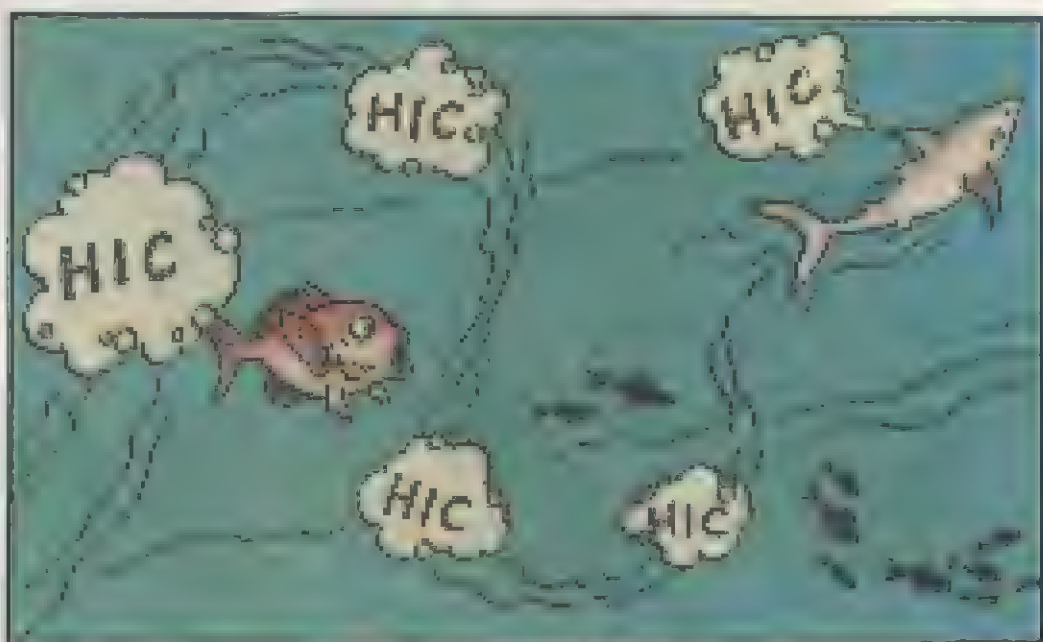
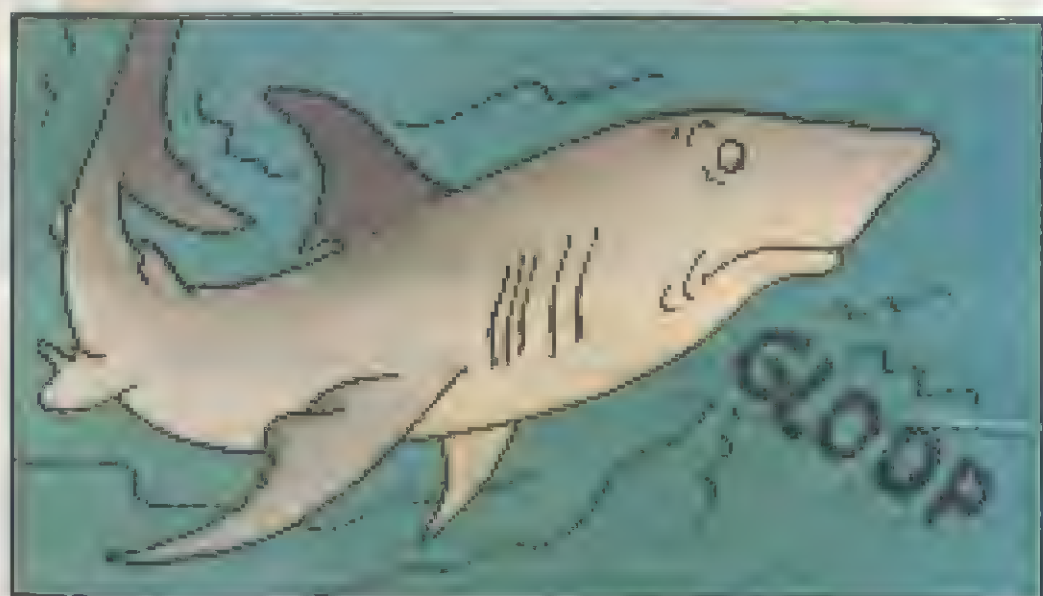
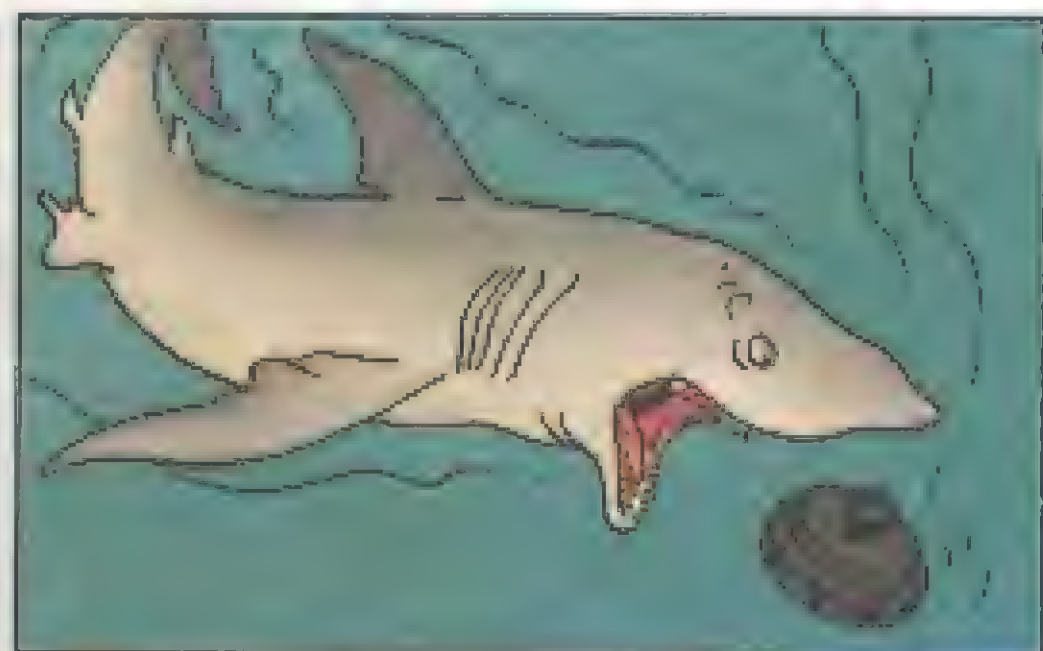
This is all very fine, but we must wait for the Los Angeles. I'm going to see if there's any chance of dropping anchor.



Twenty-two fathoms depth... that's perfect...



Ahoy, there! Let go the anchor! Eighty fathoms of chain.



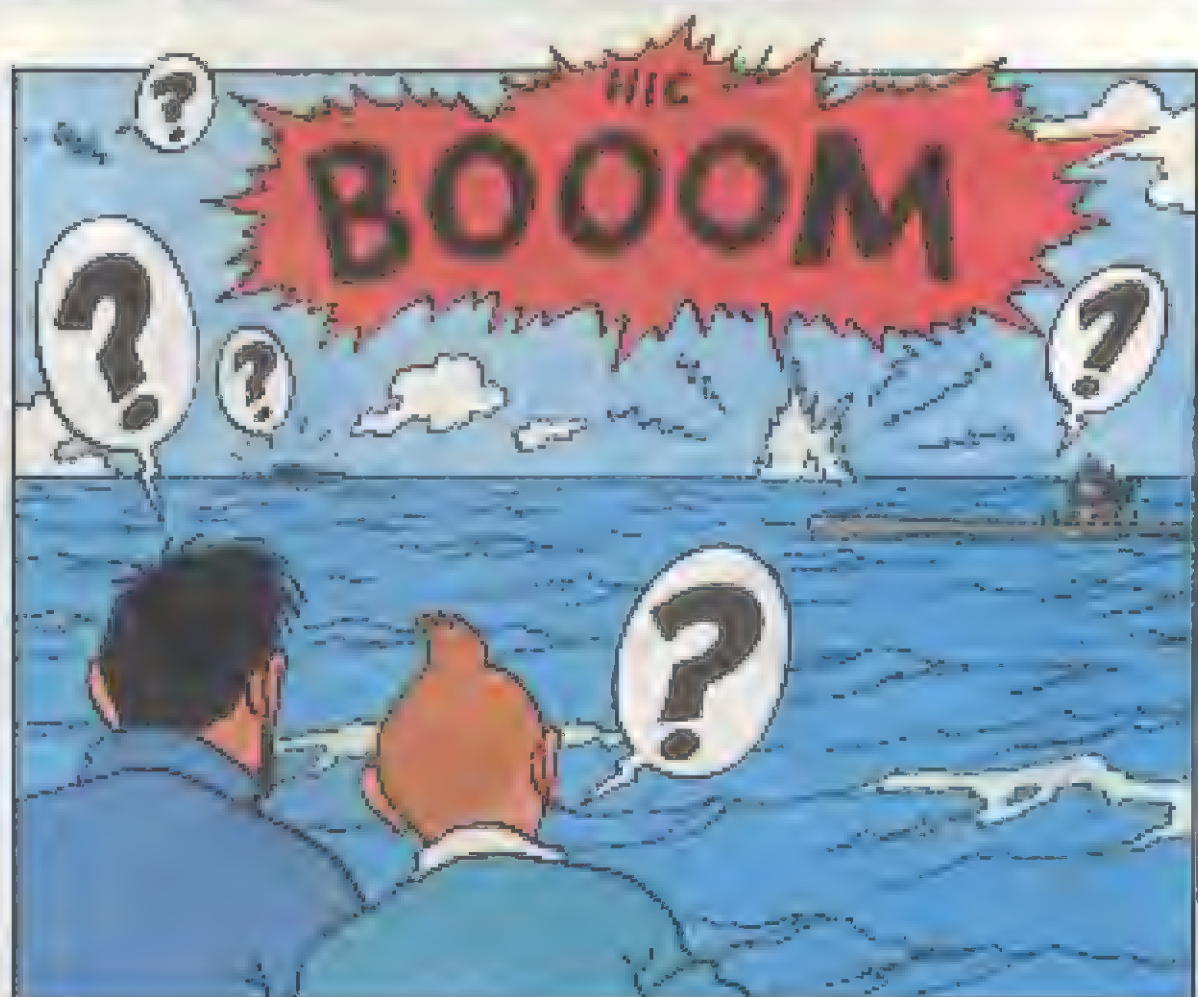
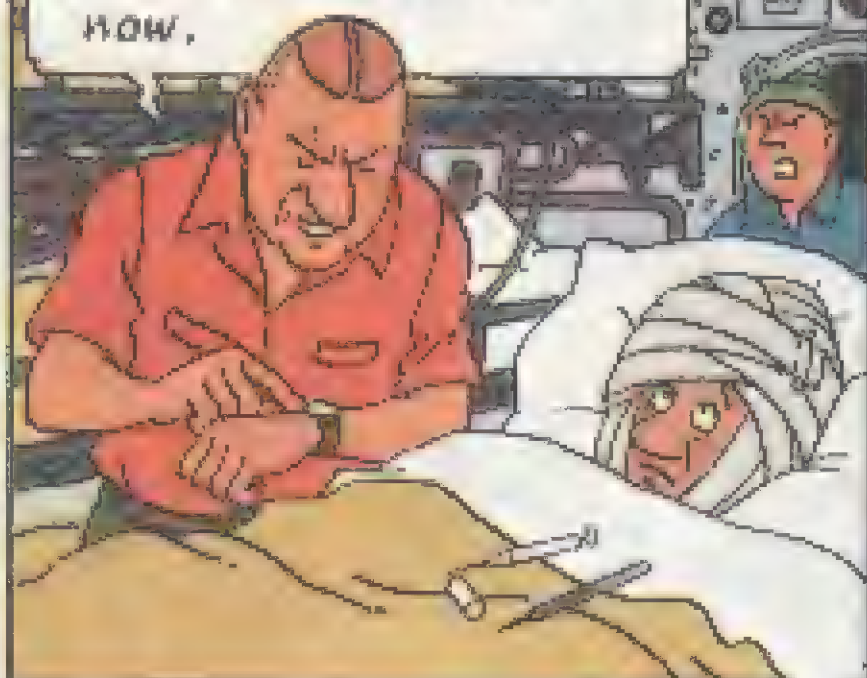
An hour later...

Hooray!... There she is!... The Los Angeles!



American cruiser in sight!

Don't worry, boys... She'll blow up any moment now.



The next morning...

Still no news from Kurt and his submarine... What are they playing at, the fools?



... and naval craft to intercept the m.s. Scheherazade and arrest the owner, name of Rastapopoulos, alias the Marquis di Gorgonzola...



Lost... all is lost! ... But it's impossible!



Hello?... Yes... Come up on the bridge?... I haven't time, Captain. I... What?... A warship?... I... I'm coming now.



The cruiser Los Angeles, my lord Marquis... She's just flashed a signal ordering us to heave to. What shall I do?



Repeat the message, Tom... And add that if they don't heave to immediately, we'll open fire.



All right, Stop the engines. And launch my personal barge. I'll go myself and tell those insolent cowboys what I think of their manners!



Ah, they've obeyed... Excellent!... But what are they doing now?

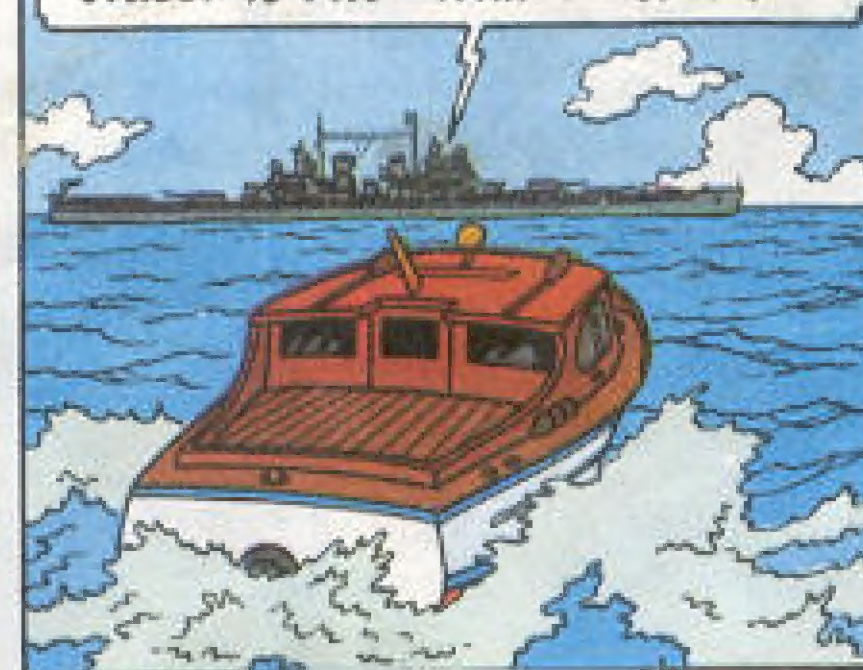
It looks as if... yes, they're hoisting out a launch... and Rastapopoulos is going aboard...



Do not insist, my friends. I will go alone.



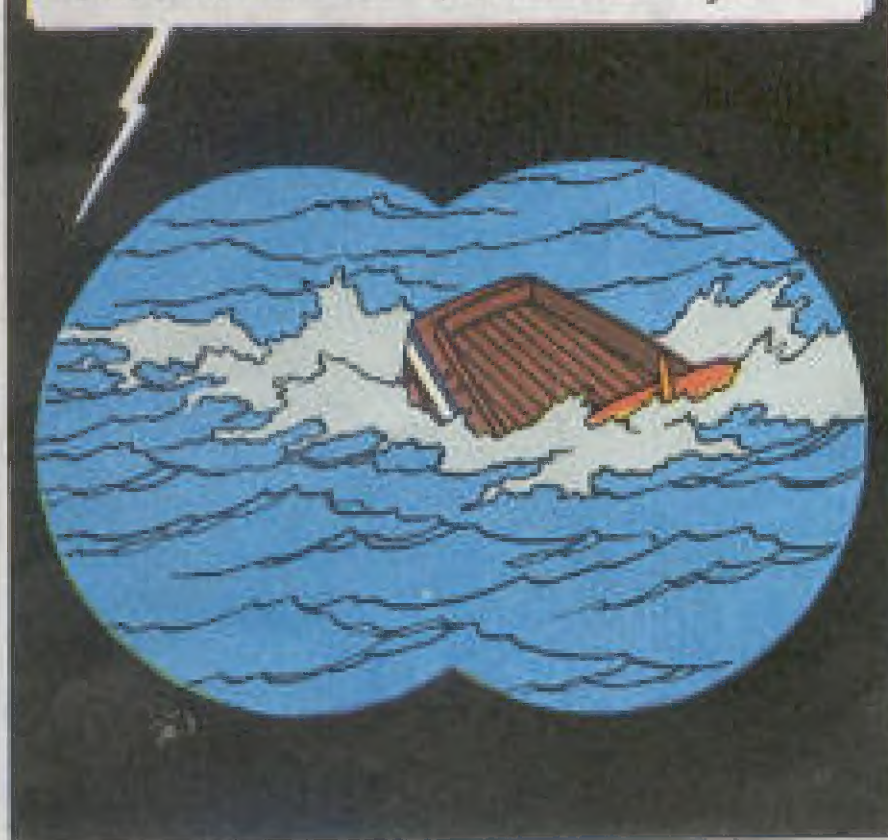
... And he's steering towards us! ... Well, this beats everything! ... To have the cheek to come and brazen it out! What a nerve!



But what's happening now?... He's slowing up. He's stopping... Has he broken down?



Great snakes!... He's sinking!...



Whoops! That's done the trick!... Just you catch me now gentlemen! ... Ha! ha! ha!



Will Red's Surrender Body of Rastapopoulos

No trace has yet been found of the body of the notorious international gangster Rastapopoulos, believed drowned in the Red Sea. The circumstances of his disappearance remain a mystery; but once again the famous reporter Tintin has wrecked the schemes of one of the most dangerous criminals of his time, whose evil life in slaves has been brought to an end. When last seen, Rastapopoulos, alias Louis di Gorgonzola, was on his private launch, heading from the Red Sea towards the coast of Africa.

NEW REVELATIONS SHOCK WORLD

SLAVERY—IT STILL EXISTS

Traffickers in human lives use code-word "COKE"

Revelations in the Rastapopoulos affair have shocked the civilized world. With the discovery aboard the freighter *Ramona* of Africans destined to be sold as slaves in Mecca, the facts are plain: in this twentieth century, slave traders are still at work. The goods were delivered by ships or aircraft into the hands of Rastapopoulos. Agents of the organization were notified of the arrival of the "goods" by the simple description of the cargo as "COKE". Messages were passed to Jidda, announcing that "COKE" was in stock, and secret arrangements were then made for sale of the slaves.

EMIR BEN KALISH EZAB

Restored to power in Khem

MULL PASHA

Revolutionary Leader

Happy Africans photographed aboard the S.S. *Ramona*. Intervention by Tintin and Captain Haddock saved them from a hideous fate.

Mull Pasha

Once known as a ruthless ruler, Mull Pasha has been ousted from power.

CAPTAIN ALLAN

Picked up by Danish Cargo Vessel

Formerly Mate under the command of Captain Haddock, the sinister Rastapopoulos, he was one of the most dangerous criminals of his time.

Coup d'état in San Theodoros

Alcazar ousts Tapio

A change of government is again reported from San Theodoros. Alcazar, former head of state, has been ousted, leaving the country in a state of confusion.

PIRATE SUBMARINE IN RED SEA

A pirate submarine has been operating in the Red Sea, manned by a crew of criminals. This time it has been discovered by Tintin.

UNITED NATIONS APPEAL

Delegates demand international control of Mecca pilgrimage transport

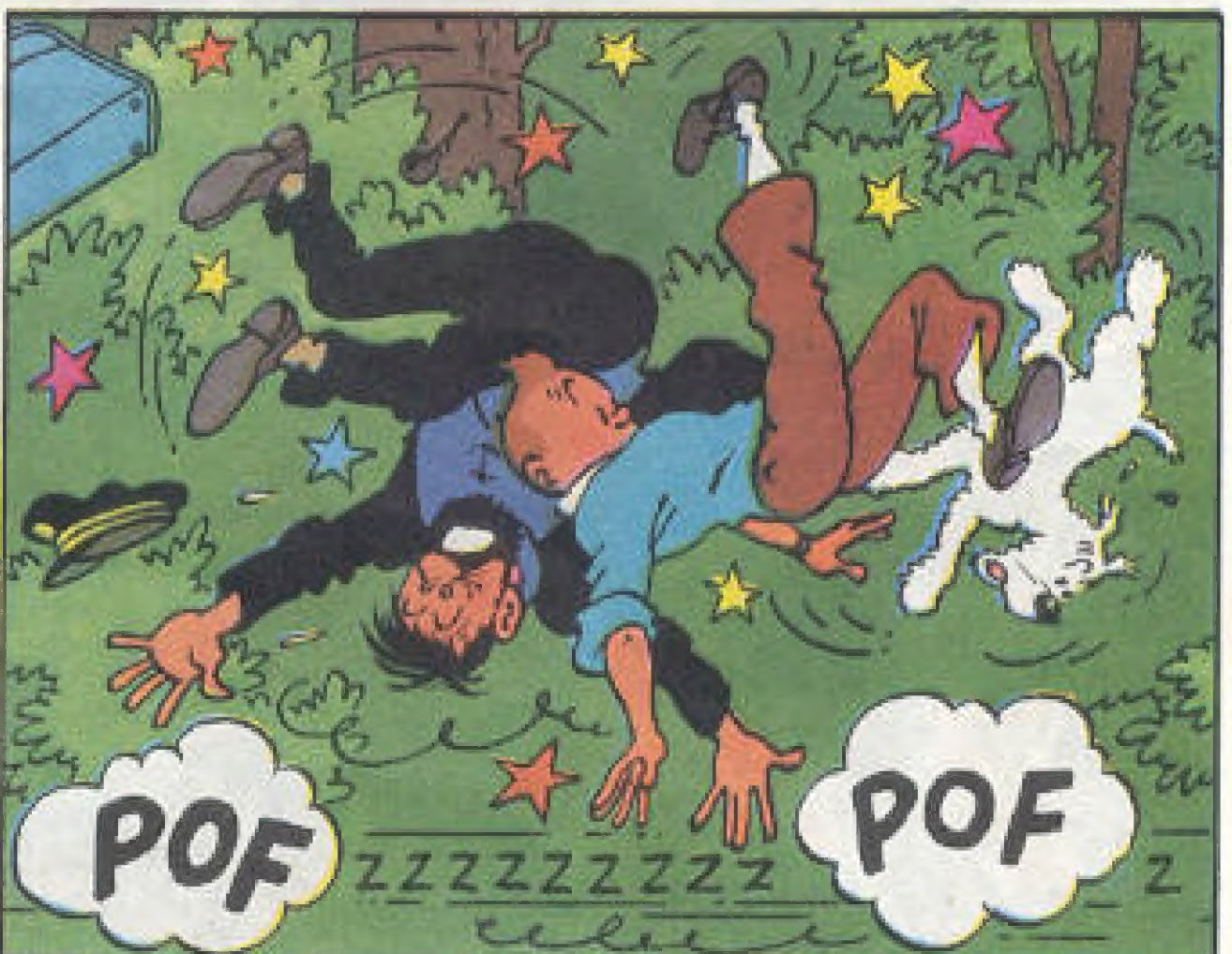
Profound shock has been caused in all the Western delegations by the news of the Red Sea slave-trading. Speeches in the General Assembly reflect the widespread feeling that some action should be taken with regard to the pilgrims.

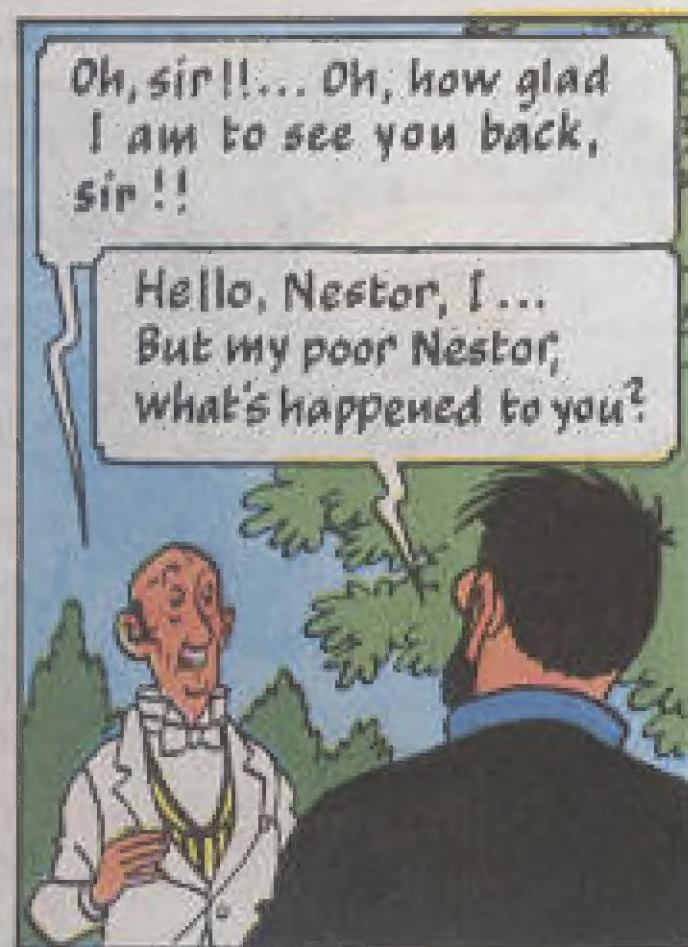
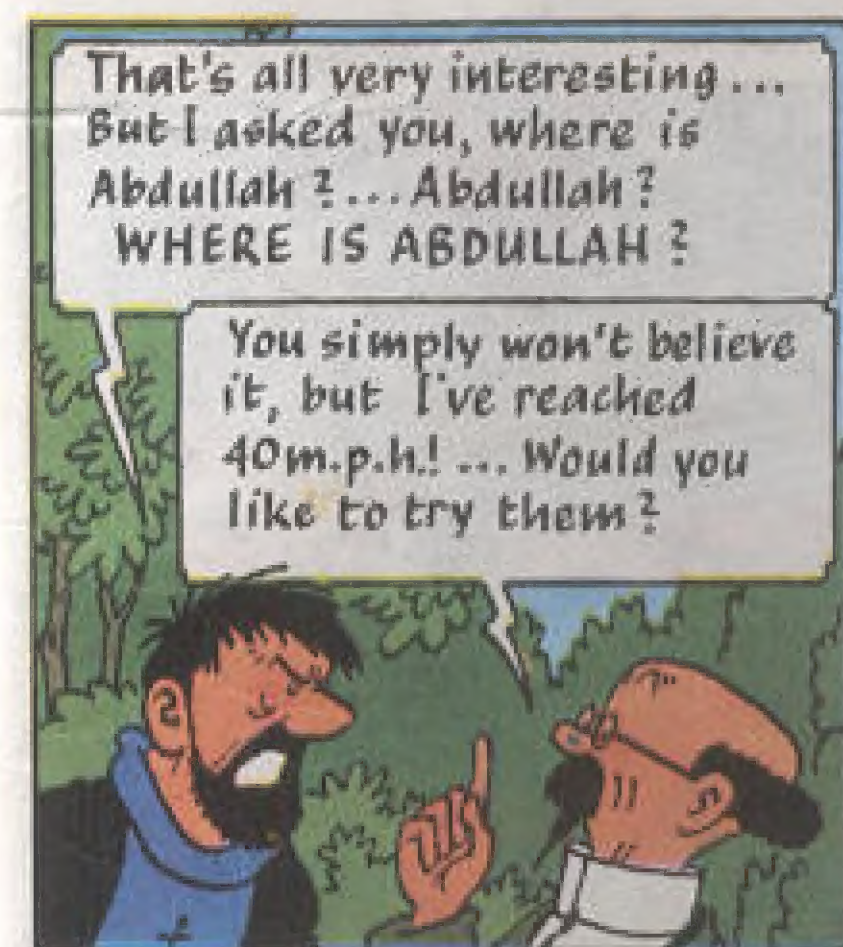
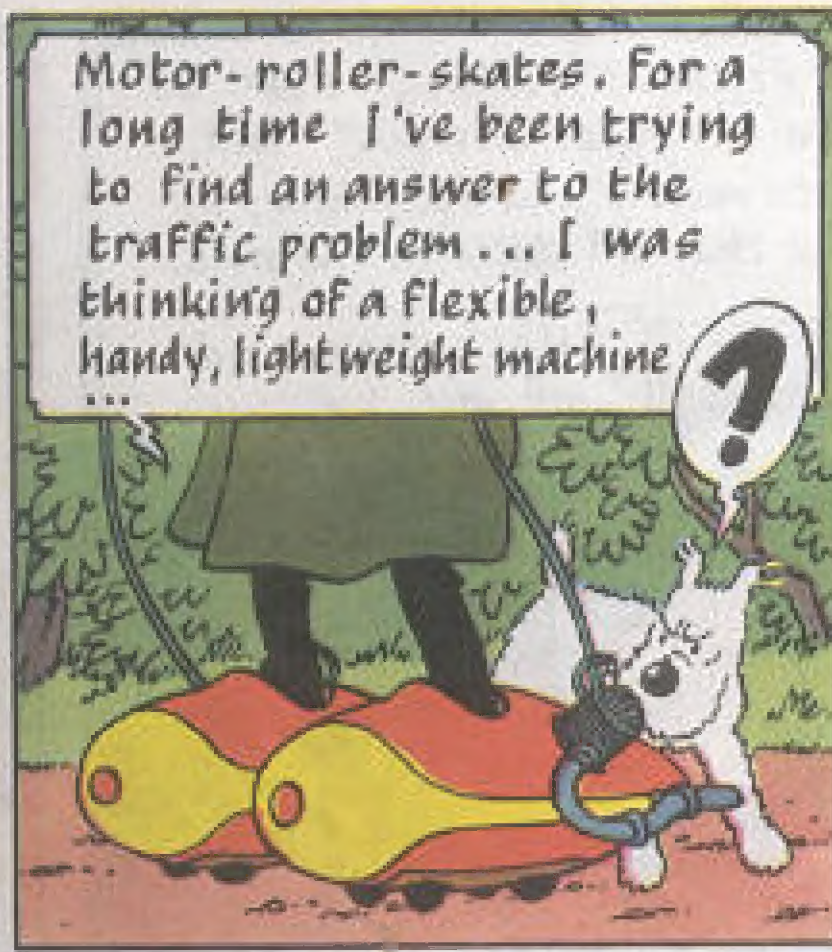
TINTIN IN NEW ADVENTURE

Where did Sheik Bab El Ehr get his Warplanes?

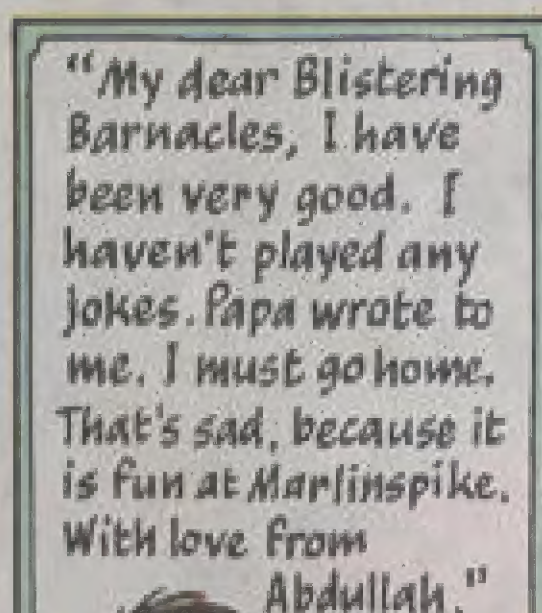
WAR SURPLUS STOCKS ACQUIRED BY DAWSON ON BEHALF OF RASTAPOPOULOS

The source of the aircraft used by Sheik Bab El Ehr to help in his defeat of the Emir Ben Kalish Ezab is now revealed. These aircraft were war surplus stocks bought up all over Europe by Dawson, ex-Chief of Police in the International Settlement in Shanghai. This is the first time that has encountered such a shady individual. Since his return to Europe, Dawson conducted a lucrative business for Rastapopoulos.





To dear Blistring Barniculs.



of you, but ...

...are at Marlinspike!

START

CONTROL

20

THE
END